THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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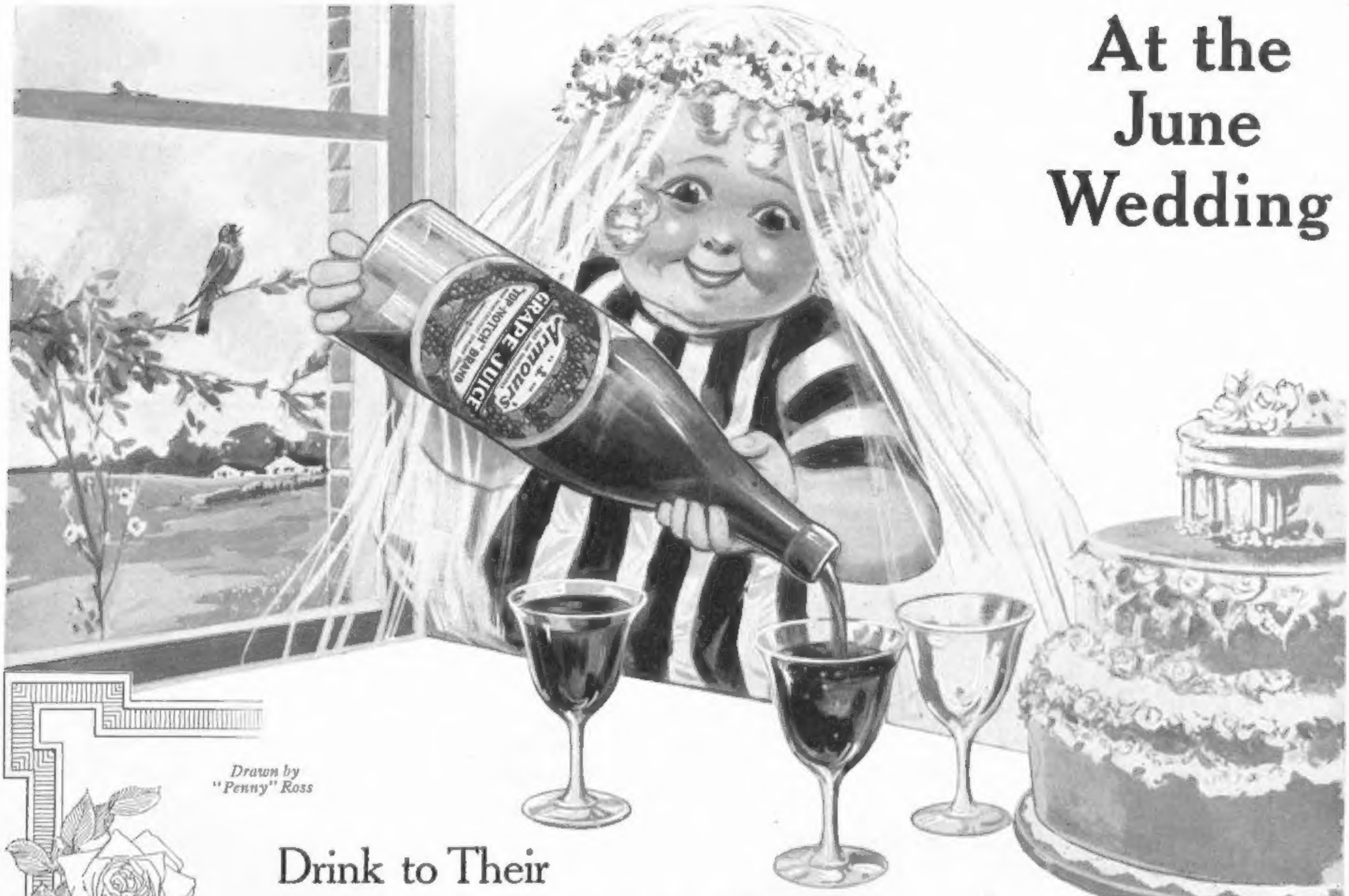
The Mutineer of the Mary Blount—By Gouverneur Morris

At the June Wedding



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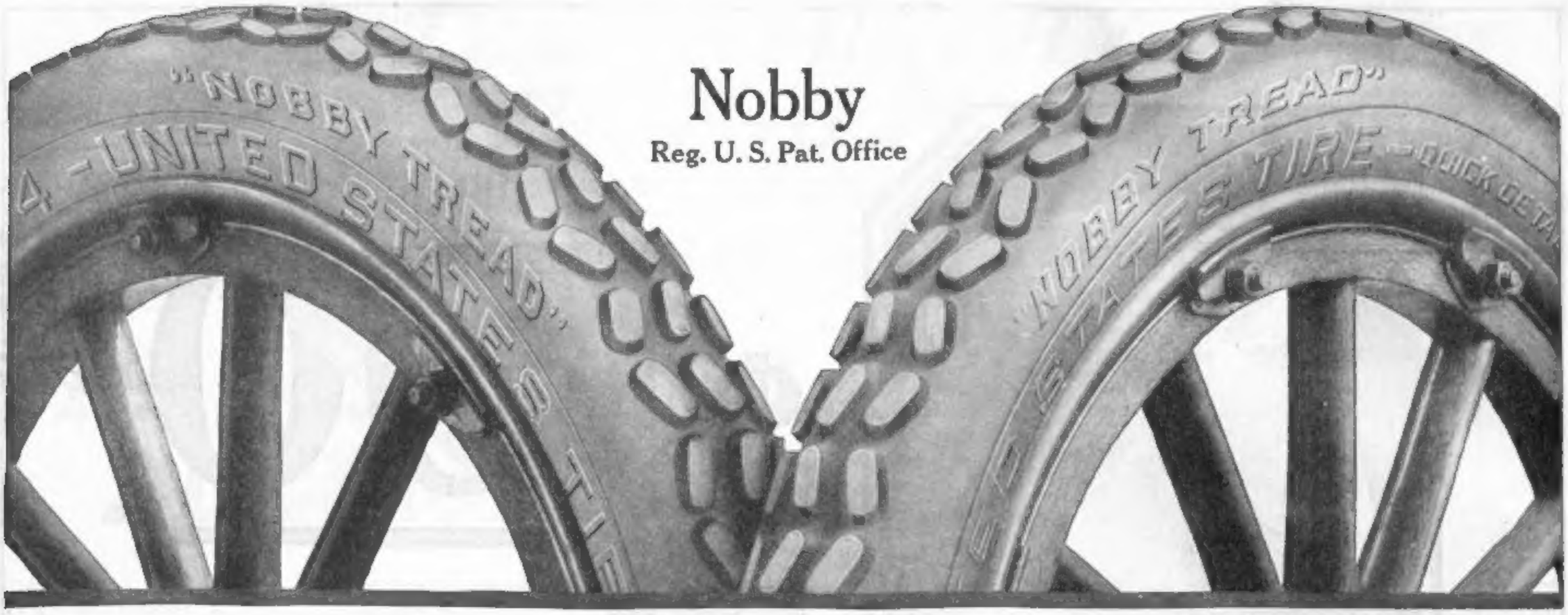

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THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

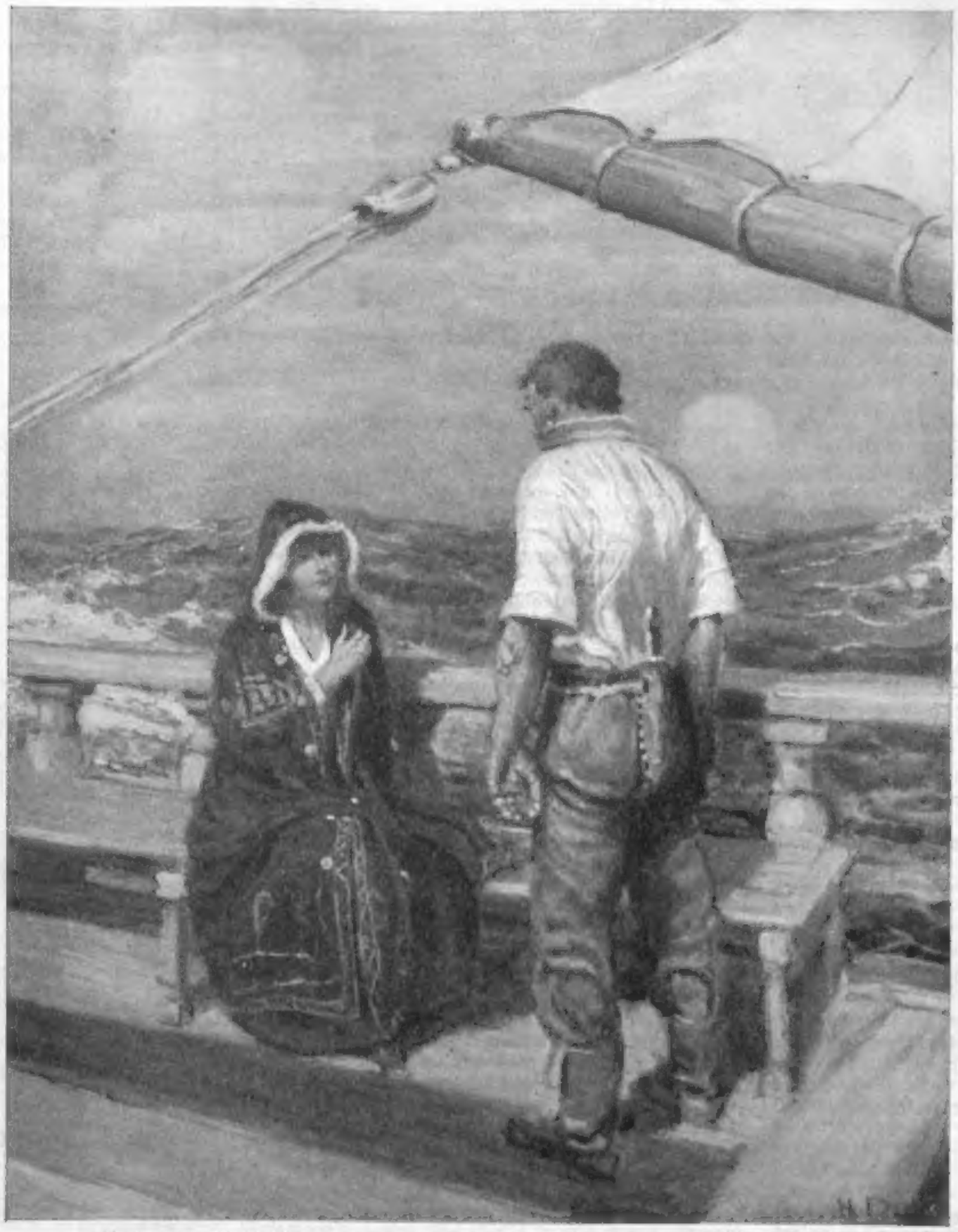
ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

A HANLEYTOWN girl who couldn't talk ship was hardly considered respectable. When she married, she married a captain, mate, boatswain or foremast hand, or she didn't marry at all. A Hanleytown wife could have gone aboard her husband's ship in the dark and found his spectacles for him, or his thimble, just as she could have descended into her own cellar and laid instant hands upon the apple barrel. But this special knowledge was of little use to her. She seldom had occasion to go aboard her husband's ship, and if she could help herself she never went for a voyage in her.

Sometimes, sooner than be separated in the first light of honeymoon, wives sailed with husbands; but this was the exception and not the rule. A whaleship completely out of touch with civilization for three, four and even five years at a time is no place for a woman, however tenderly she may be loved.

Captain John Haithway ought to have been a proud and happy man. Six whalers, anchors atrip and all sails drawing aloft and alow, were moving slowly out of Hanleytown Harbor. Of these six, though not the largest or showiest, the old Mary Blount, upon whose solid quarterdeck his feet were planted, was the most celebrated and the most beloved. Of the six seasoned navigators in command of the six whalers, Captain John Haithway was the youngest. He was twenty-one years of age. He had risen during one voyage, lasting five years, from cabin boy to first mate. And now the owners had made him master.

He ought then at that moment to have been proud as a peacock. Almost the whole of manhood was before him, and he was beginning life at the top. His ship had weathered the sea-stresses of nearly fifty years, and she was as sound as a new-minted dollar. In all these years she had never made an unprofitable voyage. Her record was known over the whole world: "Follow the Mary Blount," was a sailor saying: "she smells whales."



"How Good You are at Heart, Crandie," She Said, "and How Kind and Thoughtful"

He ought to have felt very proud. But he was only twenty-one and very much in love, and so instead he felt very unhappy. He was saying good-by to Hanleytown—how small the white houses looked already!—it must be for years and it might be forever. Why the devil hadn't he followed the impulses of his blood and married her and brought her along?

Who was he, to have concluded that she was too young for marriage, and to have set himself up to play father and mother and brother and minister to the little wild thing whose heart was like a warm stove and whose face was like a rose?

"Mr. Tuttle."

"Ay-ay, sir!"

The first mate, a graybeard of fifty, having shot a long stream of brown tobacco juice into the sea, crossed the deck smiling.

"A propitious start, sir."

"Very, Mr. Tuttle."

"A fine lot of men forward, sir. Some of our best families represented; not many of these modern soldiers and sea-lawyers."

"On any of your voyages, Mr. Tuttle, did the master have his wife or his daughter along?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did it work?"

"Why, very pleasantly for all hands, sir."

Captain Haithway sighed.

"In ordinary circumstances a sailor leads a lonely life, Mr. Tuttle."

The young captain's romance being well known to everybody aboard the Mary Blount, Mr. Tuttle averted his face and nodded his head.

"So much so," pursued Captain Haithway, "that the excesses into which he is carried by short liberty are readily understood."

"If a sailor's excesses," said Mr. Tuttle, "were spread out over the whole substance of his life, instead of being lumped here and there like cold butter, there would be no more moral man alive."

"And you believe in wives sailing with their husbands?"

"Firmly, sir —— Excuse me, sir, what did you say?"

"I think I started to say that I wished I had discussed this with you sooner, Mr. Tuttle."

"I don't wish to intrude upon your private thoughts, sir. But believe me, sir, there isn't a man aboard this ship who doesn't feel for you, sir."

"She is so young," exclaimed Captain Haithway, "and has no mother. I have put her to board with a most excellent old woman; but three or four years, Mr. Tuttle, three or four years is an agonizing length of time. I wish to heaven I had brought her with me."

An hour later the cabin boy, Bowers, a great blushing lad of sixteen, approached the master.

"What can I do for you, my lad?"

"You can let me have the key to your stateroom, Cap'n Haithway. I want to turn down the bed'n put things to rights."

"Is the door locked? I didn't lock it. I haven't got the key."

"Maybe I'm wrong, sir. I'll try again."

He returned in two minutes.

"The door is locked, sir."

"Well, I'll see about it presently. You can find something else to do."

Captain Haithway stood for some time longer, his eyes upon the low coastline that had swung between him and Hanleytown. Then he shook himself and went below. He had a picture of her in his stateroom, and he wanted to look at it and kiss it. He had

"Not in This World! Not in This Life!"

forgotten that the door was locked. He shook the knob angrily and exclaimed: "Who the devil has locked this door?"

He drew back with the idea of bursting the lock with his shoulder, when a key was heard turning in it and the door swung open. His first insane thought, on seeing who stood in the narrow doorway, was that the daguerreotype he had of her had come to life. Then a great trembling seized him.

"I had to come," she said. "Say that you won't send me away."

He just stood and looked. Then he opened his arms, and as they closed, his voice breaking, he cried: "Not in this world! Not in this life!"

The wind had gone down with the sun, and the six whale ships in close company were now merely drifting. It looked as if they would have to anchor for the night.

"Mr. Tuttle."

"Ay-ay, sir!"

"There is a stowaway aboard."

Mr. Tuttle scrutinized his master's face closely. Then a smile trembled at the corners of his mouth.

"You don't mean ——"

"She had locked herself in my stateroom, Mr. Tuttle. I can't send her back now, can I?"

"No, sir."

"As we have no minister ——"

"You forget Mr. Lightfoot, sir."

"Mr. Lightfoot?"

"Yes, sir. He is going out in the Admiral Colt as a passenger to Honolulu."

Captain Haithway's face brightened immeasurably.

"I will be obliged to you, Mr. Tuttle, if you will lower a boat, and invite the Reverend Mr. Lightfoot to come aboard. You will also be so kind as to invite the captain of the Admiral Colt and the other captains to join us at dinner."

"With the greatest pleasure."

II

AS MR. TUTTLE had said, the men forward were a fine lot. But even oak is not proof against rot. The oldest man forward was also the strongest and potentially the most able. But he was one of those perverse men who cannot be content with their own wickedness. If he wasn't undermining some one's natural instinct toward virtue he wasn't happy.

But for the shortness of his legs Crandle would have been a giant. But for the fact that his nose had been turned permanently to one side and flattened by some terrible blow, he would have looked like Neptune before that god's beard turned gray. The history of his evil deeds—when ashore—followed him from ship to ship. He was known to the police of every seaport he had ever visited. To the reverend gentleman who conducted the Seamen's Mission in Honolulu he was a most odious memory. He loved an argument, and the Scriptures themselves furnished him with his most offensive sacrileges.

And he was a sad cross to Mrs. Captain Haithway. Perhaps the child, so wild and wayward before her romantic marriage, had something in common with him—an inherent love of escapades, mischief and turning other people's preconceived notions topsy-turvy. Perhaps she felt that if she had been a man, with a man's opportunities for going downhill, she could have been just such a man as he was. For we are apt to hate and denounce most vigorously those very qualities in which our own nature participates. It is the dishonest man who cries out most loudly against dishonesty; it is the sinner himself nearly always who flings the first stone.

Bowers, the cabin boy, an excellent boy in his way, but overgrown physically and undergrown mentally, was the first of the ship's company to fall under the spell of Crandle's plausible tongue. It was like the moth and the flame. Every time Bowers went near Crandle he got singed, until those wings which float youth and innocence were no longer strong enough to carry him. He lost the strong grip which almost all New England boys of that day had upon religion. He learned to regard the commandments as expedients for controlling large populations rather than as stepping stones to the salvation of individuals.

"And why," Crandle would say, "did Moses forbid the people to eat pig? 'Cause in hot countries pigs is poison. Why did he order the doctors to use sharp stones when it came to cutting off legs and arms? 'Cause in those days the only other thing they had as would cut was copper, and copper spells gangrene. When you allow that old Mose had horse sense, you are talking; but when you advances that he had any religion in him you talks like a woman or a sky pilot. Why did Solomon have three hundred wives and Captain Haithway's only got one—as he boasts about? If God's God, His thoughts is immutable, being right first clip out of the box. If it was right for Solomon to have three hundred, then it's wrong for the old man only to have one; or else God has changed His mind. And if His first idea was wrong, I denies him a Godlike mind; and how do I know He ain't a-going to change again? Mebbe He'll hold out next for a baker's dozen. Boy, you take it from me marriage numericals ain't got nothing to do with God. They has to do with human nature, which is the same as dog nature, and climate ——"

And in the end the boy Bowers went gloomily about the ship, full of doubts, wondering if goodness was only cowardice after all, if all men were really devils in their hearts, if expediency was the only basis for laws which he had been brought up to look on as divine; and, like the average boy, inclined to aggression and the shattering of mysteries, and almost persuaded that dolls are stuffed with sawdust.

"What is happening to that poor boy?" asked Mrs. Haithway one night at dinner, the afore-mentioned boy having just left the cabin. "He looks as if he had lost his last friend, Mr. Tuttle."

"I think he is beginning to lose his first illusions," said the mate, "at his age!"

"Which is only a shade less than mine, Mr. Tuttle."

"Boys are always younger than girls at the same age. Some one has told him that the moon isn't made of green cheese. Just now he doesn't know whether to believe that or not. Once he is convinced one way or the other, he'll be all right again and go about laughing and blushing and upsetting things as he used to."

"It's all that Crandle," exclaimed Mrs. Haithway. "Bowers can't keep away from him. I shall give him a piece of my mind!"

"Crandle?" her husband asked.

"I shall tell him."

"I wouldn't interfere with the men too much."

"Your ship's in my house. And I shall make it clean from cellar to garret!"

Captain Haithway regarded her with a wonderful pride. And then he turned to Mr. Tuttle.

"But it beats the Dutch," he said, "how the girl that everybody said didn't even know how to cook or darn stockings turns out to be an A-number-one housewife, that spoils her husband for ever sitting down to a bad meal again and with the smallness of the stitches she puts into his mending."

"How," asked Mr. Tuttle, "is the troussoo coming on?"

"When I came aboard," said Mrs. Haithway, "I had nothing but the things I had on. Now I've got six changes and three dresses, and I'm beginning to knit stockings like mad. Chanler is the best knitter before the mast, and I got him to give me lessons. And then"—here she beamed with excitement—"don't let them know that I know, please; but a little bird told me: the men are making me a wedding present. It's a great sea-cloak of blue for the cold latitudes. It has a hood lined with baby seal—one of the men had two skins in his chest—and it's to be all embroidered up and down with pictures of ships and anchors and whales. And Shattuck has rigged a lathe and he's turning the buttons out of whale teeth, and each button is to be scrimshawed with bouquets of flowers in blue and red and green and inlaid with mother-of-pearl."

Mr. Tuttle, already in the men's secret, asked her how she had found out. She laughed aloud.

"One day I saw Chanler looking at me with his eyes full of tears. I said: 'What's the matter, Chanler?' And he said it was nothing, only I reminded him so of his little 'darter' as he left at home—same eyes, same nose, same height—why, he'd bet a hat we was the same measure round the shoulders, and before I could say Jack Robinson the old hypocrite had snatched up a piece of rope's end and taken the measurement he wanted."

"You never told me of this."

"Oh," said she, "I knew there was something in the wind; so I went to Crandle. I said: 'Crandle, they tell me Chanler is a most exemplary husband.' Crandle said: 'Him a what?' 'Yes,' I said. 'He was telling me about his little daughter.' 'Chanler,' said Crandle, 'ain't married. As for a daughter—well, when he gets shore leave he lights out for the nearest botanical garden in the company of the resident clergyman, and if he ever found a little daughter in the cabbage patch I ain't never heard tell about it. He was lying to you, ma'am, that's what Chanler was doing. And if I know the man, he's readin' his Bible at this moment in the hope that God will overlook the sin.'"

And then she told them how in similar wise she had found out about the color of the coat, the embroidery, the lining of the hood and the buttons. For it seemed that upon every point her taste had been artfully consulted.

At this very moment the starboard watch was eating its dinner on deck. Shattuck had finished two of the buttons for the cloak and was exhibiting them.

III

ONE day they took a sperm whale that stowed eighty barrels of oil. The cutting in, the trying out and the subsequent cleaning up took the "heart out of a week," as Crandle put it, and in subtle ways affected the future of the whole ship's company.

"Do You Want to be a Cabin Boy All Your Life?"

In the encounter with leviathan, Edmonton, the boatsteerer, who first fastened to him by a noble throw, was presently so caught in a snag of the swiftly running line to which his iron was attached that his left forearm was peeled almost to the bone. With the line slipping overboard and the boat tearing along at ten or twelve knots, leaping and plunging, the bow-oar improvised a tourniquet and saved Edmonton from an immediate and painless death, so that later he might succumb to the torture of blood poisoning.

As a result of this accident, Crandle, the most experienced man forward, was promoted to be boatsteerer in Edmonton's place.

During the cutting in Mr. Tuttle slipped from the cutting-in platform and hurt his side, not, it was thought at the time, very seriously. But events proved this diagnosis to be sadly mistaken.

With the inside history of Crandle's promotion Mrs. Haithway had something to do. She had been looking pale and drawn for several days, and during a short spell of perfectly calm weather had complained of feeling seasick; therefore her husband could deny her nothing.

"The more his record has stood in his way," she said, "the worse his record has got. His wickedness isn't so stubborn but what a little responsibility and a little success might heal it. And, besides, it will bring him aft where characters are stronger and better formed than in the fo'c's'le. He'll be under your eye, and if you can't make something of his strength and courage, then I'm wrong and all the captains who have kept him down were right."

After thinking this over a while, Captain Haithway sent for Crandle and told him of his promotion.

For once the fo'c's'le tempter had his breath taken away and was at a loss for words. Presently he managed to say: "I'll try to do my duty, sir."

The youthful captain smiled and shook his head.

"I wish you would say 'I will do my duty,' not 'I'll try,'" said he. "You are one of those men who do what they please with their lives."

Crandle said nothing, and Captain Haithway turned on his heel and then turned back.

"By the way," he said, "you owe your promotion less to me than to Mrs. Haithway, Crandle. She would be bitterly disappointed if it didn't turn out well. She believes that you will from now on be a good example to the men, both afloat and ashore."

Crandle cleared his throat in a peroratorical way, blinked his big agate eyes, and said nothing.

"You may move your belongings aft immediately."

Crandle darted forward, and spying Bowers called to him:

"Boy," he said, "have you read that book I loaned you?"

"I haven't had a chance yet."

"You bring it to me."

The boy went and came.

Crandle took the book in his immense hands.

"I got another book," he said, "will do you more good 'an this one."

"What's that, Crandle?"

"Mr. Bowditcher's Navigator."

And as a first attempt to do his duty, Crandle turned and tossed the book into the sea. Later on that same day his collection of colored prints, purloined from various sailor-heavens up and down the world, followed it. Later still Mrs. Haithway seized an opportunity to congratulate him on his promotion.

"I have you to thank, ma'am," said he.

"I am putting my money on you," she said gayly, "and I hope you'll try to do your duty."

"But I ain't a-going to try."

"Oh, Crandle!"

"I'm going to do it."

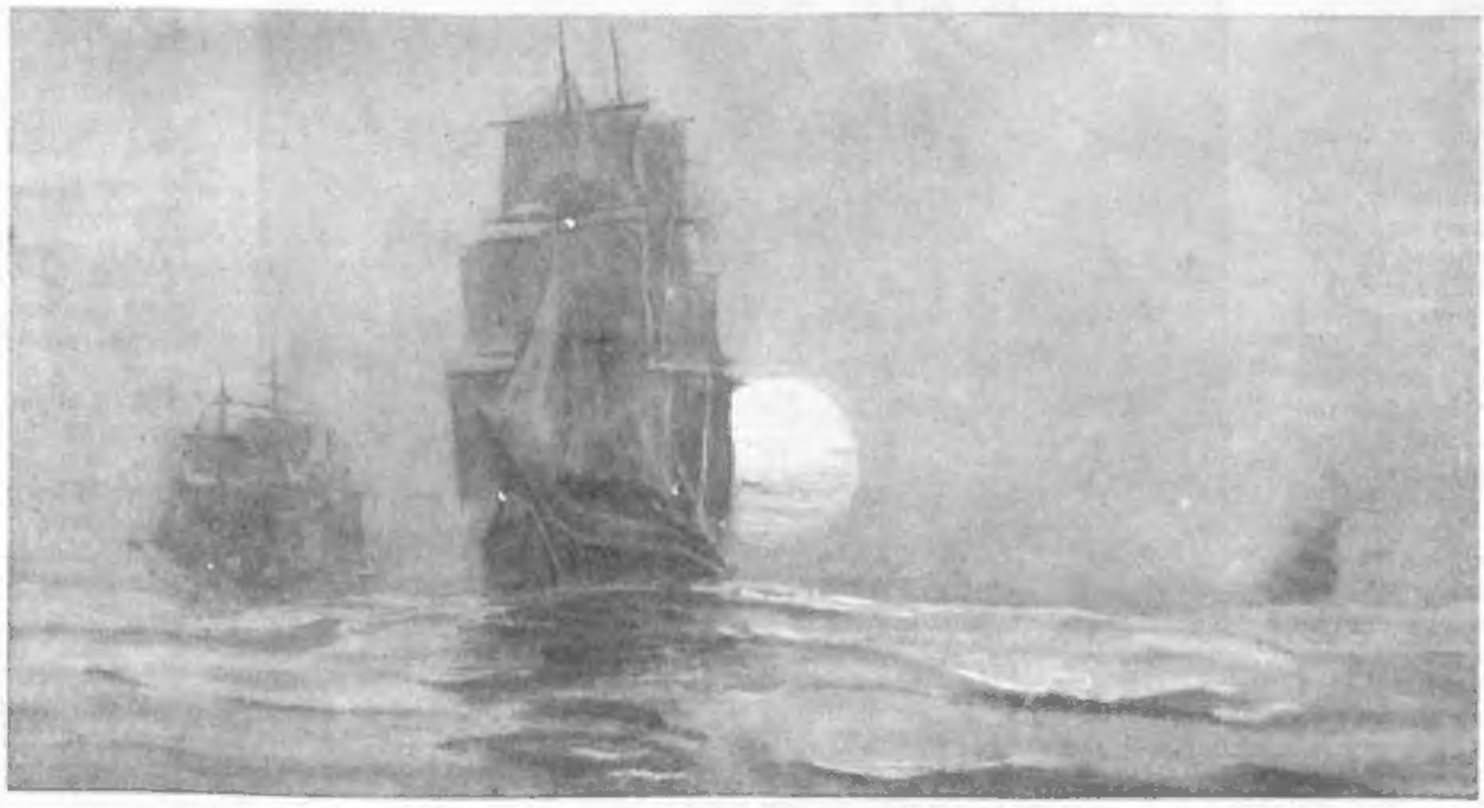
There was that in his repressed but powerful voice which sent a thrill through them both.

"I believe you," she said; "and I thank you!"

IV

A WHALING ship, unless full of oil or for some pressing reason, does not attempt to sail the shortest line between two points. In a voyage that may last five years time is of very little value. In good whale-pasture a ship will cruise north, south, east and west by day, as suits the whim or the instinct of her commander, and lie to at night. She is not designed with any view to expedition. She is almost as square forward and aft as a sawed log. She is built with very thick timbers and planks of very heavy stuff; after a few months her bottom becomes rank with sea-growth; and her steering gear, very slightly improved upon that which sufficed for Noah, cannot hold her to a straight course for more than a minute at a time. Sailors say that in hell there is a punishment for those who have lived in too much of a hurry: it is always to be trying to get somewhere quickly in a whale ship.

(Continued on Page 48)



It Looked as if They Would Have to Anchor for the Night

Cutting With a Blunt Knife

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

THE following is the autobiography of Thomas Barrows, which he related some dozen years after he was graduated from college:

When I left college and went to work I had such habits of playing, so little interest in business, and so little notion of how to apply myself to it, that my operations in the practical world were precisely like cutting with a blunt knife when there is no excuse for the blade not being sharp. I know now that I was a typical college boy. In one way my home life was typical—that is, my parents thought I was the brightest and best-looking chap in the community, and they made silent and constant sacrifices to give me the advantages they never had.

My father had not gone to college; he had been pitched out into the world at fifteen to earn his own living, and whatever education he got after that he picked up himself. He had, therefore, an exaggerated idea of the importance of formal education. Every personal disadvantage he had he laid to the fact that he had not been fully educated, had been forced to stick at his work too closely to mix with people and use what schooling he had and acquire more from them.

He was really an attractive, lovable man; but, because he never grabbed the center of the stage and forced people to listen to monologues, he thought he did not know how to meet men—was not a mixer.

I was a mixer from the start of my schooldays. The way I differed from my father was that where he had diffidence and consideration for other people I had conceit and cheek. Father laid my ease and my popularity to the fact that I was getting higher education. I remember once when I was a college Freshman, and some friends called, I talked lavishly to them and played and sang some college songs. I dare say when they went away they said to each other that I was a fresh cub, pushing my agreeable parents into the background; but after they had gone, and I had retired to the dining room to bone up enough French to keep myself from flunking, I heard my father say proudly to my mother:

"Marian, that boy can meet people better at his age now than I can at my age. It's because his youth is being prolonged, and he's getting from books and his teachers and classmates the kind of education that makes a man broad—that fills him with such resources that he can handle any situation life may put up to him."

Well, all I got out of the speech was that my parents were sensible enough to appreciate me. I never doubted that their estimate of my powers was correct. I was quite sure I could dominate any circumstances in which I might be placed, because I was used to success. It never occurred to me to question whether or not the successes I had enjoyed were worth while. It sufficed me that I had always got whatever I had gone after and always expected to. As to that education of which my father spoke, I do not think I ever spent ten minutes thinking about it.

My father's notion was that I was in touch, through books and teachers, with the master ideas of the world; and that when I finished my course I should be well fitted to survive in any hard struggle for livelihood. My notion of my college course was that I must do enough work to pass in each class, so that I might end up with a sheepskin. It was considered something of a disgrace not to be able to graduate; but it was not considered a disgrace for a fellow to avoid real education, as I did—always provided he were avoiding it for something he considered better worth while.

What we collegians considered better worth while was social leadership and athletic leadership. Usually they were the same thing. Next after them came leadership in the affairs of the mind. There were among us a few boys and girls who were what we called sharks—who swallowed knowledge as we social leaders lapped up the adulation of our fellows. When we heard these people recite in class, answering the questions in which we failed and even presuming to discuss knotty points with the profs, we respected them; but, as a rule, we did not ask them to join the fraternities and sororities. Sometimes we did; but usually such students were without the social graces—more concerned with books than with people. They were after what was going to count in their future work. I and my kind were after a good time. We admired them—but we would rather have been the fullback or the shortstop.

And I am sure they envied us too. I am sure that many a girl-grind wished she had been born pretty and fluffy, and the sort that would be chosen to lead the grand march, rather than the person she was. I am sure, too, that many a man who made a recitation to an admiring whisper from the male idlers of "Gosh! Hear the spiel!" would far rather have had a fraternity boy whisper: "Say, old hoss, don't forget the jamboree this eve!"

I was a leader, because I was a halfback, and because I sang in the glee club, and because I could tear off low-comedian stunts in dramatics—because I could imitate the president giving a talk in chapel, and the dean of the women walking across the campus, and a dog and a cat having a fight on top of the fence of a German and an Irishman. If there was anything ornamental and attractive and utterly futile—so far as the real business of life was concerned—that thing I could do. One of my stunts was making smoke-rings about the size of doughnuts. I cannot count the number of hours I spent practicing that accomplishment and the amount of nicotine my system absorbed before I was a past master in it.

They say that often a frivolous youngster, sidestepping away from education during his first college year, settles down to business in his Senior year. He begins to apply

himself hard, and to try and relate what he is learning to the serious business of life; but my serious business in life during my Senior year was still the business of having a good time.

About the spring of my last year I did a little reflecting. It was not to the effect that I was wasting my father's hard-earned money; that I had ruined a new suit of clothes in a fraternity house scrap; that I had spent a lot of time talking nonsense to girls whom I should never see after the year was past. No; my reflections merely were to the effect that time was galloping by and that all too soon the dear old friendships would be over—I should be graduated and have to fend for myself.

Plenty of fellows—some of them the grinds—had fended for themselves in college; but I was not one of them. My father had five thousand a year and I was his only child. When a candid uncle asked how it was I did not get the scholastic honors which accrued to the classmate who looked after my uncle's furnace, my father replied that I was in so many things besides my work that I could not be a specialist. He wanted me, he said, to be developed in all directions. I should have to specialize when I was in business.

As I had shown no taste for any particular profession it had been decided that I was to enter the business in which my father was. He was the head designer of a stationery firm; and as the management liked him he hoped that he should be given a small partnership some day; and he had been promised that a place should be made for me. It would be a small place; but my father said that a man of power could rapidly forge ahead in that firm, and that the smallness of the beginning was nothing—it was the power of making good that mattered.

Just before I was graduated the management of the firm changed. The new partners were men who did not know my father. He was kept on, because that had been a stipulation of the old partners, who had valued him; but most of the other heads of departments went, and it was made clear to my father that the old patriarchal days were over; that not only need he never hope for a partnership, but also that any jobs of importance the firm gave away would be given to relatives of their own.

My father's chief regret was that he and I should not be working in the same place. He had no doubt that such a brilliant youth as myself would soon find his opportunity. Neither had I. Probably I saw myself cruising easily along the highroad of the world, while various jobs raced up to me and offered themselves for my inspection—I to choose the most profitable and doubtless the easiest; but that was not the way it worked out.

My father had plenty of friends; but when we came right down to it, not a great deal of business influence. Not very many five-thousand-dollar-a-year men are able to land a big job for a young, inexperienced fellow—and it was a big job I was after. Father made many inquiries, but his influential friends generally had sons or nephews of their own they had to take care of.

"Don't get impatient, Tom," said my indulgent dad. "We can afford to allow you a little time in which to look round. I'm not in favor of your falling into the wrong job through impatience of results."

A Self-Made Electrician's Opinions

HE NEED not have counted on my impatience at first. It was still summer-time and I loafed along with my friends, as I always had in the summers; but in the autumn a change came. I used to visit the boys in the fraternity house; they welcomed me—but with a difference. I was a graduate and therefore an outsider. I was a brother, but of a past generation. I was not on the football team any more nor in the glee club nor in the dramatic club. Moreover my friends began to say to me:

"What! Haven't landed anything yet?"

I woke up to the fact that playtime was over. I thought I was thoroughly awake—but I was not. Even my experience of the next few weeks did not do more than shake the first veils of drowsiness from my eyes. I set out to find work for myself, taking as my first medium the advertising columns of the newspapers. I answered over four hundred advertisements of all kinds, using every precaution to make my replies as businesslike and convincing as possible. I sent out over seventy typewritten applications—for which my father paid—to picked addresses. I made innumerable applications in person. In almost every case I was met by the same fatal question:

"What do you know about our business?"

If I did not know something about his business the prospective employer did not seem to care how fine my personal qualities were, or how excellent was my mental capacity, or how promising my zeal. He would not even give me a chance to show what I could do. Many of these men told me I was too old—I was twenty-two. They wanted young men in their teens, who would be cheaper, last longer, and, not having college training, would be more easily reduced to mere cogs in the business machine.

"Did You Try to Find Out How Important a Customer This Clark Is?"

Among the manufacturers particularly I soon found out that what an employer wants is not a man of theory, but a man of brains who has had an unusual amount of experience, who knows the state of the art thoroughly, and who understands all kinds of tools and what they are capable of doing. This seems to be the only kind of man who is regarded as of any account in a manufacturing business.

My experience in getting turned down merely led me to believe that it was hard for a young fellow capable of big things to get a start. I was sure there was plenty of room at the top and that I was fitted for the top; the difficulty was to break in. Usually I was turned down with dispatch, but one self-made man, an electrical engineer, turned me down with the trimmings of a long speech.

"I don't want any young fellow who has been trained in a technical school," he stated; "I don't believe in them."

I replied that I had not had a technical-school training—that I had had simply the four-years course in college.

"That's a little better," he said; "but still, young fellow, you are four years to the bad. I'm sorry, for you look as if you had the germ of a brain. When I make electrical engineers I do it in this way: I select boys of sixteen or seventeen for machine-shop apprentices. I watch over them to see that they are the material for good machinists, and I weed out the wrong ones. Those that have unusual ability I put in training for electrical engineering.

"I give them a year at benchwork and one at toolwork, shifting them round considerably, so that they can get the knowledge of that part of the work which is required to make of them good electrical engineers. Then I put them in the testing department for half a year, in the drafting department for half a year, in the erecting department for a year, and in the operating department for a year.

"While they work in this way they are surrounded constantly by an electrical atmosphere, and they will absorb through observation and association nine-tenths of all the knowledge they will need to have regarding electricity. Meantime they can study at night school, so at the end of five years they will be fairly good electrical engineers—and, at that, they will have half a dozen more years of work in them than the college man."

I listened to this politely but skeptically, and as the engineer was a judge of men he saw my disbelief. He leaned forward in his chair and discharged a long forefinger at me.

"Young man," he remarked, "I can see that you are a believer in the technical colleges. There are close to one hundred and thirty of them in this country, including universities that have special departments devoted to technical training. Let us say thirty thousand boys take these courses and ten thousand of them leave these schools each year. What becomes of them?

"Don't you see that there would have to be an enormous demand in order to provide places for the large number of young men supposed to be trained for the higher and better positions? I could tell you of hundreds of chaps who have real merit, and who after six or eight years of higher schooling are glad to be hired for twenty cents an hour, which is the same price that other men get who haven't had the schooling.

"There is a big electric company in this city that takes boys from these technical colleges and gives them two years in the testing department, starting them for the first six months at twenty cents an hour, and giving them—toward the end—twenty-seven and a half cents. The boys are then taken to the engineering department, where they start in at about the same pay they have been getting in the testing department, and there they spend two years. Maybe they are twenty-seven years old by this time. They will be lucky enough if they can go out and get three dollars a day."

A Start in the Valve Business

"AND why should they get more? They are still far from being electrical engineers, for they aren't machinists; and a good electrical engineer must be a machinist. They have had no experience in erecting or operating; they know nothing about costs—knowledge that is necessary to enable them to make estimates. I tell you, young man, I don't believe in the combination of four years of mental activity in college with two years afterward of practical shopwork in the student course, calling largely for physical exercise. It isn't the most effective method for training commercial, designing and construction engineers. It fails to give the necessary insight into the practical side of electrical engineering and into the proper relation of the economic forces of an industrial organization.

"Shop-practice courses at college can give at best but a slight idea of the real industrial situation. Considering the limited equipment of colleges and the brief time they can allow, they can initiate the students only in a very general way into practical processes, and give them but a speaking acquaintance with machines and materials.

"Besides, considerations of the elements of time and money in carrying out practical work are entirely neglected at college. No one can succeed in industrial life who has not a hard-and-fast appreciation of economic values. A young man can't get a conception of these values unless he has an extended experience in practical work in which time and money play leading parts. You're not grasping what I'm telling you, young man, though I've spent a small fortune of time on you already. So, get out!"

I got out, carrying away merely the impression that I did not want to be connected with any kind of engineering work, and also that the big engineer did not believe in college men simply because he was self-made. All the same, I continued to find that those employers who did believe in college men somehow had no place for me. I was still blind as to what was the matter with me; but I was far from comfortable in my mind, for all my other friends seemed to have good positions, with plenty of chance for promotion. I know now that most of them were bluffing—but, still, they had something to bluff on.

It was my father who at last landed me a job. He still held to his theory that it would be a tragedy for me to get started on the wrong job; but he now said that one way of knowing the wrong job was trying it and leaving it. He had a friend who was with a firm that manufactured valves and steam-fittings. This friend, Mr. Burton, was head of the brass-valve department. He knew I was looking for a position; and, though his firm did not care much for the college-bred product, Mr. Burton engaged me as a clerk in his office at fifteen dollars a week.

I should have been thankful—and, in a way, I was. I had no desire to sponge on my father any longer. Taking an allowance from him while I was in college seemed to me quite a different thing from taking it while I was not doing anything—not even making a pretense at studying; but as I left my suburban home on the Monday I started work I felt a good deal of mortification. My dreams had towered to the stars—and here I was a clerk! As I walked along Canal Street before turning west to the office I might have noticed the hordes of eager and even hungry-looking men hanging about the windows of the labor-employment agencies; but I merely felt sorry for myself.

Our office was in the same building with our shops, and as I passed up the stairs to my new work I could hear the

whirring and clash that bespoke the labor of hundreds of men; but of what they were making I knew and cared nothing. I knew Mr. Burton well, for he was a neighbor of ours. He was a fine-looking man, with shrewd, kind blue eyes, red cheeks that somehow added to the genial look of his face, and a pointed beard that gave him a slightly professional air.

His expression, however, was far from being that of the classroom, and, for all his gentle manners, any one who was a judge of men would have seen that my new manager was not in the least to be trifled with; but at that time I was not a particularly close judge of men.

I expected Mr. Burton would start me off with some sort of spiel—and he did, but briefly. He said that any man who had it in him to rise could rise with this particular company, and that the best way to get on was to make myself as familiar as possible with the manufacturing and workings of the firm; and that, above all, I must realize the seriousness of business. The steady thinking man would get on; the flighty or indifferent one would be left behind.

Two or three times he repeated that phrase—the seriousness of business. If only I had listened to him with my whole mind—really grasped what he was trying to impress me with—I might have saved myself some humiliations; but I merely gave him the specious attention I had accorded my professors. I had come to him as a stop-gap, because there was nowhere else to go, and I was not in the least interested in the work. All I cared for was the fifteen dollars a week—the pittance, as I called it privately.

Getting Broken to Harness

MR. BURTON, first of all, took me downstairs and showed me the workings of the timeclock. I did not like to be numbered; I hated the democracy of that timeclock, even though the manager himself had a number. Then he took me through the shop, from the foundry to the plating room. It ought to have interested me. I ought to have felt the significance and even the grandeur of what I casually glanced at; but all I saw was a confusion of belts and shafts, which seemed to me to shadow their blackness on the whitewashed walls.

I saw flying splinters of steel, one of which struck me on the cheek; grimy faces where, nevertheless, pallor showed and dark eyes gleaming out of them stolidly, scarcely glancing at us in order not to hinder the piecework.

I Had Spent a Lot of Time Talking Nonsense to Girls

I saw countless parts of valves dropping from machines or resting in great boxes, and I did not ask a single question about them. I saw long double boards, with rows of brass hooks, on some of which order slips were impaled; and I did not know or care that they were there to save the foreman clerical work. I merely felt that after all I was lucky in that I was not born to work in a shop.

My work was to write out orders and do other small details of clerical work. I had a desk between two clerks who did the payroll work and the cost work. The sunniest corners of the room went naturally to the manager, the assistant manager and the stockkeeper; but I had a good place and plenty of light. The work was easy; I mastered it at once, and I suppose I had a corresponding contempt for it. I soon became friendly with the other clerks in the office. They were not my sort exactly, but plenty of my classmates had not been, either, and yet I had got on with them.

As I have said, I had a gift for mixing. Presently I got used to my situation. I missed the freedom of movement of the college, where my closest confinement had been an occasional three hours in a laboratory, always with the privilege of moving about. It bored me to be on duty from eight until five-thirty; but I had an hour off at noon and after a while I did not mind the routine. Having a job I lifted up my head among my fellows once more, lied about the pay I was getting, bragged about my chances of promotion, called on girls and went to parties. In short, I was once more exactly the same joyful drifter I had been in college.

At the end of the first month I was called to Mr. Burton's desk.

"Tom, this won't do!" he said briefly. "You have been late four mornings this month."

"Yes, I know," I said, feeling that I must smooth him down exactly as I had smoothed down my professors. "I take the seven-twenty. When it gets in on time I'm here on time."

"I take the seven-fourteen," Mr. Burton said crisply. "Twenty-four days out of twenty-eight I get to the office six minutes ahead of time; but that keeps me from being late four times. If I can do it you can. Your position ought to be just as important to you as mine is to me. That's all!"

I retreated to my desk feeling aggrieved. Two or three nights a week I went to parties or to the theater or to the fraternity house. It was not always easy to be at the station by seven-fourteen—six minutes leeway between seven and eight is always a help. I was doing the confounded firm a favor anyway—it was not every office that could have a college man like me at its beck and call; but for all my inward grumbling I took the earlier train. Perhaps I subconsciously realized that I was lucky to have work at all. Soon after I was made a special order clerk; and, though this was really no promotion, somehow I felt as if it were.

Presently I paved the way to a serious reprimand. A customer sent us a valve specifying a certain repair he wanted made, which would cost about two dollars. The foreman saw that it would be useless to make this repair unless other work were done on the valve, which would bring the cost up to five dollars. Without consulting the customer I told the foreman to go ahead with it.

When the valve went back the customer objected to the price. We had to write several letters before he was at all placated, and even then the firm felt it would have to absorb the extra cost. Mr. Burton took me to task.

"You showed very poor judgment in that matter, Tom," he said, "and a high-handed way that it is not our policy to take with our customers."

"Why, I figured I'd be saving time for the customer," I said glibly; though, as a matter of fact, I had not done any real figuring at all. "It would have taken two or three days if we'd written to him. Besides, the work had to be done."

"That's not the point," Mr. Burton said. "If you

I Went for a Long, Cold Walk and Did Some Hard Thinking

sent your overcoat to a tailor and told him to put on new braid and buttons, you'd object if he sent it back with a new lining you hadn't asked for. If you're going to stay with us, Tom, you'll kindly try to take your work seriously."

I smarted under that. I knew I had blundered, and for a few days I read over every order with the care that a nurse gives to a doctor's instructions. Then I blundered again. I suspect my mind was on a trivial honor that had come to me that morning—a song I had written had been incorporated in the college songbook. I was thinking of going to the fraternity house that night to be congratulated.

A Walk and a Turning-Point

AN ORDER came early in the afternoon from a customer, which was what we call a breakdown job. The man telegraphed that a valve on a high-pressure line in his manufacturing plant had broken, and he wanted one sent to him by express at once. I went to the foreman and asked him whether he could get the job out that night. He said he could not possibly, but he would have it ready before noon the next day. I took the word to the shipping department. The manager happened to be there and he inquired the name of the customer.

"Clark, I think," I said.

"Not the Clark-Ralston Company?" he said.

"I—I don't know," I replied.

"You come back to the office," he said grimly.

We went back to the office. Mr. Burton looked at the telegram; then he stared at me.

"Did you try to find out how important a customer this Clark is, or why he wanted the valve on his high-pressure line, or what the consequence would be if he didn't get it?"

"No, sir," I said. "I went straight to the foreman."

"Well, you go back to the foreman," he said.

The foreman said he had not understood it was the Clark-Ralston Company or that the valve was to be sent by express, or he would have rushed it. By a little overtime work, he said, he could get the valve off that night.

Mr. Burton started in then and there to give me the talk that was the turning point of my life. He explained that the Clark-Ralston Company were most important customers; that the very warning "breakdown job" ought to have put me on my mettle; that the company's shop was running with a great number of men; that it was a high-pressure plant, and that they must have had to shut down part of their plant until that valve was in shape.

He said that if the valve had not been sent until the next day—which was Friday—it would have arrived on Washington's Birthday—which was Saturday—and that would have meant two idle days. He said I had handled the situation with the stupidity and inexpertness of a child of ten. What more he might have said I do not know. Luckily for me the head of our firm sent for him.

I did not go to the fraternity house that night. I went for a long, cold walk and did some hard thinking. For the first time I realized how utterly worthless I was. I did not show as much skill as some of the clerks who had scarcely gone through the high school.

For the first time I saw that my college education had, so far as business was concerned, got me nowhere. I had not learned one thing in college that I had been able to apply to my present work. I had felt above my work—had

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FREDDY ET CIE.

By Richard Dehan

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IT IS always a perplexing question how to provide for younger sons, and the immediate relatives of the Honorable Freddy Foulkes had forfeited a considerable amount of beauty sleep in connection with the problem.

"My poor darling!" the Marchioness of Glantyre sighed one day, more in sorrow than in anger, when the Honorable Freddy brought his charming smile and his graceful but unemployed person into her morning room. "If you could only find some congenial and at the same time lucrative post that would take up your time and absorb your spare energy, how grateful I should be!"

"I have found it," said the Honorable Freddy, with his cherubic smile. He possessed the blond curling hair and artless expression that may be symbolical of guilelessness or the admirable mask of guile.

"Thank heaven!" breathed his mother. Then, with a sense that the thanksgiving might, after all, be premature, she inquired: "But of what nature is this post? Before it can be seriously considered one must be certain that it entails no loss of caste, demands nothing derogatory in the nature of service from one who——I need not remind you of the fact that your family must be considered."

She smoothed her darling's silky hair, which exhaled the choicest perfume of Bond Street, and kissed his brow, as pure and shadowless as a slice of cream cheese, as the young man replied: "Dearest mother, you certainly need not."

"Then tell me of this post. Is it anything," the Marchioness asked, "in the diplomatic line?"

"Without a good deal of diplomacy a man would be no good for the shop, but otherwise your guess is out."

Doubt darkened his mother's eyes. "Don't say," she exclaimed, "that you have accepted a club secretaryship? To me it seems the last resource of the unsuccessful man."

"It will never be mine," said Freddy, "because I can't keep accounts and they wouldn't have me. Try again."

"I trust it has nothing to do with art," breathed the Marchioness, who loathed the children of canvas and palette with an unreasonable loathing.

"In a way it has," replied her son, "and in another way it hasn't. Come! I'll give you a lead. There is a good deal of straw in the business."

"You cannot contemplate casting in your lot with the agricultural classes? No! I knew the example of your unhappy cousin Reginald would prevent you from adopting so wild a course. But you spoke of straw."

"Of straw—and flowers—and tulles."

"Flowers and tools! Gardening is a craze that has become fashionable of late; but I cannot calmly see you in an apron, potting plants."

"It is not a question of potting plants, but of potting customers," said Freddy, showing his white teeth in a charming smile.

A shudder convulsed Freddy's mother. Freddy went on, filially patting her handsome hand: "You see, I have decided, and gone into trade. If I were a wealthy cad I should keep a bucket shop. Being a poor gentleman, I am going to make a bonnet shop keep me. And what is more—I intend to trim all the bonnets myself."

There was no heart disease on the maternal side of the house. The Marchioness did not become pale blue and sink backward, clutching at her corsage. She rose to her feet and boxed her son's right ear. He calmly offered the left one for similar treatment.

"Don't send me out looking uneven," he said simply. "If I pride myself on anything it is a well-balanced appearance. And I have to put in an appearance at the shop by and by."

He glanced into the mantel mirror as he spoke, and, observing with gratification that his immaculate necktie had escaped disarrangement, he twisted his little mustache, smiled, and knew himself irresistible.

"The shop! Degenerate boy!" cried his mother. "Who is your partner in this—this enterprise?"

"You know her by sight, I think," returned the cherub coolly. "Mrs. Vivianson, widow of the man who led the Doncaster Fusiliers to the top of Mealie Kop and got shot there. Awfully fetching and as clever as they make them!"

PHOTO. BY THE TRANSATLANTIC NEWS SERVICE CO.

"That woman one sees everywhere with a positive procession of young men at her heels!"

"That woman, and no other."

"She is hardly ——"

"She is awfully chic, especially in mourning."

"I will admit she has some style."

"Admit, when you and all the other women have copied the color of her hair and the cut of her sleeves for three seasons past! I like that!"

Freddy was growing warm.

"When you accuse me of imitating the appearance of a person of that kind," said Lady Glantyre in a cold fury, "you insult your mother! And when you ally yourself with her in the face of society, as you are about to do, you are going too far. As to this millinery establishment, it shall not open."

"My dear mother," said Freddy, "it has been open for a week."

He drew a card from an exquisite case mounted in gold. On the pasteboard appeared the following inscription in neat characters of copperplate:

FREDDY ET CIE.
COURT MILLINERS
11, CONDOVER STREET, W.

"Freddy and Company!" murmured the stricken parent as she perused the announcement.

"Mrs. V. is Company," observed the son with a spice of vulgarity, "and uncommonly good company too. As for myself my talents have at last found scope and millinery is my métier. How often you have said that no one has such exquisite taste in the arrangement of flowers ——"

"As you, Freddy! It is true! But ——"

"Haven't you declared over and over again that you have never had a maid who could put on a mantle, adjust a fold of lace, or pin on a toque as skillfully as your own son?"

"My boy, I own it. Still, millinery as a profession —— Can you call it quite manly for a man?"

"To spend one's life in arranging combinations to set off other women's complexions—can you call that womanly for a woman? To my mind," pursued Freddy, "it is the only occupation for a man of real refinement. To crown Beauty with beauty! To dream exquisite confections that shall add the one touch wanting to exquisite youth or magnificent middle age! To build up with deft touches a creation that shall betray in every detail, in every effect, the hand of a genius

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER, NEW YORK CITY

united to the soul of a lover, and reap not only gold but glory! Would this not be fame?"

"Ah! I no longer recognize you. You do not talk like your dear old self!" cried the Marchioness.

"I am glad of it," replied Freddy, "for, frankly, I was beginning to find my dear old self a bore." He drew out a watch, and his monogram and crest in diamonds scintillated on the case. His eye gleamed with proud triumph as he said: "At twelve I am due at Condover Street. Come—not as my mother, if you are ashamed of my profession, but as a customer ashamed of that bonnet"—Lady Glantyre was dressed for walking—"which you ought to have given to your cook long ago. Unless you would prefer your own brougham, mine is at the door."

The vehicle in question bore the smartest appearance. The Marchioness entered it without a murmur and was whirled to Condover Street. The name of Freddy et Cie. appeared in a delicate flourish of gold letters above the

chastely decorated portals of the establishment, and the plate-glass window contained nothing but an assortment of plumes, ribbons, chiffons and shapes of the latest mode, but not a single completed article of head apparel.

The street was already blocked with carriages, the vestibule packed, the shop thronged with a vast and ever-increasing assemblage of women, among whom Lady Glantyre recognized several of her dearest friends. She wished she had not come, and looked for Freddy. Freddy had vanished. His partner, Mrs. Vivianson, a vividly tinted, elegant brunette of some thirty summers, assisted by three or four charming girls, was busily engaged with those would-be customers, not a few, who sought admission to the inner room, the pale green portière of which bore in gold letters of embroidery the word atelier.

"You see," she was saying, "to the outer shop admission is quite free. We are charmed to see everybody who likes to come, don't you know, and show them the latest shades and shapes and things; but consultation with Monsieur Freddy—we charge five shillings for that. Unusual? Perhaps. But Monsieur Freddy is Monsieur Freddy!"

"Why do you ask? Is it true that he is the younger son of the Duke of Ancestous?"

"Dear madame, to us he is Monsieur Freddy; and we ask no more."

"A born tradeswoman!" thought Lady Glantyre as the silver coins were exchanged for little colored silk tickets bearing mystic numbers. She moved forward and tendered two half crowns—and Freddy's partner and Freddy's mother looked each other in the face; but Mrs. Vivianson maintained an admirable composure.

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER, NEW YORK CITY

And then the curtains of the atelier parted and a young and pretty woman came out quickly. She was charmingly dressed and wore the most exquisite of hats, and a murmur went up at sight of it. She stretched out her hands to a friend who rushed impulsively to meet her, and her voice broke in a sob of rapture.

"Did you ever see anything so sweet? And he did it like magic—one scarcely saw his fingers move!" she cried.

Her friend burst into exclamations of delight and a chorus arose about them:

"Wonderful!"

"Extraordinary!"

"He does it while you wait!"

"Just for curiosity, I really must!"

And a wave of eager women surged toward the green portière. Three went in, being previously deprived of their headgear by the respectful attendants, who averred that it put Monsieur Freddy's taste out of gear for the day to be compelled to gaze on any creation other than his own. And then came the turn of Lady Glantyre.

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER, NEW YORK CITY

She disbonneted and entered the sanctum. A pale, clear, golden light illumined it from above; the walls were hung with draperies of delicate pink; the carpet was moss-green. In the center of the apartment, on a broad, low divan, reclined the figure of a slender young man. He wore a black satin mask, concealing the upper part of his face, a loose lounging suit of black velvet, and slippers of the same with the embroidered initial F. Round him stood, mute and attentive as slaves, half a dozen pretty young women, bearing trays of trimmings of every conceivable kind. In the background a grove of stands supported hat shapes, bonnet shapes, toque foundations—the skeletons of every conceivable kind of headgear.

Silent, the Marchioness stood before her disguised son. He gently put up his eyeglass, to accommodate which aid to vision his mask had been specially designed, and motioned her to the sitter's chair, so constructed that with a touch of Monsieur Freddy's foot on a lever it would revolve, presenting the customer from every point of view. He touched the lever now, and chair and Marchioness spun round slowly. But for the presence of the young ladies, with their trays of flowers, plumes, gauzes and ribbons, Freddy's mother could have screamed. All the while Freddy remained silent absorbed in contemplation, as though trying to fix on his memory features seen for the first time. At last he spoke.

"Tall," he said, "and inclined to a becoming embonpoint. The eyes blue-gray; the hair of auburn touched with silver; the features of the Anglo-Roman type, somewhat severe in outline; the chin —— A hat to suit this client"—he spoke in a sad, sweet, mournful voice—"would cost five guineas. A Marquise shape, of broadtail"—one of the young lady attendants placed the shape required in the artist's hands—"the brim lined with a rich drapery of chenille and silk. . . . Needle and thread, Miss Banks. Thank you." His fingers moved like white lightning as he deftly wielded the feminine implement and snatched his materials from the boxes proffered in succession by the girls. "Black and white tips of ostrich falling over one side from a ring of cut steel," he continued in the same dreamy tone. "A knot of *Point d'Irlande*, with a heart of Neapolitan violets, and"—he rose from the divan and lightly placed the beautiful completed fabric on the Marchioness' head—"here is your hat, madame. Five guineas. Good morning. Next, please!"

Emotion choked his mother's utterance. At the same moment she saw herself in the glass silently swung toward her by one of the attendants and knew that she was suited to a marvel. She paid her five guineas, made her exit, and returned home, embarrassed by the discovery that there was an artist in the family.

One thing was clear—no more was to be said. The Maison Freddy became the morning resort of the Smart World; it was considered the thing to have hats made while society waited. True, they came to pieces easily, not being copper-nailed and riveted, so to speak; but what poems they were! The charming conversation of Monsieur Freddy, the half mystery that veiled his identity as his semimask partially concealed his fair and smiling countenance, added to the attractions of the Condover-Street atelier.

Money rolled in; the banking account of the partners grew plethoric; and then Mrs. Vivianson, in spite of the claims of the business on her time, in spite of the Platonic standpoint she had up to the present maintained in her relations with Freddy, began to be jealous.

"Or—no! I will not admit that such a thing is possible!" she said as she looked through some recent entries in the daybook of the firm. "But that American millionairess girl comes too often. She has bought a hat every day for three weeks past. Good for business in one way, but bad for it in another. If he should marry, what becomes of the Maison Freddy?"

She sighed and passed between the curtains. It was the slack time after luncheon and Freddy was enjoying a moment's interval. Stretched on his divan, his embroidered slippers elevated in the air, he smoked a perfumed

PHOTO. BY THE TRANSATLANTIC NEWS SERVICE COMPANY

PHOTO. BY THE TRANSATLANTIC NEWS SERVICE CO.

cigarette, surrounded by the materials of his craft. He smiled at Mrs. Vivianson as she entered and then raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Has anything gone wrong? You swept in as tragically as my mother when she comes to disown me. She does it regularly every week and as regularly takes me on again." He exhaled a scented cloud and smiled once more.

"Freddy," said Mrs. Vivianson, going direct to the point, "this little speculation of ours has turned out very well, hasn't it?"

"Beyond dreams!" acquiesced Freddy.

She went on: "You came to me a penniless detrimental, with a talent of which nobody guessed that anything could be made. I gave that gift a chance to develop. I set you on your legs, and ——"

"*Me voild!* You don't want me to rise up and bless you, do you?" said Freddy with half-closed eyes. "Thanks awfully, you know, all the same!"

"I don't know that I want thanks, quite," said Mrs. Vivianson. "I've had back every penny that I invested and pulled off a bouncing profit. Your share amounts to a handsome sum. In a little while you'll be able to pay your debts."

"I shall never do that," said Freddy with feeling.

"Marry and leave me—perhaps," went on Mrs. Vivianson. A shade swept over her face; her dark eyes glowed; the lines of her mouth hardened.

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER, NEW YORK CITY

"Keep as you are!" cried Freddy, rebounding to a sitting position on the divan. "Where's that new Medici shape in gold rice-straw, and the amber crêpe chiffon, and the orange roses with crimson hearts?" His nimble fingers darted hither and thither, his eyes shone, and his cheeks were flushed with the enthusiasm of the artist. "A tuft of black and yellow cock's feathers *à la Méphistophélès!*" he cried; "a topaz buckle, and it is finished. You must wear it with a jabot of yellow *Point d'Alençon*. It is the hat of hats for a jealous woman!"

"How dare you!" cried Mrs. Vivianson; but Freddy did not seem to hear her—he was rapt in the contemplation of the new masterpiece. And as he rose and gracefully placed it on his partner's head Miss Cornelia Vanderdecken was ushered in. She was superbly beautiful in the ivory-skinned, jetty-locked, slender American style, and she wore a hat that Freddy had made the day before, which set off her charms to admiration.

She occupied the sitter's chair as Mrs. Vivianson glided from the room, and Freddy's blue eyes dwelt on her worshipingly. To do him justice he had lost his heart before he learned that Cornelia was an heiress. Now words escaped him that brought a faint pink stain to her ivory cheek.

"Ah!" he cried impulsively. "You are ruining my business!"

"Oh, why, Monsieur Freddy? Please tell me!" asked Miss Vanderdecken with naïve curiosity.

"Because," said Freddy, while a bright blush showed beyond the limits of his black satin mask, "you are so beautiful that it is torture to make hats for other women—since I have seen you."

There was a pause. Then Miss Cornelia's bangles clashed and her silk foundations rustled as she turned resolutely toward the divan.

"I can't return the compliment," she said, "by telling you that it is torture for me to wear hats made by any other man since I have seen you; for other men don't make hats, and I can't really see you through that thing you wear over your face. But ——"

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Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

GETTING RID OF THE SMOKE FROM THE FACTORY CHIMNEY

Carelessness and Ignorance are Said to be Responsible for Ninety Per Cent of the Worst Smoke

THE business world has now set seriously to work to eliminate by better management a number of unpleasant things connected with its affairs that—only yesterday—were considered unpreventable. Industrial accidents make up the largest item, and the next largest and most expensive seems to be smoke.

Many years ago a few esthetic critics raised objections to the smoke from the factory chimney because it was not beautiful, and the very idea was new to the business world, which was astonished and could only retort that smoke from the factory chimney meant prosperity—more wages and profits; more goods and comfort for everybody. Smoke from the factory chimney was really a form of human happiness—and there could not be too much of it. In the United States a great national election was won on the platform that abundant black smoke should pour from all factory chimneys.

By and by the opponents of smoke found a more practical objection—that it was immensely expensive. Some startling facts were collected. Smoke-measuring devices were made and the fall of soot was reduced to figures.

In London it was found that about six hundred and fifty tons of soot fell every year on each square mile of the city, doing damage estimated at twenty-six million dollars a year, with a fuel waste of a million more. And that was only an everyday matter—for a London fog, which is only smoke out of the higher regions dropped down into the city by atmospheric conditions, could cost as much as a million dollars a day in delay and damage.

In Pittsburgh careful estimates indicated a yearly loss of ten million dollars, chiefly in damage to clothes and buildings, cost of washing, painting, papering, replacing of corroded metal, damage to merchandise, artificial lighting, and the like.

In Chicago the smudge bill was figured at forty million dollars a year; in Cincinnati at one hundred dollars for each family—and so on.

Numbers for Smoke Clouds

FINALLY Uncle Sam's experts made a national estimate, placing the smoke loss by damage and waste at a round half billion dollars yearly—or seventeen dollars for every man, woman and child in all our cities and towns.

When ideas have any vitality at all they grow. By this time the business world itself admitted that smoke was not beautiful—except in a symbolic way—and the bill of costs was not disputed.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Business. "How are we to run our plants without making smoke?"

The answer was, smoke laws, smoke inspectors, smoke fines, smoke preventers, and other measures designed to cut down smoke production. Much was accomplished. Big industrial plants partly cured the smoke evil by patent stokers or better methods of firing boilers; but it was only improvement, not elimination.

Hundreds of little plants continued to make smoke in the small quantities that went to produce the great aggregate. Household chimneys continued their business at the same old stand; and the extent to which they are responsible for the smoke evil is shown very clearly in London, where it is estimated that more than half the coal used is burned in household grates—smoke has been an issue in London for five hundred years at least.

The inspector could not catch such offenders; and there were other smokemakers who, though anxious to reduce their contribution, had to face great difficulties—railroad locomotives furnish a large share of a city's smoke, for instance, yet could not be fitted with mechanical stokers or fired to eliminate smoke to the degree possible in a big industrial power plant.

A Great National Election Was Won on the Platform That Abundant Black Smoke Should Pour From All Factory Chimneys

Worse yet, it was found that the smoky chimney did not cause so much damage as the one apparently smokeless. Exact tests were devised by which the inspector, looking at smoke through an instrument, could give it a figure rating as number-one smoke or number-three smoke—or whatever it might be. But the chimney producing dense number-three smoke for fifteen minutes, calling out the inspector and bringing down a fine, was found to cause far less damage from soot and cinders than the innocent-looking stack producing a light number-two smoke all day; for, though the latter was conforming to the law, its daily output of soot might be enormous.

Smoke Washed But Not Ironed

IN OTHER words, when smoke was taken up seriously it was found to be as many-sided as other modern problems; but today the whole business world has its attention directed toward smokeless production, and from several different directions the real article seems actually to be coming.

One way of dealing with smoke that yields excellent results is turning round the old proverb and frankly recognizing that where there is fire there will always be some smoke. This point of view leads the engineer to stop trying for smokeless combustion and see whether something cannot be done with smoke after it has been made.

There are the smokewashers, by which smoke from an industrial plant is forced through water spray and cleansed of its solid matter. About one per cent of the coal burned under boilers with the best equipment of automatic stokers will pass out of the chimney as soot and tiny cinders. To the average citizen's eye, that chimney looks clean, because there is little of the colored cloud which he regards as smoke; but with a plant burning a couple of thousand tons of coal daily, located in the heart of a city, there will be a daily deposit of from ten to twenty tons of soot and cinders constantly raining down on the neighborhood and causing complaint.

The smokewasher removes all this objectionable stuff; and, though it may be costly to a corporation if the quantities of water necessary must be purchased, it is certainly economical to the community. And there is a direct advantage to the company that warrants the expenditure; for a large electrical corporation in the East considers the washing of its smoke one of the finest forms of peacemaking between the public and itself.

This kind of smoke treatment naturally leads to attempts to do something useful with the washings; for even in a small plant installed at a railroad roundhouse to wash the smoke from a hundred locomotives there is half a ton of washings weekly, while a big power plant

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THE DANCING CARNIVAL

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Hit Their Cursed Leader in the Eye!"

"CUSTARD pie or canned pear?" asked the waitress; to which Goldie Dailey answered:

"If it's pears I want some, an' if it ain't I want 'em anyway, an' they can charge me extra. But don't bring just a stingy half!"

The waitress stared haughtily and withdrew to tell the kitchen that the blonde actress was kicking again. Johnny Trippit and Bologna, the Terpsichorean Juggler, who were having luncheon at the same table, grinned.

"The chow in these one-nighters sure is sumpin awful!" said Goldie, hungrily cutting the last tag of meat from a chopbone.

"When I ain't nourished correct it tells," observed Bologna. "No man can do my stuff if he don't git plenty of meat. I come near droppin' a big weight right on my coco yesterday mat'née—an' all from misjudgin'. I'd never make that mistake on stronger feedin'."

"I used to hear they gave you cold string-beans an' apple pie for breakfast through New England, but I didn't believe it," said Johnny. "It's been worse'n that in some of these tanks. They don't know what comfort is."

"The dressin'-rooms ain't fit for an animal act," said Goldie as the waitress grudgingly deposited a whole canned pear before her. "I wonder where Lionel is?" Silence met this query; so she repeated it, with a similar result. "You can't both be deaf," she said sharply. "What are you grouchin' about now?"

"I got no use for that guy," said Bologna abruptly. "Not that I'm knockin'."

Johnny nodded approval. Goldie looked indignant as she rearranged a fold of her gray lace waist.

"I tell you, kiddo," said Johnny, "he ain't there on professional ethics. I was tellin' Gene Willetts how certain acts has been stealin' an' usin' our material, an' how I had a lawyer after the parties, an' that killin' was too good for 'em—an' he the same as defended 'em. An' he's too fresh, ain't he, Fred?"

"He laughed right out after me remarkin' that the chooser who was passin' out your steps might be in this company, for all we could tell," said Bologna. "I'm suspicious of him. We don't know where he come from—there's a million Western acts. We don't know what or who we're harborin'."

"But you do know he's scored a personal hit an' it's got your angora, don't you?" cried Goldie. "Lionel's nice an' terribly artistic, an' I wouldn't 'a' had half the light an' shade to my work if he'd never joined. I see values truer now."

"That guy entered this show as property man; an' since he's got a little part he thinks he'll tunnel under me, an' the next thing grab you for a partner an' git some Broadway bookin'," said Johnny; and the waitress scurried to the kitchen to notify her associates there that the redheaded actor was angry.

"Now you're talkin'!" said Bologna, uneasily avoiding Goldie's scorching glance.

"I see Miss Duffy huntin' me; so I'll ask you to kindly excuse me," said Goldie; and she trailed her black satin skirt into the hotel office, where Daisy Duffy was telling the clerk that there was no place like dear old New York.

Daisy had a small and wrinklish face and the grease-paint was never entirely out of her eyebrows. There was ordinarily a gap in the back of her bodice, proving the limitations of her reach; but she wore such modish wraps and such excessively split and pegtopped skirts, and had such a profusion of gold cords and tassels depending from herself, that small details were unimportant. Persons desirous of her acquaintance must expect to hear of her divorce and her difficulty in finding number-two shoes—it was not all skittles, this having little feet. She catalogued events simply; things happened with Daisy either before or after her operation.

She put an arm through Goldie's when the latter had put on a handsome seal coat, and they went out together, as many people commenting on Goldie's bright hair and clear pink skin as on Daisy's tassels and pink fur leg-muffs, assumed to protect the wearer against a January wind and a two-split costume.

"He's fussin' over Lionel, as though the poor boy was a criminal," confided Goldie; "but I sha'n't stand naggin', even if we are engaged. Would you?"

"I'd just let him say what we'd do and then I wouldn't do it," counseled Daisy. "You didn't go and tell about Lionel writing the song to you? Don't you! Redheaded men are mean at best, dearie; so he's only being true to his nature."

"He forbade me goin' to dinner with a very old friend. The party's a jeweler and as highminded as can be!"

"A woman would be mad not to show a little kindness to a jeweler," said Daisy. "I should get to training Trippit in a hurry, or he'll be impossible; for they grow that way when you give in to them. Wouldn't you hate to live in one of these teenchy-weenchy towns? It gives me the creeps to think of it."

"Yes, they're extremely hick; but then they don't realize it, I s'pose," said Goldie. "We better be hikin' for the theater. I do hope Johnny doesn't make any threats against Lionel! It seems like all we draw in this world is trouble."

The company playing one-night stands through New England was called by the profession the Trippit and Dailey Road Show. Theatrical critics in the towns booked described it as two-dollar vaudeville. The owners of musical shows with large casts and heavy expenses called it any harsh name that occurred to the defamers. Charlie Levy, the backer in New York, had visited only the receiving tellers of his bank since the opening week. It was a money-getter.

Trippit and Dailey drew the one salary that was considered high in times when the most ordinary act received pay on an extravagant scale. Everybody doubled by working in the Dancing Carnival, which formed the last half of the show. The company carried a few special drops and set pieces, but they were able to use house scenery to an extent that helped to keep the bills at a low figure.

Goldie always got the star dressing room, Johnny the next choice, and the other artists squabbled over what was left. It was a dancing show, arranged to meet the demand of the moment; and the feeling of the performers toward each other was as pleasant as was usual where many temperamental persons in the same line of work played two shows a day, contending bitterly for favor.

Lionel Lamotte had been recruited in Boston. The show's accredited property man had developed rheumatism and cried off on six weeks of one-night stands; and Lionel, briefly explaining that he was a Western professional out of work, offered to be property and baggage master, and to play a small part in the "revue" for thirty-five dollars a week. He modestly said that he could dance, play the violin and piano—and if the manager wished he would write his own part. He was hired, and Sam Josephs, the company manager, declared him the material of which big-time acts were made. Lionel told inquirers that his mother had been connected with the theater; and so she had—as a scrubwoman to a San Francisco stock house, where big-eyed, curious Lionel filled her buckets and wrung out soiled cloths as he listened and learned.

A property man who had been with Réjane taught him to build the most intricate properties, and a stage carpenter whose wife was an ex-ballerina often took him home to dinner and a dancing lesson. The theater's first violin wanted to make a musician out of him, and they would work together at a piano from midnight to foggy dawn. Lionel had to take naps in the dressing rooms between bucket-fillings. The property man urged him to study for the drama; the ex-ballerina was certain that he could dance a path to fame; and the violinist, fearful of the grind of dreary hours in a theater orchestra if his pupil played no better than himself, sadly bade the boy decide without advice.

Lionel thereupon became a barker for a circus sideshow, sending money to his mother with such regularity that she scrubbed no longer. He played in a restaurant orchestra in Los Angeles, then went out with Smoke's Mastodonic Minstrels, playing a violin in the orchestra, doing the press work and taking tickets on the gallery door, and faking trombone—for ten dollars weekly.

These various employments occupied him until he was twenty, when his mother died, leaving him a collection of musty photographs, a ribbon worn by Fanny Davenport, and her famous signed letter from Pete Dailey, in which he inclosed two dollars for the washing of some shirts.

Lionel set his face Eastward, crossing three states with a dog and pony circus, and another with a medicine show to which his oratorical gifts were valuable. He rode the brakebeams of an overland train into Chicago and was uninjured by the extensive airing. He was twenty-one before he got to New York; and its bigness, and the stone wall that successful performers and busy booking agents, and managers whose business was done only through agents, seemed to form against one lone boy, cowed him thoroughly. He registered at an agent's office and became so used to the clerk's sniffish cry, "Nothin' for you today!" that he dreamed it, and would have fainted from amazement had the clerk ever admitted that there was anything for him, on that or any other day!

The Trippit and Dailey Company did not hear of these vicissitudes, for Lionel had learned not to mention failures. He had twenty cents when a stagehand, who was a Native Son and because of it had been assisting this other Californian, remarked that the show at his house that week needed a property man.

"I guess I know too much about too many things and not enough about any one of 'em," Lionel later told Goldie, who answered:

"Then specialize in one an' git somewhere! What do you like best?"

"Drama," said Lionel; and Goldie confided that she had always felt that, with time to study, emotional drama would have claimed her.

She suggested a few changes when he brought the part he was writing to her. They rehearsed a little secretly. Lionel forgot the vivid beauty of Vera Kelly, of the Sisters Kelly, and his plan to ask Vera to a fine dinner as soon as his finances permitted the feast. What a privilege—to be on friendly terms with a real star! And the star was young and blonde and pansy-eyed, with plump arms and a white throat rising gracefully from plaited lace ruffles or severe round necks of velvet gowns that were of the most alluring colors. Her nails had the bright pink polish considered modish in vaudeville, and he liked to watch her many rings flash when she moved her fingers.

Vera Kelly's little rehearsal jacket and her inevitable white waist and brown skirt, with heavy-soled tan shoes, disgusted him after he had walked with Goldie, delightful

in velvet or silk crêpe, and twelve-dollar shoes. Goldie had a different set of rich furs or a splendid coat for each day of the week; but she was not proud or above talking to persons lacking similar wardrobes. And when he said that one with her sympathy, and her power of characterization would have been at the very top in drama, she asked quite humbly whether it were too late to try.

"Oh, why don't you? Give yourself a chance! What's vaudeville?" cried Lionel, with the memory of the agent's clerk smarting. "You're above these people and you owe it to the world to take your proper place."

"An' I bet I could git an' audience goin' if I was in the legitimate," said Goldie; "but I simply never knew a single person who could put me next to the game. An' it's six nights, an' in some only Sat'd'y matinée—though others have Wednesday too; but that's only eight shows as against fourteen with us. An' look at the rep they git if they're a real hit!"

They rehearsed often; and Manager Josephs, when the bit was interpolated, wrote the backer to try and catch the show one of these days and watch Goldie Dailey and the new kid. Lionel was making a little part stand out. He was able to ask Vera to dinner now; but she ate alone, for Lionel was thinking of his art and of Goldie, who listened avidly as he limned a grander destiny.

"I'd just have to lift myself from the vulgarians an' give my whole soul to the work," she said. "Maybe it was evil influences made me a champion buck dancer instead of a dramatic actress, an' you were sent to guide me, Lionel! But if I did cut loose from the two-a-day where would you think I'd develop quickest?"

"Far, far from all this," said Lionel vaguely; and as soon as they separated he pondered the matter.

Goldie must retire temporarily and seek the lonely spaces, whence she should emerge triumphantly capable of interpreting the works of the masters. And suppose Lionel Lamotte wrote the play that first displayed her genius? He had done Smoke's press work, and composed speeches that sold innumerable bottles of an Indian tonic, for the medicine show. He would invade the lonely spaces with her—one more could not really disturb the silence. Write? With Goldie near, he could write plays that would startle press and public! Goldie did not consider Lionel as necessary to the realization of her ambition until he outlined the plot of a play. Then she saw his worth.

"I like you lots, Lionel; but as to bein' ever anything more, why, nothin' doin', for I'm engaged to Johnny, an' I s'pose we'll keep on, though if I see I can do good in drama I sure will leave the act, even if he does git peeved," said she. "Mona Morton's a toe dancer, an' her husband's a legit—though, at that, he's as dull as a fruit knife, an' I don't see how she endures him! Those combinations ain't unusual, though, an' we could both live our lives. Time'll tell."

"Trippit is a weed compared with the fragrant flower of your talent," said Lionel, much encouraged; and when Goldie was not looking he wrote the remark down to use in the play.

She sighed. He was a handsome weed! Fresh-colored, thick-framed and strong, and as light-footed a dancer as the slimmest man could be, Johnny was physically attractive; while Lionel, lean and small, his complexion the hue of a picked chicken, was not. But Lionel had remarkable eyes. They were large and black and talkative, and their homage was inspiring. Goldie thought of them as she strolled to the theater with Daisy. Entering, they heard the stage doorkeeper saying:

"Yes—no one allowed back without an order from the front, so I put her out; an' then I found this paper. She's been lookin' at your snowshoes."

"An' this here's notes on our snowshoe dance—Gee! It's one the choosers, an' she's got away on us!" exclaimed Johnny; and the doorkeeper added that the woman had been talking to the show's property man. Goldie followed Johnny to the property room in search of Lionel. Daisy and Bologna the Juggler went also.

"What's he doin'?" demanded Bologna, hearing a queer sound.

Johnny flung a door open, discovering Lionel Lamotte intently practicing what Trippit and Dailey's billing described as an eccentric dance. The snowshoes were real; and as Lionel was unfamiliar with the hitch used by the team he had tied the thongs in a bunglesome way, confining his heels instead of leaving them free. He was awkwardly trying to execute a step; and, caught in a silly position, he flushed and endeavored to get out of the lacing.

"Will you take off them shoes or will I bust you right on your beezer?" shouted Johnny, and Bologna deemed his language temperate.

"Oh, Johnny, you mustn't! Stop, now!" warned Goldie; and Lionel said:

"I only put 'em on to see how they felt, and I apologize. Ain't that sufficient?"

"Performers coppin' other parties' tricks are gittin' pretty numerous—not that I mean parties here—an' again p'raps I do," said Bologna, bulging his wide chest with a tremendous breath.

Johnny coldly asked about the strange woman and Lionel as coldly replied that all he knew was that he had told her she must not touch the snowshoes, whereat she had laughed and left.

"Mr. Lamotte ain't a chooser, an' I don't see any harm in him tryin' the snowshoes on," said Goldie. "If I don't care, Johnny needn't. Now let's git made up an' leave Lionel be. You come on with me, John. D'you hear me?"

Johnny murmured hoarsely as Goldie led him off. Daisy encouraged Goldie with a wink. But Bologna lingered; and he said to Lionel:

"The chooser that makes notes on my turn'll be drove out of this land! Git me?"

"No, I don't—and I don't propose to hear your views; so get me on that point!" said Lionel hotly. "What's the matter with you fellows in this troupe? Are you scared of having some of the fat cut out of your parts? Looks like it."

Bologna rumbled that if he did not have to make up he would show some people! And Lionel, setting the snowshoes outside, shut the door on the juggler.

The Sisters Kelly had opened the performance; Gene and Fanny Willetts, society entertainers, were now on. Daisy Duffy and her Different Dancers, six girls who were useful in the revue, were hastening into their costumes. When the Happy Harmonists, four gentlemen who sang ballads and danced, succeeded the Willetts, Goldie was in an entrance, clad in a jaunty suit of white satin coat and tight knickers, trimmed with swansdown, with a swansdown cap. All her diamonds adorned hands and breast. Trippit and Dailey's new act was a winter setting, and the team entered on snowshoes over a drift of property snow. Then they danced—and the feat had put another hundred on their weekly salary.

Goldie dreamily watched Billy Graff, of the Harmonists, doing a burlesque tango with the act's lanky basso.

"Have to set this bunch on fire to heat 'em up," gasped Billy as he danced near her, and Goldie smiled as the audience finally decided to clap. She was still smiling when Johnny, bearing the snowshoes, appeared beside her.

"Goldie, will you please be a little less realistic with that Lamotte today?" he pleaded. "You don't want the comp'ny to see me have to lam him, do you?"

"Sacrifice my art to your jealousy? I'd be ashamed to give the public less'n my very best," said Goldie virtuously; and Johnny retorted:

"It's you draggin' him up. He can't do you a lick of good, kiddo!"

"Didn't he sit out in front, movin' from A to R, so's to git the effect an' tell me if I had enough red on after we'd switched from blackface? You never done it! An' I won't let his an' my actin' suffer for any one!"

"Be sure it is actin', Goldie—others ain't so positive," he said darkly.

As they worked she thought with anger of his request. What effrontery in a man who opened the Dancing Carnival with Vera Kelly, dancing the Brazilian Tango and the Maxixe, and concluding the offering by holding Vera, languorously supine on his arm, while he gazed ardently into her black Irish eyes!

When she finished her turn Goldie changed quickly to the white dress she wore in the Carnival. A maid fluffed out her shining hair. She was ready for the revue, and at the callboy's shrill Time! she took her place at the foremost table, in what was presumbably a colorful vision of the night life of Broadway. The Kelly Sisters were back of her.

All performers sat on gilt chairs arranged in a semicircle, with tables between the chairs. It was a restaurant with a dancing platform, and the drop rose on Johnny, now in ordinary evening clothes, in altercation with a comedy taxicab driver who had pursued him from the street. A comedy policeman dragged the chauffeur off and Johnny seated himself at a table across the stage from Goldie. Daisy's dancers unobtrusively filled in at the tables. The action was rushed—Gene and Fanny Willetts doing ragtime and turkey trot; Bologna, the Terpsichorean Juggler—America's supreme novelty—tossing first oranges, then cannonballs, while he jigged merrily and caught the cannonballs on the back of a hefty neck.

After each number the stage audience clapped their hands and yelled, and the comedy policeman, who was Billy Graff, of the Happy Harmonists, danced out to see what they meant by it, which delighted the real audience on the other side of the footlights. The policeman had to look earnestly into Johnny's face, then display an enormous star and attempt to arrest him, which fed Johnny to his trick of suddenly standing on his hands, and on them dancing a buck at such speed that the policeman could not maintain a hold on him.

While this continued, a youth with long black hair, and black eyes enlarged by the lavish use of make-up, moved slowly from table to table, until he faced Goldie. With a dramatic cry, she held a hand to her heart, and the youth commenced a wailing tune on the violin he carried. The audience laughed as she fell under the spell of his music—perhaps they wondered how she could, for it was mediocre—and the player crept steadily closer until he leaned over and she leaned faintly back. A final note and his arms clutched her! But she repulsed him with a look of horror

They Waltzed Off to a Clamor That Brought Them Out to Take Six Bows

"I Only Put 'Em On to See How They Felt, and I Apologize. Ain't That Sufficient?"

that gradually faded as he played again, retreating, approaching, retreating, until she rose, dazedly following as he went sinuously between the tables and made his exit.

Goldie glanced defiantly at Johnny as she returned to vigorous applause. She waltzed to meet Lionel, who entered from the opposite side, playing a gay tune as he waltzed toward her. She had to tantalize him, eluding him as they sped up and down, Lionel sawing frantically, the orchestra speeding with him. He threw down the violin and Goldie halted an instant; then each danced alone, dipping, gliding, Lionel's great eyes beseeching, his arms imploring, until she abruptly bent, when he kissed her—and they waltzed off to a clamor that brought them out to take six bows and to give an encore.

"He'll be expectin' to be featured next—the way he's received," said Gene Willetts to Johnny, who said shortly:

"I'll feature the long-nosed mutt!"

Goldie and Johnny danced together in the finale, singing that stirring number, Good-Night Rag, with the company singing and dancing back of them. Trunks were rapidly packed and street clothes hurried into, as they were due in another town for the night performance. Goldie and Daisy went in a cab to the station, while the others walked or rode in the street cars. Vera Kelly loitered behind her sister Inez, who was wedded to Billy Graff and too busy with a small Graff boy to worry over Vera. Lionel was still in the theater, attending to the trunks in his capacity as baggage-master.

"Lionel, would you like me to wait for you?" asked Vera timidly; and she blushed with shame when he said:

"Not today—I've got my play to think of, you know."

"Oh, I hate her, when she's got Trippit and then takes him—I hate her!" said Vera savagely, and she went out into the blustery March wind with a tear in each black eye, and later declined to mind little George Graff while his mamma took a nap in the train.

"No one does anything for me an' I'm goin' to do the same!" said Vera sharply; and Billy Graff whispered to his wife that she had not been the same girl since that chap had joined.

Goldie motioned Lionel to half of her seat, though she saw Johnny coming along the aisle. One of the Harmonists informed the train conductor that Lionel was the manager, and chuckles were general as the conductor patiently waited for Lionel to become less engrossed with the fair visage of Goldie.

"I'm workin' on the big scene in the third act today—in my head, of course; but I've got it doped out great," Lionel was saying. "Then there's got to be the let-down for the emotions, and a smaller punch again for the finish. I suppose some clod of a producer'll try to argue us out of a fourth act, but I'll never give in, and you vote with me, Goldie. It's killin' to think of the delay while you'll be studyin', when we might be puttin' on a two-year run—yes and London later. A play with real merit will go, over there."

He had already spoken guardedly of having been—in a way—a pupil of Madame Réjane; and he mentioned the technique of acting with an ease that convinced Goldie of his sound judgment and vast experience.

"If I hadn't run into you I might have been a plain plodder all my entire career!" she marveled. "Now listen! I truly b'lieve I could jump right out an' do emotional stuff this very minute! Naturally some people have to be trained, 'cause they don't understand stage business an' haven't any presence; but I got that, an', oh, Lionel, you can't imagine how I long to be on a stage completely alone an' hold a house by the spell of my art!"

"We could go on without the trainin'," said Lionel, highly wrought up; "for I—— Eh?"

"Tickets! Tickets!" said the conductor.

"That guy ain't our manager! He's only the property man," said the voice of Bologna; and Goldie was disconcerted at the presence of Johnny and the juggler in the next seat. "Mercy! Do you s'pose they heard?" she asked in an agitated whisper, and Lionel mumbled while trying to look as though he was keeping still:

"No! Just sat down—couldn't have."

"If we're interruptin' anything put us next an' we'll blow," said Johnny. Goldie did not reply. Occasionally Bologna whispered steadily to Johnny. Goldie and Lionel remained silent.

"Them keepin' so quiet now's a tip they was discussin' secrets before we come," Bologna opined.

"I heard you, Fred Bologna; an' the next time you want sumpin mended, or your money kep' for you so you won't gamble it, you can ask others to do it!" cried Goldie. "I got the privilege of talkin' over my business with parties I work with, ain't I?"

"All I contend is, you're misled," said Bologna.

Goldie turned again. Johnny's chin was protruding; and that was ominous, for when that chin was stuck belligerently outward he was ready to promote trouble.

II

"SAY, Lionel, you change seats an' let him sit with me," was the suggestion that made Lionel rise, loudly announcing that he had a little writing to do. He went to the half seat at the end of the coach without a word for Vera Kelly, who looked up hopefully as he approached. The six Different Dancers bade the Happy Harmonists note how quickly Johnny took the vacated space.

"If I figgered that whiffet was tryin' to steal my honey he'd be bounced out of this troupe," said Johnny, stroking Goldie's hand with large, warm fingers.

"It ain't a case of bein' stole, dearie. Am I or am I not allowed personal liberty? Women ain't slaves!"

"Engaged ones oughta ignore all other parties," said Johnny; and Bologna, interested, said from the rear:

"True for you, John! One's plenty for 'em."

"You'll Play an Overture, an' Then You'll Play the Acts an' the Revue"

"Fred Bologna, will you quit hornin' into my business?" cried Goldie. "Maybe you wouldn't be droppin' your stuff s'much if you rehearsed instead of tellin' Johnny how to floor-manage me! I think you're a lot too flip!"

"He means it friendly," defended Johnny.

Bologna became melancholy, and Goldie smiled and shrugged as on the cover of her tin make-up box she beat the chorus of a ballad that Lionel had dedicated to her.

"You only need to give a guy like Lamotte the once-over to git him tagged," said Johnny. "But listen, Goldie, you're my kiddo, ain't you?"

He masterfully slid an arm about her and she had a sudden desire to forego the drama, remaining an untrammeled vaudevillist, who might dance down the spotlighted years with Johnny. They had intended to wait until more money was amassed and then take out a show of their own like the Dancing Carnival, and have all the profits for themselves, instead of working for the backer and paying booking commissions to the syndicate; but when Johnny headed his company she would be charging three dollars to the West—the East would not pay it—and riding in her private car. And the Lionel whom Johnny scornfully termed a whiffet was to write plays round her unique talents. Perhaps Lionel would be less lathy when he was older. Anyway, he could shave his absurd little black mustache, and that would improve him. Still, looks were not essential to art and it was weakness to think so.

"Who does this little baby love?" queried Johnny; and she said with a pang:

"Oh! I—I—a person ought to think of their art."

"Walden next stop!" bawled a trainman, and the company crowded into the aisle.

"Remember who put you where you are, Goldie. You're awful prone to fall for flattery," said Johnny. "And—— Eh? Josepha is callin' me. I'll see you at the showshop."

"My own talent put me here," Goldie thought resentfully, and at that moment Lionel poked a folded note at her. While the train was slowing for Walden she read:

"He cannot appreciate you like me. Will find you soon as I get the trunks over. You are the sunshine of the life of your Lionel."

It was on mauve paper and peculiarly scented. The odor was different from that with which Lionel perfumed his handkerchief. Johnny sneered at him for using any; but Goldie and Daisy, discussing it, decided that the perfumery was only another indication of Lionel's refinement. Goldie put the note in a pocket of her mink coat as Daisy whispered:

"What was he writing, dearie? He had the raptest look!"

Bologna pushed by the ladies as Goldie fumbled in her pocket. He had reasons for haste, for hidden in his capacious hand was Lionel's mauve message, abstracted by the juggler as soon as Goldie deposited it.

"It's gone!"

"You must have dropped it, dear!"

"Oh, Daisy, s'posin' some of 'em find it!"

"Swear you never set eyes on it," said Daisy.

Some one called out that the woman who had been making notes on Trippit and Dailey's act in Newtown was in the next coach; that Johnny was seeking her and would hire a detective if he missed her—and he requested Goldie to unpack his theater trunk if he was late.

"Be calm, dearest lady!" begged Lionel, rushing up as Goldie stood uncertainly on the platform.

"Calm? An' our original stuff that we evolved with our hearts' blood—for, b'lieve me, it's no frolic to create new dancin' steps, Lionel—our stuff bein' peddled over the land by pirates?" said Goldie, near to tears. "We'll invoke the copyright law, though! That stuff's protected, she'll find! Oh, if I just get my hands on that dame!"

"Think of the future only. These things ain't worth your cryin' over," said Lionel; but Goldie retorted:

"Don't talk foolish, Lionel! I'll see that woman behind the bars yet, an' so'll Johnny. Oh, it's originate an' originate, an' then find dubs coppin' it!"

Lionel went blithely through the main street of Walden, halting under arc-lights to scribble on a sheet of scented mauve paper that was one of several he had found in the property room at Newtown after the unknown woman had disappeared. He kept them because he liked the fragrance. While writing to Goldie a wonderful plan had come to him. Instead of searching the pitiably inadequate ranks of leading men for one who would not be constantly trying to overshadow Goldie in the great drama, he would play the part himself! Goldie should have the fattest lines and the thrills that wrenched tears from enthralled audiences.

And when the play was done, with actors hastening into street clothes, Lionel Lamotte, the world's youngest actor-manager-playwright, would escort his beautiful star to the Lamotte limousine; and as they rolled away toward Broadway he would lay his all at her feet and ask whether she preferred the Little Church Around the Corner or some town where there was no bother over a license.

He saw a dim light down an alley and turned in, and was then yanked roughly from the limousine of fancy to the stage door of fact by hearing:

"You the Dancin' Carnival's prop'ty man?"

"I am, sir," replied Lionel. And one of the men on the steps said: "Leave us glim your union card."

(Continued on Page 50)

THE WAR REPORTER

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE leisurely and literary war correspondent is of the past. He is done, down and out. The Spanish War made him groggy. The Russian-Japanese War put him on the ropes, and he took the count in the Balkan War.

Long ago the war reporter filled his shoes, as will be demonstrated in Mexico if occasion arises. Moreover, so far as this country is concerned, the best war reporters do not go to war. When I say best I mean best in a news sense. That is what a reporter is for—to get news. That is what people desire to have about a war—news. War news is not descriptions of scenery, or speculation on strategy, or recital of brave deeds, all excellent and interesting when they get over the wire. War news is, first, whether we won or didn't win; and, second, what it cost us in blood to win or what we lost in losing. It is well enough to detail, in such picturesque diction as may be, what was done; but that isn't the main point. The main point is—Did we whip them? And how many were killed and wounded?

PHOTO. BY ETHE POWELL, LOS ANGELES

What They Read at the Front

Therefore, whatever may happen in Mexico—and there's no telling what will happen as this is written—the best and quickest news will come, not from the writing men at the scene of hostilities, but will come from the writing men at the seat of government, at the national headquarters of the army and the navy. That is the way it worked in the Spanish War, and that is the way it has worked thus far in this Mexican affair. The reason is simple enough. News is no good unless it is printed. I know a man who sat for four hours at Key West with the news that the Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor bottled in him. He was the only man in the United States who had the information. Think of the splash he might have made if he had sent that news North. He didn't, however. He waited for the official dispatch from Captain Sigsbee, and after that where did the news, the information for the people, come from? It came from Washington reporters, of course.

Mind you, I am not saying that special commissioners, and sob sisters, and word painters, and persons with literary reputations, and professional war correspondents, and all such are not excellent newspaper properties when a war is going on. Not that. They are, and more power to them, on the broad general theory that it is the business of the writing people to hook the editor people whenever they get a chance. What I am saying is that the news of this war, if it is a war, will be provided by the war reporters, not by the special commissioners, or the novelists, or the poets, or the other literary men that will flock to it. The news will be sent in by the men whose trade it is to send in news.

The Passing of Percival Piffle

ALSO—and watch the development of this prophecy—you will not find in this Mexican trouble—if so be there is more trouble than there has been—you will not discover in the columns of your newspapers one-tenth of the special and so-called literary stuff that decorated those pages during the brief progress of the Spanish War. When that little struggle broke we had not been at war for thirty-five years, and there was an entirely new crop of editors and managers in charge of the newspapers, a crop of editors and managers who knew nothing of war save that it is big news, and they were crazy for it.

The signed-statement freak had developed a few years before that date. The sole idea of the editors on many of the newspapers seemed to be to have the story of a news event written not by a man who knew news when he saw it, knew how to get it and how to handle it, but by somebody who had written a passable short story or had put out a book or something of the kind. Most of the stuff was incredibly bad, considered from a straight newspaper viewpoint. But the editors thought they were giving character to their papers by printing a sloppy story written by Percival Pendennis Piffle, literary light, and playing it up all over the first page as a special mark of enterprise, instead of printing in the prominent place the news sent in by Bill McGinnis, regular reporter, and putting what Percival had to say in agate on the market page, where it belonged.

The signed statement craze was a manifestation of a curious sort of editorial snobbishness. It was explained to me once by its inventor in this way: "I am anxious to have my newspaper the medium whereby the persons who are considered authorities shall express their views, opinions and conclusions to the public. I want my newspaper to be the vehicle of transmission. I want to be identified, as owner and editor of this newspaper, with these men." You see, he wanted to benefit by the association.

That was all well enough in its way, if the signed statement had been confined to such expression; but it wasn't. It degenerated to a struggle to get into the papers signed statements from almost any person with a name, whether the person had a statement to make or not, and still further degenerated to a plane where, when a burglar was arrested, a signed statement from the burglar, the burgled, the policeman, the mayor, the indignant taxpayers, the leading minister, the leading soubrette, and the poet of mark at the moment were printed, and the facts about the crime incidentally put in—if there happened to be space.

When the Maine was blown up, and for some years before, we were right in the middle of the craze. Signed statements were the newspaper thing. They were all the editorial rage. So the big newspapers, having a war and not knowing exactly what to do with it, cut loose and hired special commissioners by the dozen, and bought boats, and put up jungle printing presses, and fired off, with big gobs of expense money, all sorts of persons who could write, or who couldn't write but thought they could, or who had written, or who had been in the public eye in some manner, and announced in large type that the war would be reported for them exclusively—always exclusively—by a trained corps of experts in tatting, mandolin playing, bridge whist, poems of passion, popular fiction, realism, buck-and-wing dancing, ragtime, science of war, tactics, taffy, and so forth, and that no expense would be spared.

Well, that part of it was correct. No expense was spared—that is, no expense for the editors and managers. Some of them are not through paying Spanish War bills yet. I know of a case where the thrilling pictures of a war he didn't see by a special commissioner cost his editor and manager $1900 a column for each column printed. Coal was fifty dollars a ton, and boats were a couple of hundred dollars a day, and cable tolls were high, and, all in all, when the editors and managers who were crazy for a war, and secured all these special commissioners at an enormous expense, totted up, they found the expense had indeed been enormous, that permanent circulation results had been nil, and you haven't heard any of those editors or managers howling for war since. Any time an editor feels as if we must fight with somebody, he goes to the files and gets out the expense bills for the Spanish affair, and shrieks for continued peace.

The result has thus far been, and the result will continue to be, in case there is war, that there will be fewer special commissioners at the seat of war, and that the work of getting the news back home will be mostly done, not by military experts or naval experts or gentlemen with literary reputations, but by regular reporters whose business it is to get the news back home, and who know how to do the same. And, as I said, a good many of those regular reporters will be no nearer the war than the State, War and Navy buildings in Washington. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, they will furnish a large proportion of the facts, and such flub-dub as there may be will follow in due course from the word artists on the belligerent spot, or as near thereto as prudence dictates, but not so far away that the regular reporters cannot be asked to inform them what has been going on.

There were not many wires at the time of our Civil War, or many quick presses, or any such development of the science of getting newspapers quickly on the streets. Hence a number of men made reputations as war correspondents, and deserved them, for they had time, and a story was a story until it appeared in print. Now a story is a story only until the moment it gets into the news room of some newspaper. The methods of transmission are so perfected and the competition is so keen, that the whole success of reporting a war depends on success in getting a wire, and the failure of reporting a war comes from the loss of a wire. Consequently, the men who will be most useful in this contingency will be the men who know how to get a wire and what to do with it after they get it, and not the men who have to think their thoughts before they can give them adequate expression, and who lack that reportorial faculty of thinking their thoughts and giving them expression at one and the same moment.

The Stories Printed in Red Ink

YOU will observe on the part of our great newspapers a sort of dignified repression when it comes to covering this war, provided there is a war, as it is necessary to say on this day and date. There will be some special commissioners, of course, but only some; not all can be induced to leave home by offers of large sums of money and the holding out of the lure of glory to be gained. You will find that the men who send back the news of this war will be men who are reporters first and literary persons a bad second; not men who are literary persons and nothing else. And far be it from me to cast any aspersions on my calling; but if I were an editor of a newspaper, or director of a news association, I'd rather have Bill Sheppard, or Dudley Harmon, or Skipper Merriweather, or Charley Michaelson, or any one of fifty other boys I could name at the seat of war for me, than all the novelists and poets who could be induced to attach themselves to the army in the field or the ships in the water.

So far as the lure of glory goes, that is where the game breaks up of general debility. There were probably five hundred American writing men of all kinds in the Spanish War, and if you will tell me the name of one man who secured any enduring reputation out of that affair I'll take it all back. The conditions won't let them. There is no chance for a George Alfred Townsend, or a Whitelaw Reid, or a Nordhoff, or a Joe McCullough in these days of bulletins and wires. The long and leisurely story doesn't get in in time for the first edition. It is held over for Sunday and read by a few. Whereas the bulletins of the reporter are printed in red ink and absorbed by the million.

That was never better illustrated—this difference between the old and the new—than on a certain occasion during the Balkan War. Two Englishmen saw a big engagement. They were the only two writing men who did see it or, to put it in another way, the only two who saw it and had a chance, or made a chance, to get in a story about it. One of these Englishmen was a war correspondent, a big, talented man with a great gift of style. The other was a reporter. They got wires simultaneously. The literary man wrote a wonderful story of the engagement. He began with some descriptive stuff that was great. He proceeded toward the battle in picturesque and vivid language, telling graphically of the events that led to the engagement and painting a fine picture of all the welter of this preliminary to the battle. Just before his story got to the battle and the news of it his paper in London was compelled to go to press.

The reporter, being a reporter, started his story with the battle. He didn't waste any time on a description of the events leading up to the engagement, but he jumped, bing! into the event the other events led up to. The result was that while the opposition paper in London had an excellent piece of descriptive writing, his paper had the story of the battle on the same morning, and the second half of the other man's story, which was a great piece of description, was printed on the day after the regular reporter's story had thrilled London with its facts and its clear, crisp, masterly narrative.

Howard Banks, Private Secretary to Secretary Daniels, Passing Out War Bulletins

The Helplessness of Men at the Front

OF COURSE these men were both trained newspaper writers. Most of the special commissioners are not. Some of them may have had a little experience on newspapers, but the great bulk of them were hired, and are hired, because they have reputations as writers—not news writers, but fiction writers and other kinds of writers. With the best conditions surrounding them they were at a great handicap when stacking up against reporters who know how to write a news story; but with most wires commandeered by the navy and the military, with incredible hardships to be suffered and hustling to be done to get wires and get stuff away, they simply blew up. This was the case in the Spanish War, in the Russian-Japanese War and in the Balkan War. If there is war in Mexico it will be the case in the Mexican War. It is all in the day's work for the reporter. He has a job to do and he does it. The special commissioner, being a special commissioner, must needs be special, and winds up by not being anything except a drag on the pay roll.

Moreover, since the hit-or-miss days of our Spanish War, when there were as many correspondents in Cuba and adjacent thereto as there were volunteer majors and colonels—which means an enormous number—the persons in direction of warfare have tightened up, and have imposed regulations and restrictions that make war reporting most difficult, and not a game for the literary correspondent. Methods of fighting have changed, too, with the introduction of high-powered and long-distance guns, and the wireless, and all that. A battle line now may be forty miles long. In the Russian-Japanese War they let the correspondents see a section of a battle here and there; but if they had given them free rein no man could have seen more than a minute portion of any engagement. In the Balkan War most of the correspondents never saw any fighting of any kind. They were safely in the rear.

A high military authority told me in London, a year and a half ago, when they were talking of fighting Germany, that in the event of that war they wouldn't have any correspondents along at all; and our own War Department, as I shall show presently, has issued regulations that make the man who has access to the news in Washington of more importance to his paper, in a news sense, than a man who is somewhere in the rear of the fighting line. In Cuba, during the Spanish War, cables that could be used freely were miles and miles away. Think of the difficulties that will ensue in Mexico if our army should advance on the city of Mexico. The army will need the wires for long periods. Individuals must be restricted in their dispatches so all may have an equal chance. In one case, in the Balkan War, they allowed the correspondents two hundred words each. Imagine a special commissioner trying to tell a battle story in two hundred words. Why, he'd need more than two hundred words to get in all his capital I's. However, a good reporter can tell a lot in two hundred words, and, in a race for a free wire, he'll beat a special commissioner three miles an hour, and have his story in the home office before the special has finished writing "By Peter P. Punk, author of Wars I Have Caused, My Experiences in Battle, and so forth."

Returning, therefore, to my original proposition, let it be said that the men who have thus far told the American people what has been happening in Mexico have been, not the special commissioners and the literary lights, but the reporters, mostly the reporters in Washington, and in conjunction therewith the reporters in Mexico. That was what happened during the Spanish War, and during the Boxer troubles in China when we had an acute interest in this country. The word painting came from the front, but most of the news came from the Washington reporters. And that will continue to be the case.

It works out this way: The commander-in-chief of the army and navy is in Washington. The head of the War Department is in Washington, and so is the head of the Navy Department. The men in the field and on the ships are operating under the direction of their generals and admirals, and the generals and admirals are, in turn, operating under the direction of the heads of their departments in Washington, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, who must report to the President and Commander-in-Chief. The generals and the admirals, and their subordinates in the field and on the ships, must necessarily be in close touch with one another and with headquarters. Wires are needed for the transmission of these reports. The military authorities in a war are the supreme authorities. It is of more consequence to them to have their superiors know what is doing than to let the newspapers know, and as most battles are fought and most movements made in regions where the wire facilities are not so great as they are between Washington and New York, the men in the field and on the ships use the wires first for official reports and the transmission of news to their superiors in Washington, and then let the reporters have them.

How Naval News Is Given Out

SUPPOSE there should be a battle in Mexico City. The first real news of that battle—real news—whether we won or lost and how many were killed and wounded—would come to Washington to the War Department and the President. If a reporter on the field were exceptionally lucky he might get a flash through, but the first real news would come to Washington. There it would be given out, and the Washington men, with scores of wires at their disposal, would hurry it to their papers, and presently the full stories would come from the field. Details are always interesting, but the main facts are usually embodied in the official reports, and, as it stands now, the official reports are handed out quickly and frankly and freely.

Take the incident at Vera Cruz, for example, or go back further than that and begin with the Tampico flag affair. There is a small room in the Navy Department called the press room. This is the headquarters for the men who report for their newspapers and for the press associations the happenings in the Navy Department. There is a telegraph room in the Navy Department and one in the War Department, and all messages intended for the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy come direct over those wires. As soon as that story broke the wires became jammed with reports from the men in command in the southern waters. Also the Navy Department and the War Department became immediately vitalized into places of intense activity.

The first news was navy news. Secretary Daniels put an officer in charge of the wires, and detailed Lucien Howe, private secretary to Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, and a former newspaper man, to prepare and give out the war bulletins. This was the procedure: A dispatch

Secretary of War Garrison With the Newspaper Men Gathered About His Desk for the Afternoon Interview

from Admiral Mayo, say, was received. The officer in charge read it, transmitted a copy of it to the man it concerned and to Secretary Daniels, and handed a copy to Mr. Howe. A number of expert typewriter operators were on duty at all times. They rewrote the dispatch as prepared for the papers on the necessary wax sheets, and an electric mimeograph machine turned out copies at great speed. These copies were taken immediately to the pressroom, where the reporters were waiting for them, and as quickly put on the wires for the newspapers represented by the reporters.

If anything required explanation or comment, these reporters could reach the men who could explain or comment, and that explanation or comment was hurried away too. This service continued for twenty-four hours a day, and was organized in the War Department when it came the army's turn at Vera Cruz. Then, too, the Washington reporters were in touch with the White House and the office of the Secretary of State and with the happenings there.

This was the first news, and this will be the first news in the event of war. Soldiers and sailors are capable bulletin writers and get their facts straight, but naturally they do little story writing. Necessarily, also, what each Washington reporter received was identical with what each other reporter received. Interpretations and comment and significance depend, in all cases, on the capability of the reporter and the soundness of his sources of information, and can be individual; but the news—this first news—was the same for everybody and will be.

The fact that this first news is identical, both in form and in extent, is what makes the necessity for reporters in the field with the army and on the ships with the sailors. The newspapers are not completely standardized as yet, and they require individual treatment, and use their individual sources to supplement this official news. Also, there may be instances where the headquarters in Washington will deem it advisable to withhold certain facts as a matter of policy. Hence the big newspapers send men of their own to the scene of operations, and ask them to report what they see and hear to supplement these official bulletins and the later and more detailed dispatches given out by the Washington departments.

The Washington war reporters have two advantages: They are able to get what has happened before the men in the field can send it in, because the military authorities have first use of available wires, and also can censor, if they choose, what the field men desire to send. Of course the departments can and do censor their official dispatches before they give them out, but not in the main details, not in the important news, not in casualties and not in general results. Then again the Washington reporters are in a position to get, before the field men, information of what action is intended, except so far as actual operations dictated by the exigencies of the local situations are concerned. For instance, they probably know that a general has been ordered to advance, but the field men are the ones to note how he advances and what he does after he has gone forward. This information is not always available, and not even generally available, in case of hazardous operations or when foreknowledge would be to the advantage of the enemy. But, all in all, an expert Washington reporter can keep in rather close touch with what is going on and what is intended, and he has the tremendous advantage of being in a place where he can tell his newspaper, and through his newspaper the public, of the course of the events of the day, because he has plenty and unimpeded facilities for getting his dispatches away.

In contingencies like this the work is continuous. Officers in the field and on the ships send dispatches at all times of the night and day. The telegraph forces in the departments and in the White House are continuously on duty. There must be constant watch for news. The taking of a town or the assault of a port may occur any time, and the news of it may come in at any time. Hence somebody is always on duty. The morning papers will take dispatches until six o'clock on the day of publication, and the evening papers begin demanding news at that hour and keep up the demand until late at night. The morning men come back to duty again in the early afternoon. The big papers, with morning and evening editions, maintain wires that are up and in working order all the time. Through the medium of telephones the chiefs of the War and Navy Departments are always on call for important communications, and there is a force on hand in the offices every minute.

Under Secretary Daniels, who is a newspaper editor himself, the system developed this year is as satisfactory as it can be, everything considered. Of course if the papers could have it so they would get the dispatches first and give them to the President after they had finished with them; but unfortunately the President and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy will not allow this. However, there is not much delay, and if it comes to real war there will be less still.

The position of the man in the field is far more difficult. He is where things are happening, and his job is to get the news to his paper. He is at the mercy of the men in command of the army to which he is attached, and subject to stiff rules and regulations, recently made much stiffer, to prevent any disaster coming to our forces through premature disclosure of plans. Moreover, battlegrounds are not picked out because of their accessibility to wires and cables. Battles usually happen, not at a given point, but as dictated by circumstances.

The job of the man in the field is to get the wire. That is the beginning and the end of it, the top and the bottom of it; the tremendous difficulty of it and the sole reward of it. Get the wire! It isn't of a particle of interest to editors, sitting miles away and impatient for big first-page flashes or for something to carry an extra, how the reporter gets the wire or where he gets it. He must get it. If he does get it, and beats the other papers with his story, they may pay his expense bills without cutting any items out,

(Continued on Page 62)

SCALLY

The Story of a Perfect Gentleman

By IAN HAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

"BETTERSEA trem? Right, miss!" My wife, who has been married long enough to feel deeply gratified at being mistaken for a maiden lady, smiled seraphically at the conductor, and allowed herself to be hoisted up the steps of the majestic vehicle provided by a paternal county council to convey passengers—at a loss to the ratepayers, I understand—from the Embankment to Battersea.

Presently we ground our way round a curve and began to cross Westminster Bridge. The conductor, whose innate cockney bonhomie his high official position had failed to eradicate, presented himself before us and collected our fares.

"What part of Battersea did you require, sir?" he asked of me.

I coughed and answered evasively:

"Oh, about the middle."

"We haven't been there before," added my wife, quite gratuitously.

The conductor smiled indulgently and punched our tickets.

"I'll tell you when to get down," he said, and left us.

For some months we had been considering the question of buying a dog, and a good deal of our spare time—or perhaps I should say of my spare time, for a woman's time is naturally all her own—had been pleasantly occupied in discussing the matter. Having at length committed ourselves to the purchase of the animal we proceeded to consider such details as breed, sex and age.

My wife vacillated between a bloodhound, because bloodhounds are so aristocratic in appearance, and a Pekinese, because they are *dernier cri*. We like to be *dernier cri* even in Much Moreham. Her younger sister, Eileen, who spends a good deal of time with us, having no parents of her own, suggested an Old English sheep dog, explaining that it would be company for my wife when I was away from home. I coldly recommended a mastiff.

Our son John, aged three, on being consulted, expressed a preference for twelve tigers in a box, and was not again invited to participate in the debate.

The Leading Object Proved to be a Small, Wet, Shivering, Whimpering Puppy

Finally we decided on an Aberdeen terrier, of an age and sex to be settled by circumstances, and I was instructed to communicate with a gentleman in the North who advertised in our morning paper that Aberdeen terriers were his specialty. In due course we received a reply. The advertiser recommended two animals—namely, Celtic Chief, aged four months, and Scotia's Pride, aged one year. Pedigrees were inclosed, each about as complicated as the family tree of the House of Hapsburg; and the favor of an early reply was requested, as both dogs were being hotly bid for by an anonymous client in Constantinople.

The price of Celtic Chief was twenty guineas; that of Scotia's Pride, for reasons heavily underlined in the pedigree, was twenty-seven. The advertiser, who resided in Aberdeen, added that these prices did not cover cost of carriage. We decided not to stand in the way of the gentleman in Constantinople, and having sent back the pedigrees by return of post, resumed the debate.

Finally Stella, my wife, said:

"We don't really want a dog with a pedigree. We only want something that will bark at beggars and be gentle with baby. Why not go to the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea? I believe you can get any dog you like there for five shillings. We will run up to town next Wednesday and see about it—and I might get some clothes as well."

Hence our presence on the tram.

Presently the conductor, who had kindly pointed out to us such objects of local interest as the River Thames and the Houses of Parliament, stopped the tram in a crowded thoroughfare and announced that we were in Battersea.

"Alight here," he announced facetiously, "for 'Ome for Lost Dawgs!"

Guiltily realizing that there is many a true word spoken in jest, we obeyed him, and the tram went rocking and whizzing out of sight. We had eschewed a cab.

"When you are only going to pay five shillings for a dog," my wife had pointed out, with convincing logic, "it is silly to go

and pay perhaps another five shillings for a cab. It doubles the price of the dog at once. If we had been buying an expensive dog we might have taken a cab; but not for a five-shilling one."

"Now," I inquired briskly, "how are we going to find this place?"

"Haven't you any idea where it is?"

"No. I have a sort of vague notion that it is on an island in the middle of the river, called the Isle of Dogs, or Barking Reach, or something like that. However, I have no doubt ——"

"Hadn't we better ask some one?" suggested Stella.

I demurred.

"If there is one thing I dislike," I said, "it is accosting total strangers and badgering them for information they don't possess—not that that will prevent them from giving it. If we start asking the way we shall find ourselves in Putney or Woolwich in no time!"

"Yes, dear," said Stella soothingly.

"Now I suggest ——" My hand went to my pocket.

"No, darling," interposed my wife hastily; "not a map, please!" It is a curious psychological fact that women have a constitutional aversion to maps and railroad timetables. They would rather consult a half-witted errand boy or a deaf railroad porter. "Do not let us make a spectacle of ourselves in the public streets again! I have not yet forgotten the day when you tried to find the Crystal Palace. Besides, it will only blow away. Ask that dear little boy there. He is looking at us so wistfully."

Yes; I admit it was criminal folly. A man who asks a London street boy to be so kind as to direct him to a Home for Lost Dogs has only himself to thank for the consequence.

The wistful little boy smiled up at us. He had a pinched face and large eyes.

"Lost Dogs' 'Ome, sir?" he said courteously. "It's a good long way. Do you want to get there quick?"

"Yes."

"Then if I was you, sir," replied the infant, edging to the mouth of an alleyway, "I should bite a policeman!" And, with an ear-splitting yell, he vanished.

We walked on, hot-faced.

"Little wretch!" said Stella.

"We simply asked for it," I rejoined. "What are we going to do next?"

My question was answered in a most incredible fashion, for at this moment a man emerged from a shop on our right and set off down the street before us. He wore a species of uniform; and emblazoned on the front of his hat was the information that he was an official of the Battersea Home for Lost and Starving Dogs.

"Wait a minute and I will ask him," I said, starting forward.

But my wife would not hear of it.

"Certainly not," she replied. "If we ask him he will simply offer to show us the way. Then we shall have to talk to him—about hydrophobia, and lethal chambers, and distemper—and it may be for miles. I simply couldn't bear it! We shall have to tip him too. Let us follow him quietly."

To those who have never attempted to track a fellow creature surreptitiously through the streets of London on a hot day, the feat may appear simple. It is in reality a most exhausting, dilatory and humiliating exercise. Our difficulty lay not so much in keeping our friend in sight as in avoiding frequent and unexpected collisions with him. The general idea, as they say on field days, was to keep about twenty yards behind him; but under certain circumstances distance has an uncanny habit of annihilating itself. The man himself was no hustler. Once or twice he stopped to light his pipe or converse with a friend.

During these interludes Stella and I loafed guiltily on the pavement, pointing out to one another objects of local interest with the fatuous officiousness of people in the foreground of hotel advertisements. Occasionally he paused to contemplate the contents of a shop window. We gazed industriously into the window next door. Our first window, I recollect, was an undertaker's, with ready-printed expressions of grief for sale on white porcelain disks. We had time to read them all. The next was a butcher's. Here we stayed, perforce, so long that the proprietor, who was of the tribe that disposes of its wares almost entirely by personal canvass, came out into the street and endeavored to sell us a bullock's heart.

Our quarry's next proceeding was to dive into a public house. We turned and surveyed one another.

"What are we to do now?" inquired my wife.

"Go inside too," I replied with more enthusiasm than I had hitherto displayed. "At least, I think I ought to. You can please yourself."

"I will not be left in the street," said Stella firmly. "We must just wait here together until he comes out."

"There may be another exit," I objected. "We had better go in. I shall take something, just to keep up appearances; and you must sit down in the ladies' bar, or the snug, or whatever they call it."

"Certainly not!" said Stella.

We had arrived at this *impasse* when the man suddenly reappeared, wiping his mouth. Instantly and silently we fell in behind him.

For the first time the man appeared to notice our presence. He regarded us curiously, with a faint gleam of recognition in his eyes, and then set off down the street at a good pace. We followed, panting. Once or twice he looked back over his shoulder a little apprehensively, I thought. But we plowed on.

"We ought to get there soon at this pace," I gasped. "Hello! He's gone again!"

"He turned down to the right," said Stella excitedly.

The lust of the chase was fairly on us now. We swung eagerly round the corner into a quiet by-street. Our man was nowhere to be seen and the street was almost empty.

"Come on!" said Stella. "He may have turned in somewhere."

We hurried down the street. Suddenly, warned by a newly awakened and primitive instinct, I looked back. We had overrun our quarry. He had just emerged from some hiding place and was heading back toward the main street, looking fearfully over his shoulder. Once more we were in full cry.

Out of the Gray Dawn Loomed an Eerie Monster, Badly Singed, Wagging Its Tail

For the next five minutes we practically ran—all three of us. The man was obviously frightened out of his wits, and kept making frenzied and spasmodic spurts, from which we surmised that he was getting to the end of his powers of endurance.

"If only we could overtake him," I said, hauling my exhausted spouse along by the arm, "we could explain that ——"

"He's gone again!" exclaimed Stella.

She was right. The man had turned another corner. We followed him round hotfoot, and found ourselves in a prim little *cul-de-sac*, with villas on each side. Across the end of the street ran a high wall, obviously screening a railroad track.

"We've got him!" I exclaimed.

I felt as Moltke must have felt when he closed the circle at Sedan.

"But where is the Dogs' Home, dear?" inquired Stella.

The question was never answered, for at this moment the man ran up the steps of the fourth villa on the left and slipped a latchkey into the lock. The door closed behind him with a venomous snap and we were left alone in the street, guideless and dogless.

A minute later the man appeared at the ground-floor window, accompanied by a female of commanding appearance. He pointed us out to her. Behind them we could dimly descry a white tablecloth, a tea cozy and covered dishes.

The commanding female, after a prolonged and withering glare, plucked a hairpin from her head and ostentatiously proceeded to skewer together the starchy white curtains that framed the window. Privacy secured and the sanctity of the English home thus pointedly vindicated, she and her husband disappeared into the murky background, where they doubtless sat down to an excellent high tea. Exhausted and discomfited, we drifted away.

"I am going home," said Stella in a hollow voice. "And I think," she added bitterly, "that it might have occurred to you to suggest that the creature might possibly be going from the Dogs' Home and not to it."

I apologized. It is the simplest plan, really.

■

IT WAS almost dark when the train arrived at our little country station. We set out to walk home by the short cut across the golf course.

"Anyhow, we have saved five shillings," remarked Stella.

"We paid half a crown for that taxi which took us back to Victoria Station," I reminded her.

"Do not argue to-night, darling," responded my wife. "I simply cannot endure anything more."

Plainly she was a little unstrung. Very considerately, I selected another topic.

"I think our best plan," I said cheerfully, "would be to advertise for a dog."

"I never wish to see a dog again," replied Stella.

I surveyed her with some concern and said gently:

"I am afraid you are tired, dear."

"No; I'm not."

"A little shaken, perhaps?"

"Nothing of the kind. Joe, what is that?"

Stella's fingers bit deep into my biceps muscle, causing me considerable pain. We were passing a small sheet of water which guards the thirteenth green on the golf course. It is a stagnant and unclean pool, but we make rather a fuss of it. We call it the pond; and if you play a ball into it you send a blasphemous caddie in after it and count one stroke.

A young moon was struggling up over the trees, dismally illuminating the scene. On the slimy shores of the pond we beheld a small moving object.

A yard behind it was another object, a little smaller, moving at exactly the same pace. One of the objects was emitting sounds of distress.

Abandoning my quaking consort I advanced to the edge of the pond and leaned down to investigate the mystery.

The leading object proved to be a small, wet, shivering, whimpering puppy. The satellite was a brick. The two were connected by a string. The puppy had just emerged from the depths of the pond, towing the brick behind it.

"What is it, dear?" repeated Stella fearfully.

"Your dog!" I replied, and cut the string.

III

WE SPENT three days deciding on a name for him. Stella suggested Tiny, on account of his size. I pointed out that time might stultify this selection of a title.

"I don't think so," said Eileen, supporting her sister. "That kind of dog does not grow very big."

"What kind of dog is he?" I inquired swiftly.

Eileen said no more. There are problems that even girls of twenty cannot solve.

A warm bath had revealed to us the fact that the puppy was of a dingy yellow hue. I suggested that we should call him Mustard. Our son John, on being consulted—against my advice—by his mother, addressed the animal as Pussy. Stella continued to favor Tiny. Finally Eileen, who was at the romantic age, produced a copy of Tennyson and suggested Excalibur, alleging in support of her preposterous proposition that

It rose from out the bosom of the lake.

"The darling rose from out the bosom of the lake, too, just like the sword Excalibur," she said; "so I think it would make a lovely name for him."

"The little brute waded out of a muddy pond towing a brick," I replied. "I see no parallel. He was not the product of the pond. Some one must have thrown him in, and he came out."

"That is just what some one must have done with the sword," retorted Eileen. "So we'll call you Excalibur, won't we, darling little Scally?"

She embraced the puppy warmly and the unsuspecting animal replied by frantically licking her face.

However, the name stuck, with variations. When the puppy was big enough he was presented with a collar, engraved with the name Excalibur, together with my name and address. Among ourselves we usually addressed him as Scally. The children in the village called him the Scalawag.

His time during his first year in our household was fully occupied in growing up. Stella declared that if one could have persuaded him to stand still for five minutes it would have been actually possible to see him grow. He grew at the rate of about an inch a week for the best part of a year. When he had finished he looked like nothing on earth. At one time we cherished a brief but illusory hope that he was going to turn into some sort of an imitation of a St. Bernard; but the symptoms rapidly passed off, and his final and permanent aspect was that of a rather badly stuffed lion.

Like most overgrown creatures he was top-heavy and lethargic and very humble-minded. Still, there was a kind of respectful pertinacity about him. It requires some strength of character, for instance, to wade along the bottom of a pond to dry land, accompanied by a brick as big as yourself. It was quite impossible, too, short of locking him up, to prevent him from accompanying us when we took our walks abroad, if he had made up his mind to do so.

The first time this happened I was going to shoot with my neighbors, the Hoods. It was only a mile to the first covert and I set off after breakfast to walk. I was hardly out on the road when Excalibur was beside me, ambling uncertainly on his weedy legs and smiling up into my face with an air of imbecile affection.

"You have many qualities, old friend," I said, "but I don't think you are a sporting dog. Go home!"

Excalibur sat down on the road with a dejected air. Then, having given me fifty yards start, he rose and crawled sheepishly after me. I stopped, called him up, pointed him with some difficulty in the required direction, gave him a resounding spank and bade him begone. He responded by collapsing like a camp bedstead, and I left him.

Two minutes later I looked round. Excalibur was ten yards behind me, propelling himself along on his stomach. This time I thrashed him severely. After he began to howl I let him go, and he lumbered away homeward, the picture of misery.

In due course I reached the crossroads where I had arranged to meet the rest of the party. They had not arrived, but Excalibur had. He had made a détour and headed me off. Not certain which route I would take after reaching the crossroads, he was sitting very sensibly under the signpost, awaiting my arrival. On seeing me he immediately came forward, wagging his tail, and placed himself at my feet in the position most convenient to me for inflicting chastisement.

The Fugitive Ran Right Underneath Him on Its Way to Cover

I wonder how many of our human friends would be willing to pay such a price for the pleasure of our company!

As time went on Excalibur filled out into one of the most terrifying spectacles I have ever beheld. In one respect, though, he lived up to his knightly name. His manners were of the most courtly description and he had an affectionate greeting for all, beggars included. He was particularly fond of children. If he saw children in the distance he would canter up and offer to play with them. If the children had not met him before they would run shrieking to their nurses. If they had they would fall on Excalibur in a body and roll him over and pull him about.

On wet afternoons, in the nursery, my own family used to play at dentist with him, assigning to Excalibur the rôle of patient. Gas was administered with a bicycle pump, and a shoehorn and buttonhook were employed in place of the ordinary instruments of torture; but Excalibur did not mind. He lay on his back on the hearth rug, with the principal dentist sitting astride his ribs, as happy as a king.

He was particularly attracted by babies; and being able by reason of his stature to look right down into perambulators, he was accustomed whenever he met one of those vehicles to amble alongside and peer inquiringly into the face of its occupant. Most of the babies in the district got to know him in time, but until they did we had a good deal of correspondence to attend to on the subject.

Excalibur's intellect may have been lofty, but his memory was treacherous. Our household will never forget the day on which he was given the shoulder of mutton.

One morning after breakfast Eileen, accompanied by Excalibur, intercepted the kitchen maid hastening in the direction of the potting shed, carrying the joint in question at arm's length. The damsel explained that its premature maturity was due to the recent warm weather and that she was even now in search of the gardener's boy, who would be commissioned to perform the duties of sexton.

"It seems a waste, miss," observed the kitchen maid; "but cook says it can't be ate nohow now."

Loud but respectful snuffings from Excalibur moved a direct negative to this statement. Eileen and the kitchen maid, who were both criminally weak where Excalibur was concerned, saw a way to gratify their economical instincts and their natural affection simultaneously. The next moment Excalibur was lurching contentedly down the gravel path with a presentation shoulder of mutton in his mouth.

Then Joy Day began. Excalibur took his prize into the middle of the tennis lawn. It was a very large shoulder of mutton, but Excalibur finished it in ten minutes. After that, distended to his utmost limits, he went to sleep in the sun, with the bone between his paws. Occasionally he woke up and, raising his head, stared solemnly into space, in the attitude of a Trafalgar Square lion.

The bone now lay white and gleaming on the grass beside him. Then he fell asleep again. About four o'clock he roused himself and began to look for a suitable place of interment for the bone. By four-thirty the deed was done and he went to sleep once more. At five he woke up and pandemonium began. He could not remember where he had buried the bone!

He started systematically with the rose beds, but met with no success. After that he tried two or three shrubberies without avail, and then embarked on a frantic but thorough excavation of the tennis lawn. We were taking tea on the lawn at the time, and our attention was first drawn to Excalibur's bereavement by a temporary but unshakable conviction on his part that the bone was buried immediately underneath the tea table.

As the tennis lawn was fast beginning to resemble a golf course we locked Excalibur up in the washhouse, where his hyenalike howls rent the air for the rest of the evening, penetrating even to the dining room. This was particularly unfortunate, because we were having a dinner party in honor of a neighbor who had recently come to the district, no less a personage, in fact, than the new lord-lieutenant of the county and his lady. Stella was naturally anxious that there should be no embarrassments on such an occasion, and it distressed her to think that these people should imagine that we kept a private torture chamber on the premises.

However, dinner passed off quite successfully and we adjourned to the drawing room. It was a chilly September evening and Lady Wickham was accommodated with a seat by the fire in a large armchair, with a cushion at her back. When the gentlemen came in Eileen sang to us. Fortunately the drawing room is out of range of the washhouse.

During Eileen's first song I sat by Lady Wickham. Her expression was one of patrician calm and well-bred repose, but it seemed to me she was not looking quite comfortable. I was not feeling quite comfortable myself. The atmosphere seemed a trifle oppressive: perhaps we had done wrong in having a fire after all. Lady Wickham appeared to notice it too. She sat very upright, fanning herself mechanically, and seemed disinclined to lean back in her chair.

After the song was finished I said:

"I am afraid you are not quite comfortable, Lady Wickham. Let me get you a larger cushion."

"Thank you," said Lady Wickham, "the cushion I have is delightfully comfortable; but I think there is something hard behind it."

Apologetically I plucked away the cushion. Lady Wickham was right; there was something behind it.

It was Excalibur's bone!

IV

A WALK along the village street was always a great event for Excalibur. Still, it must have contained many humiliating moments for one of his sensitive disposition; for he was always pathetically anxious to make friends with other dogs, but was rarely successful. Little dogs merely bit his legs and big dogs cut him dead.

I think this was why he usually commenced his morning round by calling on a rabbit. The rabbit lived in a hutch in a yard at the end of a passage between two cottages, the first turning on the right after you entered the village, and Excalibur always dived down this at the earliest opportunity. It was no use for Eileen, who usually took him out on these occasions, to endeavor to hold him back. Either Excalibur called on the rabbit by himself or Eileen went with him; there was no other alternative.

Arrived at the hutch, Excalibur wagged his tail and contemplated the rabbit with his usual air of vacuous benevolence. The rabbit made not the faintest response, but continued to munch green feed, twitching its nose in a superior manner. Finally, when it could endure Excalibur's admiring inspection and hard breathing no longer, it turned its back and retired into its bedroom.

Excalibur's next call was usually at the butcher's shop, where he was presented with a specially selected and quite unsalable fragment of meat. He then crossed the road to the baker's, where he purchased a halfpenny bun, for which his escort was expected to pay. After that he walked from shop to shop, wherever he was taken, with great docility and enjoyment; for he was a gregarious animal and had a

friend behind or underneath almost every counter in the village. Men, women, babies, kittens, even ducks—they were all one to him.

At one time Eileen had endeavored to teach him a few simple accomplishments, such as begging for food, dying for his country, and carrying parcels. She was unsuccessful in all three instances. Excalibur on his hind legs stood about five feet six, and when he fell from that eminence, as he invariably did when he tried to beg, he usually broke something. He was hampered, too, by inability to distinguish one order from another. More than once he narrowly escaped with his life through mistaking an urgent appeal to come to heel out of the way of an approaching automobile for a command to die for his country in the middle of the road.

As for educating him to carry parcels, a single attempt was sufficient. The parcel in question contained a miscellaneous assortment of articles from the grocer's, including lard, soap and safety matches. It was securely tied up, and the grocer kindly attached it by a short length of string to a wooden clothespin, in order to make it easier for Excalibur to carry. They set off home.

Excalibur was most apologetic about it afterward, besides being extremely unwell; but he had no idea, he explained to Eileen, that anything put into hi mouth was not meant to be eaten. He then tendered the clothespin and some mangled brown paper, with an air of profound abasement. After that no further attempts at compulsory education were undertaken.

It was his daily walk with Eileen, however, which introduced Excalibur to life—life in its broadest and most romantic sense. As I was not privileged to be present at the opening incident of this episode, or at most of its subsequent developments, the direct conduct of this narrative here passes out of my hands.

One sunny morning in July a young man in clerical attire sat breakfasting in his rooms at Mrs. Tice's. Mrs. Tice's establishment was situated on the village street and Mrs. Tice was in the habit of letting her ground floor to lodgers of impeccable respectability.

It was half past eleven, which is a late hour for the clergy to breakfast; but this young man appeared to be suffering from no qualms of conscience on the subject. He was making an excellent breakfast and reading the Henley results with a mixture of rapture and longing.

He had just removed the Sportsman from the convenient buttress of the teapot and substituted Punch when he became aware that day had turned to night. Looking up he perceived that his open window, which was rather small and of the casement variety, was completely blocked by a huge, shapeless and opaque mass. Next moment the mass resolved itself into an animal of enormous size and surprising appearance, which fell heavily into the room, and

Like a stream that, spouting from a cliff,
Falls in mid-air, but, gathering at the base,
Remakes itself,

rose to its feet and, advancing to the table, laid a heavy head on the white cloth and lovingly passed its tongue—which resembled that of the great anteater—round a cold chicken conveniently adjacent.

Five minutes later the window framed another picture—this time a girl of twenty, white-clad and wearing a powder-blue felt hat, caught up on one side by a silver buckle which twinkled in the hot morning sun. The curate started to his feet. Excalibur, who was now lying on the hearthrug dismembering the chicken, thumped his tail guiltily on the floor, but made no attempt to rise.

"I am very sorry," said Eileen, "but I am afraid my dog is trespassing. May I call him out?"

"Certainly!" said the curate. "But"—he racked his brains to devise some means of delaying the departure of this radiant, fragrant vision—"he is not the least in the way. I am very glad of his company; I think it was most neighborly of him to call. After all, I suppose he is one of my parishioners. And—and"—he blushed—"I hope you are too."

Eileen gave him her most entrancing smile and from that hour the curate ceased to be his own master.

"I suppose you are Mr. Gilmore," said Eileen.

"Yes. I have been here only three weeks and I have not met every one yet."

"I have been away for two months," Eileen mentioned.

"I thought you must have been," said the curate, rather subtly for him.

"I think my brother-in-law called on you a few days ago," continued Eileen, on whom the curate's last remark had made a most favorable impression. She mentioned my name.

"I was going to return the call this very afternoon," said the curate. And he firmly believed that he was speaking the truth. "Won't you come in? We have an excellent chaperon," indicating Excalibur. "I will come and open the door."

"Well, he certainly won't come out unless I come and fetch him," admitted Eileen thoughtfully.

A moment later the curate was at the front door and led his visitor across the little hall into the sitting room. He had not been absent more than thirty seconds, but during that time a plateful of sausages had mysteriously disappeared; and, as they entered, Excalibur was apologetically settling down on the hearthrug with a cottage loaf between his paws.

Eileen uttered cries of dismay and apology, but the curate would have none of them.

"My fault entirely!" he insisted. "I have no right to be breakfasting at this hour; but this is my day off. You see I take early Service every morning at seven; but on Wednesdays we cut it out—omit it and have full Matins at ten. So I get up at half past nine, take Service at ten, and come back to my rooms at eleven and have breakfast. It is my weekly treat."

"You deserve it," said Eileen feelingly. Her religious exercises were limited to going to church on Sunday morning and coming out, if possible, after the Litany. "And how do you like Much Moreham?"

"I did not like it at all when I came," said the curate, "but recently I have begun to enjoy myself immensely." He did not say how recently.

"Were you in London before?"

"Yes—in the East End. It was pretty hard work, but a useful experience. I feel rather lost here during my spare time. I get so little exercise. In London I used to slip away for an occasional outing in a Leander scratch eight, and that kept me fit. I am inclined," he added ruefully, "to put on flesh."

"Leander? Are you a Blue?"

The curate nodded.

"You know about rowing, I see," he said appreciatively. "The worst of rowing," he continued, "is that it takes up so much of a man's time that he has no opportunity of practicing anything else—cricket, for instance. All curates ought to be able to play cricket. I do my best; but there isn't a single boy in the Sunday-school who can't bowl me. It's humiliating!"

"Do you play tennis at all?" asked Eileen.

"Yes, in a way."

"I am sure my sister will be pleased if you come and have a game with us some afternoon."

The enraptured curate had already opened his mouth to accept this demure invitation when Excalibur, rising from the hearthrug, stretched himself luxuriously and wagged his tail, thereby removing three pipes, an inkstand, a tobacco jar, and a half-completed sermon from the writing table.

V

EXCALIBUR was heavily overworked in his new rôle of chaperon during the next three or four weeks, and any dog less ready to oblige than himself might have felt a little aggrieved at the treatment to which he was subjected.

There was the case of the tennis lawn, for instance. He had always regarded this as his own particular sanctuary, dedicated to reflection and repose; but now the net was stretched across it and Eileen and the curate performed antics all over the court with rackets and small white balls which, though they did not hurt Excalibur, kept him awake. It did not occur to him to convey himself elsewhere, for his mind moved slowly; and the united blandishments of the players failed to bring the desirability of such a course home to him. He continued to lie in his favorite spot on the sunny side of the court, looking injured but forgiving, or slumbering perseveringly amid the storm that raged round him.

It was quite impossible to move Excalibur once he had decided to remain where he was; so Eileen and the curate agreed to regard him as a sort of artificial excrescence, like the buttress in a fives court. If the ball hit him, as it frequently did, the player waiting for it was at liberty either to play it or claim a let. This arrangement added a piquant and pleasing variety to what is too often—especially when indulged in by mediocre players—a very dull game.

Worse was to follow, however. One day Eileen and the curate conducted Excalibur to a neighboring mountain range—at least, so it appeared to Excalibur—and played another ball game. This time they employed long sticks with iron heads, and two balls, which, though they were much smaller than tennis balls, were incredibly hard and painful. Excalibur, though willing to help and anxious to please, could not supervise both the balls at once. As sure as he ran to retrieve one the other came after him and took him unfairly in the rear. Excalibur was the gentlest of creatures, but the most perfect gentleman has his dignity to consider.

After having been struck for the third time by one of these balls he whipped round, picked it up in his mouth and gave it a tiny pinch, just as a warning. At least, he thought it was a tiny pinch. The ball retaliated with unexpected ferocity. It twisted and turned. It emitted long, snaky spirals of some elastic substance, which clogged his teeth and tickled his throat and wound themselves round his tongue and nearly choked him. Panic-stricken, he ran to his mistress, who, with weeping and with laughter, removed the writhing horror from his jaws and comforted him with fair words.

After that Excalibur realized that it is wiser to walk behind golfers than in front of them. It was a boring business, though, and very exhausting, for he loathed exercise of every kind; and his only periods of repose were the occasions on which the expedition came to a halt on certain small, flat lawns, each of which contained a hole with a flag in it.

Here Excalibur would lie down, with the contented sigh of a tired child, and go to sleep. As he almost invariably lay down between the hole and the ball, the players agreed to regard him as a bunker. Eileen putted round him; but the curate—who had little regard for the humbler works of creation, Excalibur thought—used to take his mashie and attempt a lofting shot, an enterprise in which he almost invariably failed, to Excalibur's great inconvenience.

Country walks were more tolerable, for Eileen's supervision of his movements, which was usually marked by an officious severity, was sensibly relaxed on these days and Excalibur found himself at liberty to range abroad amid the heath and through the coppices, engaged in a pastime that he imagined was hunting.

One hot afternoon, wandering into a clearing, he encountered a hare. The hare, which was suffering from

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Men, Women, Babies, Kittens, Even Ducks—They Were All One to Him

IDOLS OF THE KING

For He Got His Rollicking Salt Sea Views From the Conning Tower of the Raleigh News

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I—THAT KNIGHT OF THE SQUARE TABLE, SIR JOSEPHUS

THE deepest sailor of great renown
That ever came from an inland town
Was the eminent Sir Josephus D.,
Lord of the Ships of the King's Navee.
Ahoy!
My Boy!
'Twas a thing of joy
To gaze on the hostile fleets he'd sink
On the boundless oceans of printer's ink
As his fighting columns boomed with rage
Over the editorial page;
For he got his rollicking salt sea views
From the conning tower of the Raleigh News.

Though a printer's stone in youth he'd wiped,
Josephus' mind was not stereotyped—
Nay, he dealt, bejings,
With original things.
"For sailors," said he, "should live like kings—
Not meaning offense to our very own
King Wood-row on his royal throne—
But I see no sense why a sailorman,
Being bred free-born, an American,
Shouldn't live at home on the ocean blue
As a first-class traveling man should do—
Three-quarters bedsteads; plenty of light;
Valet service day and night;
Music with meals;
Ferris wheels;

Till Pa Neptune, Rising Upward, Quaffed the Sea and Yelled: "Hooray!"

Banquets; movies—
Just to prove he's
Equal quite to the captain bright
And better, by heck, than the midshipmite."
So Sir Josephus, down he sat
In his neat department, and straightway gat
Clerks, stenographers, notary pubs,
Second assistants and office dubs;
And they quickly drew
In a type tattoo
"Orders 6,000,022:
For every sailor who pulls a rope
Silk pajamas and scented soap;
Food like a toff;
Wednesdays off;
And to show respect, let the cannons roar—
Twenty-one guns when he goes ashore ——"

Thus *ad lib.* ran the orders plain;
So the common sailor who plowed the main
Stopped plowing a while
And said with a smile:
"Blest be ye,
Josephus D.!
Though ye don't know much o' the salt, salt sea,
Ye're awful good to the poor A. B.
And I says to me mate: 'Oh, dash me blue,
He's so darned good that he can't be true!'"

II—SIR JOSEPHUS INDORSETH A DRY OCEAN

'Twas all in the reign of the good Wood-row—
Set the type,
Butter the pipe!
The kingly trumpets began to blow
With a toot and a blare and a Ho-men-ho!
"Knights of the Square Table, come ye all
For a Cabinet meeting in White House hall!
And we must decide this very day
In our justly famous impartial way
How to settle up, ere the next cockcrow,
The banks and the trusts, and Mexico."

Then up to the Cabinet Table Square
Many a chosen knight came there:
Sir Bryan the Juicer in pilgrim's mail,
Back from his Quest of the Holy Kale;
Sir Frank O'Lane of the manner hale;
Sir Burleson;
Sir Garrison;
Crown Prince Expectant Lord McAdoo;
Sir Agricultural Houston too;
Sir Redfield, wearing his whiskers done
In the manner of 1881;
And, last but not least, the Lord High Chiefus,
Boss of the Admirals, Sir Josephus.

King Wood-row's face, it was fair to see;
King Wood-row's eye, it was keen to look
As he turned to the page marked 73
In the office file of the Domesday Book.
"Come," he repeated; "it's time, you know,
To settle the trusts and Mexico."

Then quick
As the kick
Of the very Old Nick
Up jumps Jo;
Cries: "Whoa!"
Or, rather, "Yo-ho!"—
Which is, I believe, the regular way
For a nautical man to begin his say.
"Mexico and the trusts, my eye!
We've settled so oft that they've gone plumb dry;
But strike me hot
If I haven't got
Under my vest
A topic drier than all the rest."
All cried: "Hear! Hear!"
"'Tis a subject dear
To every patriot heart"—loud cheer—
"Being nothing less than that old-town-hall-
Time-tried topic, Alcohol!"
"Kind friend, refrain!"
Cried Frank O'Lane,
But up spake Jo in a tone of rage:
"Who's running this editorial page?"
Silence loomed
And Jo resumed:
"'Tis commonly known in the watch below
That sailormen are a bit—you know ——"
He winked quite sly;
And a quick "Aye! Aye!"
Bryan the Juicer made reply:
"I noticed once on the ship New York
The life preservers were made of cork—
A dreadful sign,
Which indicates
The way they dine
With their wild messmates;
For where there are corks there are bottles—see?
And where there are bottles—oh, mercy me!"
"Right, my hearty!" Josephus cried.
"And it has not frequently been denied
That the sign D. T. to the average crew
Means more than the W. C. T. U."

Then spake the King: "Though I shun the cup,
And I know that sailors too oft cut up
In a way we should certainly not abide
At a White House tea by our ain fireside,
Yet isn't it true,
What authorities write,
That our boys in blue
In the heat of a fight
Oft win the day when they ought to lose
By the use of the drug that the low call Booze?"

"Nay!" Sir Bryan made his moan.
"Never!" cried Jo in a thunder tone.
"That theory of yours exploded back
In the day when they sank the Merrimac—

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"For Sailors," Said He, "Should Live Like Kings"

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

X

THE reporter from the Chronicle came round that night, and Hicks gave him an interview also, and secured a line in it stating that he was to open law offices in Rextown. This reporter was Peter Farley, and told Hicks his paper had Democratic leanings inasmuch as it was largely financed by Rollins.

"Who is Rollins?" Hicks asked Farley.

"Why," said Farley, "he is a nice old chap who made a world of money in the lumber business. He has retired and now he is crazy for free lumber. He's a low-tariff man, almost a freetrader, a state-rights man, and he believes in some Swiss monkey-business they call the initiative and the referendum and in universal primaries and all that sort of guff. He takes politics like he takes his religion, thinks the Democratic party is called upon to restore the nation to the principles of the fathers, hates Grover Cleveland, adores Bryan, and puts up his money to keep up a sort of a Democratic organization. He meets the deficit on my paper, too, and gets his money's worth by printing long screeds abusing the Republicans and saying kind words for William Jennings Bryan and Thomas Jefferson. He's the greatest letter-writer out of a correspondence school, and is always drafting platforms and circulating stuff about his new political fads."

"A sort of a crank?" asked Hicks.

"No, sir, not a crank. He's a decent old chap whose passion is Democratic politics. He is one of the biggest stockholders in the Hotel Metropolis. He's always fighting the street-car company and our gang of grafting aldermen, and is a fine, upstanding, public-spirited citizen. Better look him up if you're a Democrat."

"I shall," said Hicks. "I'll call on him tomorrow."

"Do You Mean to Say You Have the Nerve to Take That Claim Into Court?"

Next morning Hicks made some inquiries about Rollins and discovered that Rollins was supposed to be worth half a million dollars, that he had no political ambitions himself but was resolved there should be a Democratic party in Rextown if he was the only member. He was state committeeman for that party and generally headed the hopeless local tickets.

Hicks found Rollins in his office in one of the local skyscrapers. He was hunched up in a chair, writing a long letter to the editor of a New York paper in which he was pointing out the utter lack of patriotism and the criminal disregard of the rights of the people in a certain Republican tariff proposal. He was a small man, bald, with a smooth-shaven, leathery face and deep-set eyes that burned with the fervor of his partisanship. His desk was covered with little piles of pamphlets which he had written and had had printed at his own expense, and on his office walls there were pictures of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and William Jennings Bryan, and a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence.

"Howdy," saluted Rollins as Hicks entered.

"How do you do, Mr. Rollins—I assume you are Mr. Rollins."

"Your assumption is correct. Have a chair. What can I do for you?"

Hicks handed him his letter of introduction. "I am Mr. Hicks," he said, "and I take great pleasure in presenting this letter from an old friend of yours, Representative McAllister."

Rollins read the letter, drumming with the fingers of one hand on his desk as he did so.

"You're the young man who had the interviews in the papers, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I was interviewed when I arrived yesterday."

"Glad to meet you. Hope McAllister is well. Democrat, I understood you to say, or did I read it in the paper?"

"I am a Democrat, and as I understand it you are the leader of the party in this city."

"More than that, son, more than that. I'm almost all there is to the Democratic party in Rextown."

"Well, I desire to join hands with you, to enlist under your banner, to aid you in your fight against the entrenched and corrupt forces of Republicanism."

Rollins looked at Hicks shrewdly. "You do, do you?" he asked.

"I do."

"For what reason?"

"For the reasons I just gave you. I hope I may be welcome."

Rollins whistled. He got up, walked to the window, glanced out on the street, came back and drew his chair over to Hicks.

"Young man," he said kindly, putting his hand on Hicks' knee, "excuse me if I appear to be surprised. This rather takes the breath out of me. The idea of a lawyer—you are a lawyer, ain't you?"

Hicks nodded.

"Well, the idea of a lawyer coming to a Republican hotbed like this and joining the Democratic party—a lawyer, you know, one of those persons who always look before they leap into politics—the idea of that rather flabbergasts me. You know—" and he smiled a curious little smile at Hicks—"you know, my boy, there hasn't been a real, live recruit to the Democratic party in Rextown or Corliss County for five years, and we lost a lot of our fellows on the free-silver issue."

"All the more reason you should want me, then," suggested Hicks.

"Sure, but it sort of paralyzes me, just the same. How long have you been a Democrat?"

Hicks knew this question would be put to him and he had prepared his answer.

"Long enough," he said rather oratorically, "to feel certain that this country is going to ruin under the maladministration of the Republican party, influenced as it is by special interests and controlled by corporate greed. Long enough to have faith that, through the medium of the enlightenment of the people, a return may be made to the principles and practices of the fathers, and our country saved from the rape of the plutocrats and the sack of the unscrupulous stock-jobbers of Wall Street."

Rollins' look of curiosity changed to one of admiration. "Good boy!" he said. "Good boy! Go on."

"I am a newcomer, as you know," continued Hicks, most encouraged, "and I have a deep, patriotic interest in politics. I believe in Democratic principles. I am for the plain people, unalterably for the masses as against the corrupt classes. I know of your unselfish devotion to this high cause. I desire to join with you, to aid you, to fight with you, and eventually to assist you in redeeming this city and this state from these Republican abuses. Am I welcome?"

"Hooray!" shouted Rollins, jumping to his feet and clapping his hands. "That's the real McCoy! In a month I'll have you out making speeches. Are you welcome? Why, my boy, you are as welcome as an August rain after a dry spell in the Corn Belt. Welcome! Why you are positively providential. Let's talk things over."

They had a long conversation. Hicks soon discovered that Rollins was fanatical in his belief in Democratic principles, that he considered himself a sort of crusader against what he called "the mammon-controlled party of special interests," meaning the Republicans, and that he was willing to spend his money freely, asking nothing but the fun of the fight. He went over the situation in detail with Hicks, told of his work and of the organization he endeavored to maintain, and explained how he was handicapped by the general apathy. Then he read Hicks extracts from several of his pamphlets. These proved to Hicks that, even though a fanatic, Rollins had a clear mind, good reasoning powers and an excellent command of simple and forceful language. He told Hicks of the local situation, dominated by the Republicans for years, working through a local boss named Paddy Ross, and explained how the public utilities—the street cars and the electric-light plant and the water works and the gas works—could get anything they wanted because they kept Ross on their payroll and Ross was the Republican organization leader. Hicks' knowledge of general politics stood him in good stead. He was most polite and deferential to Rollins, and soon was on terms of friendship and implied association with him. His letter of introduction had established him primarily, and he completed the good impression himself.

As he rose to go Rollins asked Hicks whether he had any cases yet.

"Why, no," Hicks replied; "I arrived only yesterday, you know."

"Well, how'd you like to take a case for me? An old rapscallion named Jim Barkiss is trying to beat me out of a claim I've got on his property. Know anything about contracts?"

"I've studied contracts," evaded Hicks.

"All right, here's the case;" and Rollins went off into a long recital of his difficulties with Jim Barkiss, telling an involved story of deals and mortgages and liens and payments and rebuttals to which Hicks listened in a daze.

"Got it?" asked Rollins. "Got it clear in your mind?"

"Perfectly," fibbed Hicks, who had no idea of what it was all about.

"Good," said Rollins, "here are the papers," and he thrust a mass of legal documents into the hands of Hicks. "See what you can do."

Hicks took the papers and rose to go. "Good-by, Mr. Rollins," he said. "I shall see you soon and often and we'll reorganize and rejuvenate this Democratic party out here. Good day."

He put out his hand and Rollins took it. "Son," he said, "I don't know whether I'm playing fair with you or not in giving you that case. It's been in litigation here for a long time, and I got so mad about it that I just took it from the hands of my regular lawyer who was jockeying along on it. The lawyer on the other side is Jim Chittlings, a hard customer in a case like this, and you are young in the law, very young in the law."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Rollins. I'll do the best I can with it and maybe my youth will help me."

"Yes," repeated Rollins, "you are young in the law. Haven't you forgotten something?"

"No," Hicks replied, looking about, "I think not."

Rollins laughed. "In that case," he said, "you are the oddest lawyer I ever came in contact with. You haven't asked me for a retainer."

Hicks in his confusion could think of nothing to say. He had forgotten the most important detail of the practice of his profession.

"Never mind," soothed Rollins, "I'll write you a check. It may come in handy," and he gave Hicks a check for a hundred dollars. That young man bowed himself out with his heart thumping, his brain reproaching him for his lack of business acumen and the check clasped tightly in his hand.

XI

TARMADUKE HICKS was walking on air when he went down the street. He arrived at the Hotel Metropolis, went to his room and looked lovingly at his check. It was his first legal fee. He examined the papers Rollins had given him, but could make nothing of them, so he put them in his trunk and went down into the lobby. He met Bignall again, and talked to him for an hour discussing the best location for an office and various matters of that kind.

He inquired about boarding houses and secured several addresses. Next morning he took his money and his letter to the First National Bank, opened an account, and called on Mrs. Hungerford, who kept a boarding house not far from the business portion of the city. The food and rooms at Mrs. Hungerford's had been praised by the banker to whom Hicks had the letter of introduction.

Mrs. Hungerford's boarding house proved clean and comfortable. She told Hicks that most of her boarders were of the better class of clerks and business women, with a professional man or two, and she offered him a room, in the rear on the third floor, for fifty dollars a month with meals. He engaged the room and moved in that afternoon and on the following day set about renting an office.

He hesitated between two rooms. One was in a three-story brick building near the post office, a former residence that had been built over into offices, and the other was in the Blanding Block, the biggest structure in Rextown. The rent of the first room was twenty-five dollars a month and the rent of the Blanding Block office was twice that. Tommie walked through the halls of both buildings. There were a dentist or two, an architect, a couple of insurance agents and five lawyers in the old building. In the Blanding Block there were rows of glass doors carrying in gilt letters the names of lawyers and business agencies of various kinds. It did not take him long to decide on the office in the Blanding Block, and he bought some furniture for it on the installment plan. That night he stood in the hall and looked admiringly at the gilt sign on the door of his office. It read:

T. Marmaduke Hicks
Attorney-at-Law

In a day or two his furniture was installed and his father's law books had arrived, accompanied by a letter from his mother expressing the hope that they might be used for the promotion of justice and truth and the welfare of the people. Hicks put them on his shelves, where they made a good showing, although most of them were reports of New York State and not of much consequence for local use. There were a few books of universal character. He gazed at these speculatively, wondered what was in them and what he might be able to do with them. He hung his certificate and diploma on the walls, took steps to have himself admitted on motion to the local bar, and after that had been accomplished, with the aid of Senator Paxton's letter and the influence of an old friend of his at the Rextown bar, he began the consideration of the Rollins-Barkiss case.

It was a complicated case. There were claims and counterclaims and records of previous actions begun and dropped. Hicks studied the papers long, but could make little of them. His only conclusion was that Rollins claimed one thing and Barkiss another; the legal phases of the case were entirely beyond him.

He spent some days puzzling over the papers, evolving schemes that had no legal foundations. It was all he had to do, except make three or four appearances each day in the lobby of the Hotel Metropolis, and drop in at the city hall and courthouse, with occasional visits to the probate court and the county clerk's office, where he simulated intense occupation and consulted records assiduously.

He knew so little law he could get no grasp of the questions involved. He ardently desired to make a showing, and felt he could get business from Rollins if he could win this case. On the same floor of the Blanding Block the offices of Johnson, Jacobs and Jones, the leading lawyers of Rextown, occupied half a dozen rooms. Hicks had called on these lawyers and they had received him with grave politeness and welcomed him to the city. He had noticed, at a desk in the corner, a man who had a big bulging forehead, wore glasses and was shabbily dressed, and who had a general air of being grateful he was permitted to sit down in an out-of-the-way place and read calfbound books.

Hicks inquired about this man and learned he was Gudger, a great student and a fine lawyer, but a periodical drunkard. He remained sober for two or three months and then drank heavily until he had to be taken to the hospital. He had no control over his appetite for liquor, and for that reason had no practice and no standing at the bar. But he knew the law, knew more of it than Johnson, Jacobs and Jones combined. So they used him when he was sober to help in the preparation of their cases and took him back after a spree, paying him a small salary and giving him the impression that they were his benefactors for allowing him to draw a few dollars a week and do most of the real work round the place.

Hicks went into this office and spoke to Gudger. "By the way, Mr. Gudger," he said, "could you make it convenient to come into my office this afternoon some time? I have a little matter I desire to discuss with you."

"I'll go now," Gudger replied.

They walked to Hicks' single room. "Sit down, Mr. Gudger," said Hicks. "This is what I want to lay before you: I have been here but a short time, as you know, but many pressing matters engage my attention. Mr. Perkins G. Rollins has given me a small case that really I have not the time to handle. I was wondering if you would look over the papers, prepare a plan of action for me and elaborate the points of law involved. Of course I shall compensate you, and it really will be a great service to me, for I am so busy I cannot attend to the preparation of the case myself."

Gudger looked round the room, with its array of useless law books, and at Hicks, who was endeavoring to give the impression of a man rushed with his work. He smiled a little wan smile. He had just returned from a prolonged spree, was weak and trembly and had been severely reprimanded by his employers. He needed money.

"Let me see the papers," said he; "I guess I can do it."

Hicks gave him the papers, which Gudger noticed were the only papers in sight in the office. Hicks realized that, too, and instantly resolved to fix up bundles of legal-looking documents for place on his desk. Also he resolved to buy a file case and put it in the room.

"I'll look them over," said Gudger, "and let you know later."

Hicks visited Rollins several times, talked politics with him and reported progress. He wrote several letters to Senator Paxton and spent a good deal of his time in the Hotel Metropolis, getting acquainted with the business and professional men of the city, who used the lobby and barroom and café of the Metropolis as a sort of down-town club. He found that the men who frequented the hotel—and they were most of the important men of the city—drank a good deal of whisky, especially between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Hicks was not an abstainer nor was he a steady drinker. He kept a little whisky in his room for such use as was needful, and though he smoked cigarettes he never smoked on the streets or in public places. He refused invitations to drink rather impressively but was enough of a mixer to keep in the good graces of the crowd, and he made many acquaintances who liked to hear him discuss affairs at Washington, and wondered at his easy familiarity with the great men of whom they read in the papers. Hicks knew all the famous statesmen and gossiped about them intimately, never failing to bring himself into the foreground of whatever picture he was painting. Between times he considered the question of a church connection.

After a week's study Gudger came in with a package of papers in his hand. "I have examined that Rollins-Barkiss matter, Mr. Hicks," he said.

Hicks was writing a letter. He looked up and replied pompously: "Excuse me a moment, if you please, Mr. Gudger. I have a matter here I must close up."

Gudger, who had himself in hand again, smiled a flickering sort of a smile and sat down. Tommie wrote vigorously for a minute or two. He signed his name with a flourish, held the letter up before him and read it with evident admiration, and turned to Gudger. "My stenographer," he said, "is ill this morning and I am compelled to write a few of my most pressing letters by hand. I am sorry I detained you, but this is a most important matter."

Gudger observed that Tommie laid the letter aside without putting it in an envelope. "Take your time, Mr. Hicks," he said, "I am in no hurry."

"Ah," continued Tommie, turning in his chair, "did I understand you to say you have examined into that Rollins claim, Mr. Gudger?"

"I have."

"Sorry to have imposed so trifling a matter on you, but I am exceedingly busy. What do you find?"

"I find Rollins has a fair case. Barkiss owes him some money, but it isn't clear just how much. I have set forth the law on the point, have briefed the cases that apply and made a statement of the facts for you. I trust it will be satisfactory."

Gudger was pathetically eager. He needed the money Hicks promised him.

"Excellent, Gudger," patronized Hicks. "I shall look over the papers and reimburse you for your time and trouble."

"Thank you, Mr. Hicks, thank you." And Gudger went out.

Tommie shut and locked his door and read the papers carefully. Gudger, good lawyer that he was and skilled in the preparation of cases, had handled this one in a most competent manner. He had made his statement of facts, his statement of the contentions of the other side, and he cited the law to uphold his own conclusions, cited it voluminously. It was an orderly, complete and illuminating presentation of the Rollins side of the controversy. Tommie spent all that day in studying Gudger's work. He had a retentive memory, and he learned what Gudger had written so he could recite it. Thus fortified he sat back to consider what he should do. He didn't dare to go into court, nor did he want to have Gudger appear for him. Beyond the words Gudger had written, Hicks had no knowledge of the law or the procedure necessary.

After thinking a time he went down the street to see his friend Charley Bignall, the reporter on the Globe.

"Bignall," he asked, "do you know James K. Chittlings the lawyer?"

"Sure."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He's a big, beefy bluffer and gets away with it. He shysters along pretty successfully. He pretends to be a lawyer, and he doesn't know any too much law. When he tries a case he depends on noise to pull him through. He doesn't go into court much though. That would show him up. He's the grandest compromiser we have. And he is always in the money. Why?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. He's the attorney on the other side of a case I am interested in, and I wanted to know about him. That's all."

XII

AS HICKS walked back to his office that word "compromiser" constantly recurred to him. Why not compromise this? Evidently, from what Bignall told him, Chittlings was much the same sort of lawyer he was, with more experience, perhaps, but with as little law. He knew Chittlings spent a good deal of time in the lobby of the Hotel Metropolis, and he went there and looked round. Chittlings was leaning against the cigar-case and loudly telling the bored cigar clerk of a recent exploit of his, when he defeated a lawyer from the adjoining county in a will case.

Hicks approached the cigar-case by easy stages, stopping at the desk to look at the register, at the newsstand to glance at the display of periodicals, and at the telephone desk to say a word or two to the operator. He stood and listened to the last part of the recital of Chittlings, laughed when laughing time came, and as Chittlings finished exclaimed: "That's a good one!" with evident appreciation. Chittlings was pleased. He said a word or two about the weather and asked: "Stranger here?"

"Oh, no," answered Hicks, "I am T. Marmaduke Hicks, lawyer, with offices in the Blanding Block."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Hicks. I'm James K. Chittlings and I'm a lawyer too."

"Chittlings?" repeated Hicks in pleased astonishment. "James K. Chittlings? Why, I certainly am glad to meet you. I have a case, I think, in which you are my opponent, and I am charmed to know I shall meet so cultured a gentleman and so learned a lawyer in the arena of the courts."

"What case is that?" asked Chittlings. "I don't recall your connection with any of my cases."

"Rollins vs. Barkiss."

"Oh, that! Is Rollins at that again?" exclaimed Chittlings contemptuously. "That isn't a case; it's merely a cat-hop."

"There are some eleven thousand dollars involved," Hicks protested with some warmth.

Chittlings looked at Hicks narrowly. Evidently an eleven-thousand-dollar case was important to this young man.

"Look here," he warned, "you are on a dead card in that claim, my friend. You can't collect it and you know you can't."

"I think it would be well to leave that phase of the matter to the adjudication of the courts."

"Do you mean to say you have the nerve to take that claim into court?"

"You will be served with due and formal notice of my intention at the proper time."

"You don't say! Well, so long. By the way," he added as he turned to go, "where's your office?"

"In the Blanding Block."

"I may drop in to see you some day. Good-by, glad to have met you."

Two days later Chittlings came in, glanced round the little room, with its sparse furnishings and its array of the revised statutes of New York, smiled and said: "Howdy, Hicks. How's business?"

"My docket is reasonably well filled."

"Glad to know it. There are so many lawyers in this burg it's hard for a new one to get a toehold. They're wolves for business, and they've got most of it cinched."

"I haven't found it so," Tommie replied, wishing he had a greater number of legal-looking documents on his desk and resolving to get some more as soon as Chittlings went out.

"Say, Hicks," said Chittlings, seating himself and lighting a cigar, "how strong are you with Perk Rollins? Have a smoke?"

"I never smoke."

"Well, forgetting that, how strong are you with Perk Rollins?"

"What do you mean?"

"How much influence have you with him?"

"He is one of my best clients."

"Well, if that's the case and you can work him, what's the use of dragging this thing through the courts? Why not compromise?"

Hicks straightened in his chair. "This is a case that does not admit of compromise," he said with much dignity.

"Don't it! Let me tell you, my young and callow friend, there never was a case that didn't admit of compromise, when the lawyers who had it wanted to fix it that way and there was anything in it."

"I do not so understand the theory of the law." Hicks was most important as he said this.

"Well, you will so understand it if you want to make a living at it. I tell you it's nonsense to drag this thing through the courts when there are bigger things we might be doing. Let's fix it up."

"My client has instructed me to sue it."

"Then get him to uninstruct you. Rollins is a good old chap, but visionary, and Barkiss ain't worth a hoot, beyond a certain point, for any lawyer to fuss with. Let's fix it."

"What do you propose?"

"Why, there's right on both sides. Barkiss owes Rollins some money, but not as much as Rollins says he does. I'll admit the first part of it. If we take it into court you can't get the eleven thousand to save your soul; but you can get a judgment for a certain amount if you are any good at the law at all."

"How much?" asked Hicks eagerly.

Chittlings laughed. "That's for you to find out, if you go to law about it," he said.

"Well, what's your proposition?" Hicks gave what he thought was a good imitation of a businesslike question.

"You go down and see Rollins and find out the lowest sum he will take. I'll see my man and find out how much I can get him to give. Then we'll meet and fix it up."

"Fix it up?" asked Hicks. "I don't understand. I am a lawyer, Mr. Chittlings, and bound by the ethics of my profession."

"Also I take it," said Chittlings sharply, "you are bound by the necessities of making a living. Run along now and see Rollins and come down to my office on the third floor." Chittlings went out, leaving Hicks very indignant.

He grew calm as he thought the matter over. He knew in his heart he would be at a serious disadvantage in court, having had no practice save a little in justices' courts back home when he was a student. His egotism urged him to go ahead with the case and told him he could win it brilliantly, but he felt inward misgivings. Occasionally he admitted his limitations to himself – not often, but once in a while. He was frightened at the prospect of trying a case against this big, noisy, bluffing lawyer, and although he had Gudger's word for it that he had some law and some facts on his side, he didn't relish the encounter. He wanted to be surer of himself when he made his first public appearance. Besides, there might be merit in the contention of Barkiss that he didn't owe Rollins all of eleven thousand dollars. There was that side of it to consider. Also there would be a quicker fee, in addition to the retainer of one hundred dollars he already had, in case of a compromise. And lawyers did compromise cases. He knew that.

So he went to see Rollins, who greeted him cordially and asked him what he thought of Senator Aldrich's iniquitous tariff policy.

"Inexcusable," Hicks replied, not knowing what the policy was. "I dropped in to see you about that Barkiss matter."

"What about it?" asked Rollins, who was deep in a platform for the state Democracy he intended to propose at the forthcoming convention.

"Why, I was thinking I might compose that difficulty by a shorter route than recourse to the tedious processes of the courts."

"All right," Rollins answered absently. "Do whatever is best. Say, do you think the platform should begin with a ringing denunciation of the Republican party, or with a statement of the attitude of the Democracy toward the oppression of the people and then the arraignment of the Republicans?"

"Take up the cause of the people first by all means," advised Hicks. "Suppose I could get you eighty-five hundred dollars from Barkiss? Would that figure be satisfactory to you?"

"Pshaw! They'd never stand for eighty-five hundred words; that's entirely too long. My idea is about five thousand words."

"Dollars, I meant, not words, Mr. Rollins. I am speaking about the Barkiss matter."

"The Barkiss matter? Oh, yes; what about it?"

"I think we can compromise for a substantial sum."

"All right; go ahead. Don't bother me about that now. I want to get this pronouncement of political principles written. Listen to this anti-corporation plank."

Hicks listened politely while Rollins read what he had written as establishing the attitude of his party toward the monopolies fostered and owned by the criminal rich.

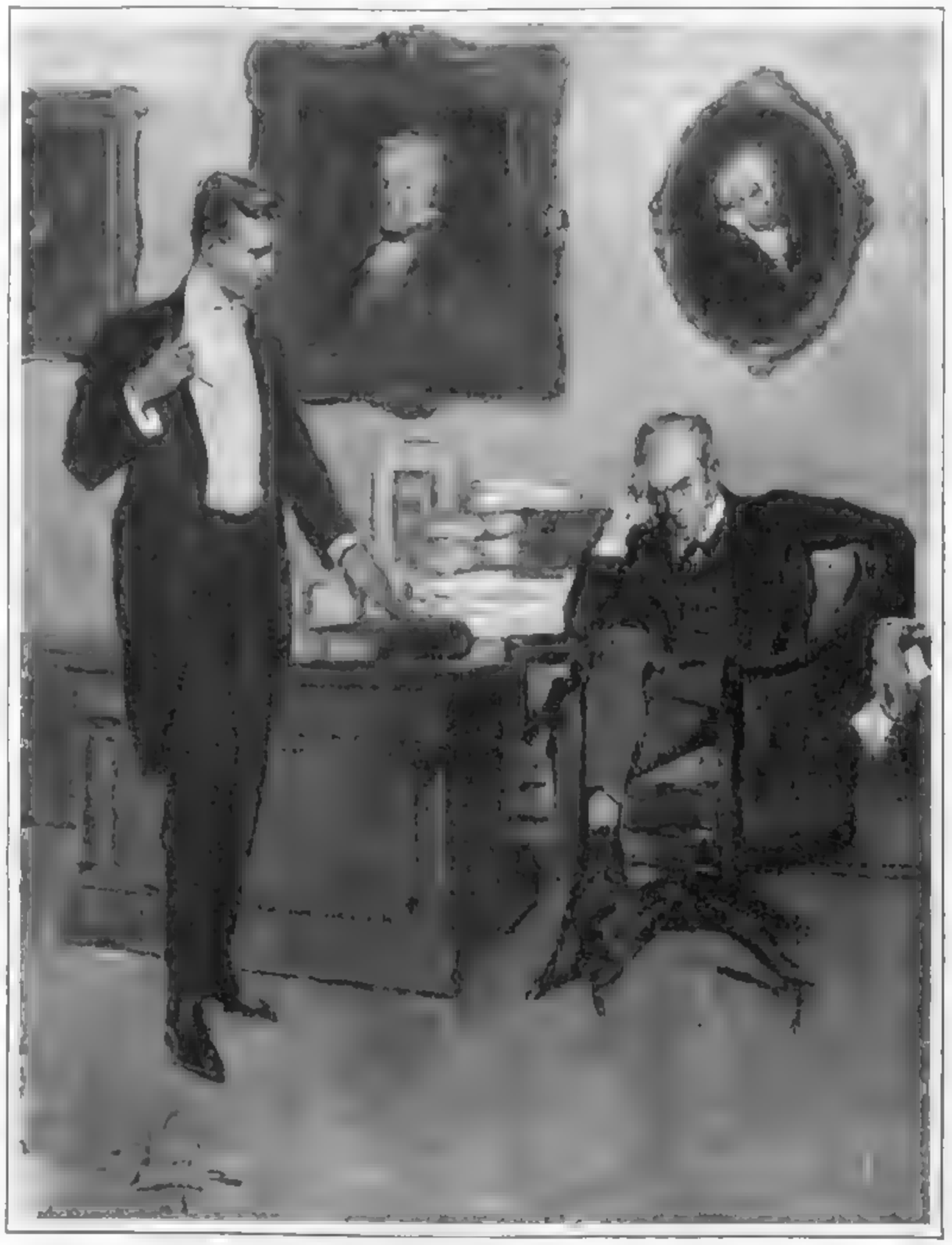
"That'll make them cringe, I'll bet," said Rollins.

"Undoubtedly," assented Hicks warmly. "It is a great summing-up of the tenets of our party in that regard—simply great. If I can get eight thousand dollars, shall I take it?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Don't bother me," protested Rollins. "Let's go over this tariff plank. The curse of this country and the workingmen in it is high protection. Let me read you what I have written."

And he read his tariff plank, which demanded an instant and scientific revision of the tariff along the lines of tariff for revenue only.

As he finished Hicks applauded. "That's fine!" he cheered. "That's the most statesmanlike argument I have ever heard. You certainly are a master of words, Mr. Rollins. I am quite sure I can get seventy-five hundred dollars for you. Shall I take it?"



"If I Can Get Eight Thousand Dollars, Shall I Take It?"

"Eh?" said Rollins, blinking his eyes; "I thought you said eight thousand, a moment ago."

"Oh," Hicks suavely replied, "I said eight thousand tentatively. Seventy-five hundred is a sure thing."

"Well, get what you can. I must finish this platform and have it printed. Get what you can. Good day. Come in to-morrow and I'll read it to you again."

"That will give me great pleasure. Seventy-five hundred it is then."

"Yes, yes," Rollins replied impatiently. "I'm going to give them a great blast on the currency question, a great blast."

XIII

HICKS called at the office of Chittlings next day. That exponent of the law had a suite of three rooms—a reception room with an office boy at a desk, a second room where there was a clerk and a typewriter and an array of law books, more than Hicks had ever seen outside of a law library, and an inner room where Chittlings sat at a big rolltop desk. This room was well furnished. There were some leather chairs, a polished table piled high with papers bound with tape, a picture or two on the wall and a leather lounge.

"Morning, Hicks," greeted Chittlings after Hicks had gone through the formality of sending in his name by the office boy—Tommie resolved to have two rooms and an office boy, it gave an air of business and prosperity to a place. "Morning. Have a cigar. Oh, I forgot, you don't smoke. How are things?"

"I am very well, thank you," Hicks replied.

"Seen Rollins?"

"Yes. Have you seen Barkiss?"

"Saw him yesterday. What will you accept?"

"What will you give?"

"Oh, let's not haggle about this; it isn't big enough. I'll give eighty-five hundred dollars."

"I'll take nine thousand."

"Come off! I've got to get something for myself. Take it or leave it at eighty-five hundred and I'll get my regular fee from Barkiss and a split from you."

"A split?"

"Yes, a split. You know what a split is, I suppose. If you don't, let me tell you that splits are the greatest discouragers of long-fought litigation in court this world has ever known."

"Do you mean that you want me to divide something with you?"

"Certainly, why not? You didn't tell Rollins you could get eighty-five hundred dollars, did you—didn't name a specific sum?"

Chittlings looked narrowly at Hicks, who felt that this big, boisterous man had caught him in a crime. He was chagrined and humiliated, for although he had underestimated to Rollins the sum of money he thought he could get in compromise, he hadn't gone so far with the matter in his own mind as actually to plan to give Rollins less in settlement than he received.

Hicks was horrified. It seemed to him that Chittlings had read his mind, had interpreted his action, had literally detected him stealing something. He was familiar in a way with illegal money transactions, and had heard stories of sums paid in Washington to expedite or retard legislation. The morals of the situation did not bother him so much as his apparent detection.

He looked at Chittlings, who was preparing to write a check. Hicks caught hold of the arms of his chair, steadied himself, licked his dry lips with his tongue and replied huskily: "Of course I mentioned no specific sum, but what difference does that make to you?"

"Just this difference," said Chittlings. "If I compromise this thing with you for eighty-five hundred dollars, which is a fair compromise, I'll give you a check for that amount and you'll give me a check for five hundred. Then you can deposit my check and pay Rollins seventy-five hundred dollars, or what you please, and we'll both make some money, for you can bet Barkiss will pay me my eighty-five hundred back, and another legal difficulty will have been compromised without recourse to the tedious processes of the courts."

Hicks rose. "Look here, Chittlings," he exclaimed, "I may not know much about the law, but I know something about the Eighth Commandment. That's plain larceny and you know it, and I'll not be a party to it."

Chittlings grinned.

"All right," he said, closing the checkbook, "have it your own way. Only let me tell you something—you'll never make five hundred any easier. Go ahead and sue and I'll be right on deck."

"That may be so," Hicks retorted emphatically, for he had regained his self-possession, "but I won't begin my career as a lawyer in this city by stealing five hundred dollars from Rollins or any other man. My price is higher than that, Mr. Chittlings, and when you get ready to talk business to me on a strict business basis, without any larcenous trimmings, I'll see you in my office. Here is my card."

(Continued on Page 60)

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1914

Slow Grinding

WE HAVE long believed there should be some Federal control over the issue of railroad securities, and that the body in which that control should logically be vested is the Interstate Commerce Commission; but a reasonable method of exercising the control is very important.

The bill now before the national House of Representatives provides, in effect, that, before issuing any capital obligation, a railroad must apply to the commission; whereupon the commission shall send a copy of the application to the railroad commission—or to the governor and attorney-general if there be no railroad commission—of every state in which the railroad "operates any part of its lines"; virtually inviting such states to participate in the deliberations.

This is all wrong. To be tolerable, public control of railroad issues must be exercised with reasonable dispatch. There is hardly a week in a normal year when some road is not issuing capital obligations. To make every issue the subject of wordy, snail-footed deliberations would create a condition as bad as the disease it seeks to cure. Instead of inviting the states to participate in the proceedings of the Interstate Commerce Commission the law should make the findings of the commission binding on every state commission that has jurisdiction in the matter.

The Interstate Commerce Commission itself is a rather overworked body. Its delay in deciding the application of the Eastern roads for a five-per-cent advance in freight rates shows that it needs accelerating rather than retarding.

In passing on railroad securities it ought to be given a free hand and every opportunity to act with reasonable promptness. The questions concerning any railroad issue are whether its objects are legitimate and whether bona-fide value is received. Certainly the Interstate Commerce Commission may be trusted to determine those comparatively simple questions. When they have once been determined by a trustworthy public body, there is no valid reason for collateral or supplemental state proceedings.

The Socialistic Tendency

CERTAIN businesses are necessary to modern life. Railroading is an example. Cut off from rail facilities a man might be ruined, a community might perish. So, for years, the law has exerted a constantly increasing control over railroads. A railroad cannot discriminate among its patrons—it must serve all alike; and of late it can charge only such rates as the law permits.

Fire insurance is obviously in a different category. Broadly speaking, anybody who so elects may get along without it, assuming the hazard himself. And a fire-insurance company may discriminate at will among its patrons. Any company may refuse to write a policy on any risk and the law will have nothing to say in the matter.

The other day, however, the United States Supreme Court—by five to three, one justice not participating—affirmed the power of a state to fix the rate at which fire insurance shall be written. Admitting that fire insurance is of a personal rather than a public character, the majority of the court holds that, nevertheless, it is so charged with public interest as to involve the power to regulate it in behalf of the public. We venture a lay and ignorant opinion that the court would have decided differently fifteen or twenty years ago—when it was holding, for instance, that the Sugar Trust was beyond the reach of the Sherman Law.

Socialization moves steadily forward. Every year the principle that the interests of society are paramount advances a step further.

The Wallace Researches

THANKS to the indefatigable industry of two Americans—Dr. and Mrs. Charles William Wallace—which has dug up the records of a venerable lawsuit and certain proceedings of a sixteenth-century Commission of Sewers, we now know quite accurately what sort of concern that Globe Theater was in which one William Shakspere was a stockholder, and within the walls of which the stockholder's celebrated dramatic pieces were presented.

For several years Doctor and Mrs. Wallace have devoted their entire time to the most painstaking search among the public archives for new light on Shakspere and his activities. They have already examined upward of three million official parchments.

It appears that when the Globe Theater site was leased by the theatrical adventurers two hovels stood on it. With the exception of some ponds it was the lowest spot on Bankside, and the Thames overflowed it every spring. For a long time it had been used as a dumping ground for refuse—and a sixteenth-century refuse heap may safely be described as the real thing in the way of garbage. Shakspere's partners are sternly commanded, "on pain to forfeit," to pull certain props and posts out of the sewer.

Imagination dwells fondly on that theater: standing ankle deep in the mire, with one grimy knee showing through the rent in her coarse woolen petticoat, her blouse split up the back, her hair in a snarl, and a muddy smudge on her cheek where she has just swatted a mosquito with a hand as heavy and as soiled as a blacksmith's—but speaking, nevertheless, with the tongues of men and of angels.

Her beautifully carved, gilded and upholstered sister of to-day would faint away at sight of her; and it would not matter much if she never came out of the faint.

A Verdict

A MURDERER enlisted the sympathy of a very rich man. His defense was that a dream irresistibly impelled him to assassinate his foe. The rich patron, according to the newspaper report, "practically cornered the available expert testimony in the defendant's behalf, seven of the highest-priced alienists of the city being put on the stand to support the dream theory." Eloquent counsel quoted compassionate poetry to the jury and the latter returned the following verdict:

"We find that the defendant committed the act charged in the indictment, but at the time of the commission of said act was an insane person, and since the commission of said act has permanently and completely recovered from such lunacy."

The defendant may have "permanently and completely recovered from such lunacy," but our criminal jurisprudence has not. Leaving the question of a defendant's mental condition to a lay jury enveloped in a fog of hired expert testimony makes a farce of what ought to be a rather serious matter.

The Plum Tree

ILLINOIS has one Democratic United States Senator and in all probability will presently have another. The burning political question in that state at this writing is whether that other shall be Roger Sullivan or some patriot whose Jeffersonian heart beats in truer sympathy with that faction of the party to which the present Senator belongs.

Chicago papers are pointing out—as an important factor in the solution of this question—that all the Federal and state jobs will be filled by nominees of the faction opposed to Sullivan. What makes the Sullivan Democrats mad—we read in a press report—is the fact that all the assistant district attorneys, deputy marshals and deputy revenue collectors will be selected by the foe.

In these circumstances, we suppose, the Sullivan Democrats are the only persons who are entitled to be mad. The public, which pays the salaries of these Federal employees and depends on them for service, is presumed to be quite satisfied so long as its servants are sound on the grand question of opposition to Sullivan. Whether they can read and write is a secondary consideration.

Bonds Over the Counter

IN APRIL the city of New York sold sixty-five million dollars' worth of bonds at a small premium to a single bidder, who immediately resold the bonds to investors at a profit of some four hundred thousand dollars. The profit was legitimate enough, and the method of selling bonds that nearly all cities and states employ is based on a profit to the middleman. This method is to invite competitive bids and award the issue to the highest bidder. Almost invariably big investment banks and bond dealers in intimate touch with the investment market get the bonds and resell them to actual investors at a profit.

To avoid a middleman's profit the city must abolish competitive bids and offer its bonds over the counter at an upset price. In this New York sale there were two hundred thirty-two separate bids, many of them for small amounts and many at a higher price than the successful bidder paid; but no combination of other bids would have brought the city as much as the successful bidder paid, though that price was less than actual investors readily paid immediately afterward.

Competitive bids almost invariably throw the bonds into the hands of middlemen. A city or state that wishes to establish a direct market for its bonds must sell them over the counter at an upset price.

The English Telegraph

THE telegraph business of Great Britain, as conducted by the Post Office, results in a heavy annual loss. A recent statement by Postmaster-General Hobhouse, quoted in the London Times, attributes this loss "mainly to the sixpenny telegram, which costs eleven pence to transmit and deliver."

A telegram of twelve words, address and signature being counted as part of the message, transmitted anywhere in Great Britain, costs twelve cents of our money. This is very cheap. Naturally telegraphing is highly developed in England, the number of messages a head being nearly twice the number in the United States. That the twelve cents did not cover the cost of the message was evident from the large yearly deficit; but it appears from this statement by the postmaster-general that the loss on each twelve-cent message is decidedly greater than had been supposed. He puts the cost of the message at twenty-two cents.

In short, the sender pays little over half the cost; the other half—or forty-five per cent—coming out of the public till. British citizens who use the telegraph frequently get a sort of subsidy at the expense of those who use it infrequently or not at all.

The bulk of the telegraphing in Great Britain is over short distances, for which the cost of a message here is twenty-five or thirty cents against twenty-two cents there; but the whole cost here is paid by the sender of the message, which seems to us the logical arrangement.

A Significant Difference

INCOMES of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars will pay nine or ten times as heavy a tax under the new British Budget as they pay here. In round numbers, fifteen thousand dollars will pay one thousand dollars tax; twenty thousand dollars will pay fifteen hundred dollars tax; twenty-five thousand dollars will pay two thousand dollars.

Yet the most significant difference between the British tax and the American appears with respect to what we call moderate incomes. Generally an American income of five thousand dollars pays only ten dollars tax. The British tax on an income a penny over five thousand dollars will be two hundred ten dollars; on an income of seventy-five hundred dollars it will be three hundred seventy-five dollars—instead of twenty-five dollars as here.

Two hundred and eighty million dollars is the estimated yield of the new British income tax. When a government comes to lean so heavily on an income tax it must take a stiff toll from incomes in the moderate class.

It is only a question of time when our Federal levy will get down to incomes of a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars; and the comfortably-off man—with an income, say, of from five to fifteen thousand dollars—will need something more than small change to discharge his debt to the Government.

How it Works in Practice

AFTER two years' deliberation Massachusetts passed an eight-hour law for workers under sixteen years of age. Ruin of industry, displacement of young workers, increased youthful vagrancy and various other ills were predicted, as usual.

A canvass of the state shows that over ninety per cent of the children under sixteen who were employed before the law went into effect are still employed; that a majority of the few children who were displaced have gone to school; that family hardships attributable to the displacement or curtailed earnings of youthful workers have been negligible; and that there has been no increase in youthful idleness and crime.

Crippled industries, beggared families and ruined children have been predicted at every step in the direction of protecting youthful workers; but the predictions never come true.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
He Sounds Like a Pneumatic Riveter

THE time has now come to advert, in what it were not amiss to term well-dissimulated jocundity, to the Honorable James P. Clarke, of Arkansas, as genial and jovial a person as ever harbored a grudge for twenty years.

The Honorable Clarke, who wears an e at the extreme end of his name to distinguish himself, if such be necessary, from the Senator from Wyoming and the Speaker from Missouri, has just, as it appears, been returned to the Senate for the third time by an enthusiastic constituency and an excess of some seven hundred votes or so over the competing candidate in the primary, the same showing that the Arkansas proletarians hold their enthusiasm in reasonably measured check. Of course the face of the returns may be changed, but never the inscrutable face of the senator; and it all goes to show that when those Arkansans are about it they can mask their enthusiasm to a considerable degree of obfuscation.

Some of the residents of that imperial commonwealth are wont to refer to the senator as Old Cotton Top—some of them. Others do not so refer to him. They refer to him otherwise, those others do; but that is a local issue. The point is that even some of his constituents thus nickname the senator—affectionately, no doubt; for, as I have said, he certainly has a mild and forgiving disposition, about the same as the disposition of a bear with a sore paw. That, of course, is not the reason for the white-polled term of intimacy. The senator's hair furnishes the plot. They call him Old Cotton Top because his top looks like cotton. And, being a joyous and gladsome senator, he joyously and gladsomely likes the appellation—just as he likes many other things—or dislikes them, as it may happen and generally does.

The senator first began to exude gladness and glee in Washington in 1903, when he was the happy hero of a most felicitous occasion. He had been elected to the Senate, succeeding the late James K. Jones, and went on to Washington to take his seat. The other Arkansas senator was the late James H. Berry, who was minus a leg and plus the esteem of all his colleagues. Now it had so happened, as the story goes, that Berry and Clarke had had political differences, which were what they may have been, but which seemed to be organized for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, so far as the genial Clarke was concerned.

Ordinarily when political enemies come to represent the same state in the Senate they forget the enmity for the few minutes devoted to the swearing in of whichever one of them is newly arrived in the arena. They go up to the rostrum together; and, though one may be hoping the other chokes and is willing to help that desired condition along by use of such choking apparatus as Nature may have provided him with, the hoper stands smilingly by and watches the ceremony with a fine congratulatory air. Not so when the kindly Clarke was sworn in. He went up alone. There is a citizen who never forgives and who never, never forgets.

When it comes to expressing himself as to his resentments, or on any other subject, the senator conservatively can be called voluble, not to say fluent. You may have heard in your time orators who have talked rapidly and whose word-per-minute record was high. So have I. But when it comes to the rapid production of language every talker who could or can talk in a precipitate manner seems mute, dumb, silent and otherwise impeded of speech as compared to Clarke. That man's output of language is so terrifyingly great, so paralyzingly fast, that he is always from three to five hundred words ahead of the comprehension of his hearers.

The Vocal Machine Gun In Action

HE TALKS so fast that the ordinary mind fails to grasp what he is saying. He sounds like a pneumatic riveter geared up to the highest speed. The words cascade out of him. His language is always in a state of flood. His oratory breaks down every restraining levee. He speaks with celerity and velocity—he does that!

I should suppose it would be worth going miles to hear him telling one of his pet grudgees what he had in mind to say about him. Of course he would talk so speedily that one could not understand what he was saying; but it would be a terrifying spectacle—like Vesuvius in action or the Beehive Geyser blowing its head off—and genially too; with all the geniality of a Bad Lands blizzard!

There was that time in the Democratic caucus, not so long ago, when the senator was interested in a bill concerning cotton futures. He spoke for his bill—that is, I say he spoke for it, because speaking is the generic term for his performance. In reality he erupted for the bill. It was a great speech—the speech of a lawyer, an orator, a planter, a demagogue, a statesman, a politician and a human machine gun shooting language.

The senator battered his colleagues with argument, entreaty, defiance, praise, cajolery, demand, pleading, flattery and invective. The quicker-witted never were within six sentences of keeping up with him and the duller ones were whole paragraphs behind. The subject of his remarks was that he desired his bill indorsed by the caucus.

A time to vote had been set. He talked until that time, which coincidentally was luncheon time also. As he finished he noticed various senators edging toward the door, thinking to hurry downstairs and revive themselves with apple pie and other well-known revivers.

"I want a vote!" he said.

Up rose Senator Vardaman, who has hair and language in equal profusion.

"I want a vote!" roared Clarke, for other senators were leaving.

"But," soothed Vardaman, "I am going to say a few words in support of the senator's contention ——"

"Sit down!" commanded Clarke in his most affable manner and his usual one. "I'd rather have a vote than all the speeches you can make in a year. Sit down!"

He has ideas of his own on many subjects. One is that people write too many letters. That is a fact. People do write too many letters and answer too many also. The senator's ideas on this epistolary subject can be comprehended in the succinct statement that he thinks ninety per cent or thereabout of the letters received by a statesman are not worth answering.

Most senators have clerks and stenographers and secretaries and other scriving appliances in their offices. Clarke has none. Answer letters or write them? Not James P. Clarke!

Every politician has his own system for obtaining and retaining the support and suffrages of his constituents. Most of them are directly opposed to the Clarke method; but that seems to have its merits, for when we come to look his career over we discover that he has been rather continuously successful in getting office. He began the practice of law at Helena, Arkansas, in 1879, but did not get the system into resultful working order until 1886, when he was elected to the lower house of the Arkansas legislature.

After that he went right along. He was sent to the state senate in 1888 and served until 1892, becoming president of that body in 1891 and ex-officio lieutenant-governor. In 1892 he was elected attorney-general for the state; and so well were his genial characteristics appreciated that they offered to renominate him. He declined, but could not stop the popular demand for him, and went into the governor's chair in 1894. After he finished with the governorship he moved to Little Rock, resumed the practice of the law, and so increased his hold on the people that he was sent to the United States Senate in 1903, and has been there ever since, getting a reelection in 1909, at the close of his first term.

He had opposition in the primary when he ran this year for his third term, but at the time of this writing seems to be ahead about seven hundred votes and sure of another term. However, that is a mere detail.

The moral of this discourse is that if you are benignant and forbearing you cannot fail to get along well in the world. The submoral is that there have been occasions when certain persons, one of whom is mentioned herewith, have done fairly well by adopting another sort of attitude.

There is a lesson inculcated in this simple narrative with its duplex moral; but at the moment just what that lesson is escapes me entirely.

In the Watered Melon Patch

TRAVELING DE LUXE

PHOTO BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

By WILL PAYNE

AFTER relieving me of eight dollars and a half, the jauntily mustached young man handed me a ticket, almost exactly the size of this page, which entitled me to one lower berth on the North Express from Paris to Berlin.

The journey is shorter by three hours than that between Chicago and New York when performed by the fastest trains—which, as the American railroads take some pains to inform you, are the fastest trains for that distance in the world. You leave Paris at a quarter of two in the afternoon and reach Berlin at half past seven the next morning, with a one-hour change of time during the night. The distance, in fact, is less by about three hundred miles than that between New York and Chicago.

Eight dollars and a half for the privilege of occupying a berth during a seventeen-hour journey seemed rather steep; but in addition to the berth I received an interesting piece of literature in the above-mentioned mammoth ticket. It was finely embellished with advertisements of hotels and steamships, and contained the following important official notice:

The fare for berths cannot be refunded if travelers are unable to make use of them. Reimbursement can only be obtained, after deduction of the booking fee, in event of berths being relet to other travelers for the same journey.

If the carriage in which berths have been reserved does not arrive at destination the company will only reimburse that portion of the fare for the journey not effected.

The company does not recognize any responsibility whatever with regard to hand baggage or any other object which travelers are authorized by the railway regulations to keep with them in the cars, and the conductors and other officials of the company have strict instructions not to accept any responsibility whatever under this heading.

Obviously, then, I must travel with manly self-reliance and not weakly depend on the company to take any particular care of me or my belongings. When the porter showed me to my expensive berth this is what I found:

The European Idea of Luxury

THE compartment was not over two-thirds the size of our Pullman compartments and rather less than half the size of our Pullman drawing rooms. A single seat ran along one side, occupying all the space on that side. Opposite the farther end of the seat, beside the window, was a shallow cabinet containing a folding lavatory, much like those in our Pullman compartments. It was fitted with a little shelf, which let down and made a reading table in front of the window.

The shelf was down when I entered the compartment. On it were a magazine and a couple of newspapers; also, the elbows of a stout blond gentleman, who was smoking a cigarette and looking over one of the newspapers. His bulky bag occupied half the baggage rack. In addition to the bag he carried a suitcase, which, just by a hair, missed being a steamer trunk. This suitcase stood against the wall opposite my end of the one seat, leaving only a few inches between my knees and its ponderous self.

The porter heaved my bag into the vacant half of the baggage rack and I sat down with one foot on each side of my fellow-passenger's suitcase. Probably I looked a bit dismayed—not because of the suitcase, but because I felt as though I had walked into a perfect stranger's bedroom. The blond gentleman who occupied the window end of the seat must have noticed my pained expression, for he smiled in the most friendly manner and mustered up enough fragmentary English to express a polite fear that the suitcase was somewhat inconvenient for me. Unfortunately, he added, there was no other place for it.

I could see that at once. It was impossible to put it in front of him, for the little cabinet with the folding lavatory was in the way. It was impossible to put it under the seat, for all the space there was occupied by mysterious contrivances appertaining to the car. There was absolutely no place for it except in front of me; and I assured my unchosen bedfellow that nothing gave me greater pleasure than to travel with a stranger's suitcase figuratively clasped to my bosom. My companion, by the way, turned out to be a Swede and a very agreeable person after we had broken the ice and a great deal of language in establishing a more or less rudimentary means of communication.

An occasion soon arose. I wished to smoke, but my smoking materials were in my bag, and there was no way of getting at the bag except by climbing over my companion.

I may mention that this North Express is one of the crack trains of Europe, running from Paris to Berlin, Moscow and St. Petersburg, nearly all the way over government-owned railroads. Its accommodations throughout were about the same as those furnished me. The car was lighted by gas. At one end was a tiny toilet room, marked for men, with no washbowl in it. At the other end was a room a few inches larger, marked for women, and containing a washbowl; but I soon discovered that neither men nor women paid any attention to the signs designating the respective sexes. Each compartment contained but one seat, and half the seats faced in one direction and half in the other. In other words half the occupants of the car rode backward, whichever way the train was going.

To be sure, half the occupants of all European cars must always ride backward. They maintain that riding backward is quite as pleasant as riding forward, and presumably it is for them; but I suspect that the pallid woman who dashed out of a backward-riding compartment and raced to the end of the car, with a handkerchief to her mouth, was of a different opinion.

This North Express, like other alleged trains de luxe in Europe, is an enterprise of the International Sleeping-Car Company, a Belgian corporation that corresponds to our Pullman Company in that it has a virtual monopoly of the sleeping-car business on the Continent outside of Germany.

Its scale of prices and accommodations in general are well illustrated by the Paris-Berlin instance. The distance from Rome to Paris is less by fifty miles or so than from Chicago to New York and the fastest train makes the run in twenty-six hours. The price of a single berth for that journey is twelve dollars. Across France, from Calais to Marseilles, a berth costs thirteen dollars. From Paris to Lisbon it is seventeen dollars.

This, you understand, entitles you to one berth in a small compartment that contains two. Once in a blue moon the other berth will be unsold and you will have the compartment to yourself; but the Belgian company is by no means addicted to running superfluous cars, and usually you will be boxed in for the night with a perfect stranger.

Europeans generally condemn the indecency of our standard Pullman cars, where a person has to undress with nothing but a thick curtain to shield him from the gaze of his fellow passengers. As to whether, on the score of modesty, that is inferior to being shut up with a stranger for a day and a night in a sort of double-decked dog kennel I do not pretend to say, not being an expert on the subject; but personally I prefer the curtain.

And there is no escape from your compartment. These trains de luxe have no buffet or observation car to which you may stroll for a change of scene. There is no smoking room, for everybody who wishes to smoke is supposed to do so in his own compartment. When your legs become cramped from sitting there is no relief except by standing in the corridor, where your fellow passengers have to squeeze by you in going from one part of the car to another.

At mealtime, to be sure, there is the dining car; and I soon discovered that, unless you have the forethought to forbid it, the porter invariably makes up your berth as soon as you go to dinner. Coming back from dinner there is nothing to do except go to bed, stand in the narrow corridor or jump out of the window. Forbidding the porter to make up the berth would, of course, require a joint agreement with the other occupant of the compartment; so the easiest way is to go to bed. Once you are in it, the bed is comfortable enough for a person whose principal dimensions are longitudinal rather than horizontal. The berth is longer than our Pullman berths and not over two-thirds as wide. How a really fat passenger could sleep in one without hanging over somewhere is a mystery.

Big Prices for Small Comfort

TO BE sure, this benevolent sleeping-car company has something rather extra in the de-luxe way. During the season—that is, from January to the middle of April—it runs a train to the Riviera for which it apparently musters its best equipment. The compartments seem rather larger and better arranged than in the usual cars. And to ride across France on this special train de luxe you pay twenty dollars and a quarter—not for the train, but for a berth from twenty minutes to three in the afternoon until half past ten the next morning. It is a very fast train, but not fast enough to catch up with the bill.

I used to think the Pullman Company pursued a policy that was tainted here and there by selfish motives; but in comparison with the European sleeping-car monopoly the Pullman Company is a sunny-hearted Santa Claus, with no thought on earth but of the good it can do unto others. For a rough-and-ready formula, you may say that the European concern charges about three times our Pullman rates and gives about half our Pullman accommodations.

Going to my twelve-dollar berth at Rome I found, as usual, a stranger already in possession, and at the window end of the seat. His two suitcases and a bundle completely filled the baggage rack. His leather hatbox took up the little shelf by the window. His huge bag stood on the floor, and his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the wall. For a time there seemed to be no place for my bag except in my lap; but we finally managed to pack it on top of his bag, from which it fell off from time to time. There was no lavatory at all in this compartment, but it was in the end of the car next the general toilet room; so no doubt the company was justified in thinking a lavatory superfluous. We rode backward and stood up in the corridor to stretch our legs.

Nearly all Europeans with whom I discussed the painful subject defended the arrangement of these sleeping cars on the ground that for a man and wife or two friends traveling together the compartment is more pleasant than our open cars. Unfortunately, however, travelers do not always go in pairs; and in the United States a couple

traveling together can get a compartment or drawing room for far less than it costs to ride in one of these contrivances.

In France and Italy you cannot take a sleeping car unless you have a first-class ticket, and the first-class fare there is about half again what it is here. In Italy only hand baggage—what you can lug into the compartment and pile round on the rack, seat and your fellow traveler—is carried free; and in France you are allowed only sixty pounds of checked baggage.

As a typical instance, the distance from Rome to Paris is less by fifty miles than from Chicago to New York. The first-class fare is thirty-one dollars, the sleeping-car berth is twelve dollars, and the carriage of a trunk weighing a hundred forty-eight pounds is seven dollars—making an even fifty dollars for the journey de luxe, or about double the cost of making an American journey of the same length at the same speed and in considerably greater comfort.

Of course if this monstrous sleeping-car concern were transplanted to the United States it would have the President, the Cabinet, Congress, at least forty state legislatures, a united press and an outraged public down on its head within a fortnight. Neither its prices nor its alleged accommodations would be endured.

As one illustration of its generous attitude, it informs you: "In the event of a passenger's being unable to travel the company will endeavor to relet the berth on due notice being given. Should the berth be unoccupied the holder of the ticket is not entitled to a refund of the fare paid. When a berth has been booked and a postponement of the journey is desired, the date of departure may be changed on forty-eight hours' clear notice being given before the schedule time of departure as originally fixed, and on payment of a second booking fee; always provided, however, that the company shall not have been compelled to refuse accommodation for the same train, this resulting in a loss."

Any one who knows the readiness with which berths may be canceled or changed in the United States will appreciate the difference.

This sleeping-car company operates all over Europe, and only in Germany has any attempt been made to protect passengers from its exactions; in fact, apologists for the company say that its unconscionable tolls result partly from requirements which the various state railroads lay on it—a sort of fraternal Robin Hood arrangement for the common purpose of plucking the tourist. They will tell you in France that only Americans, Englishmen and lunatics travel first class. However that may be, the general theory outside of Germany is that comfort in travel is strictly a luxury and to be taxed as such.

Pay and Take Your Chances

GENERALLY speaking, the classification of fares in Europe is resorted to not as an index of comparative comfort, but as an index of comparative respectability.

For example, all the motor busses in Paris charge first-class fare and second-class, the former being three cents and the latter two cents. Whichever fare you pay, you ride in exactly the same bus—but in one case on one side of a partition and in the other on another side. An American can discover absolutely no difference between the first-class ride and the second-class; yet it is a common thing in Paris to see a man stand on a street corner and let several busses pass that are bound for his destination, each of them having empty seats, but no empty seat of his class. If he is first class he will let a bus with empty second-class seats pass and save his dignity. If he is second class he will let a bus with empty first-class seats pass and save his cent.

So, also, on their railroad trains. Payment of first-class fare does not insure you accommodations in any way superior to those you might get with a second-class ticket. Quite generally the first and second class compartments are in the same car. The first-class French or Italian compartment has seats for six people, three on a side, with an arm between the seats so that each passenger is assured his due space. It is a little wider than the second-class compartment, giving more foot and leg room.

The second-class compartment has one undivided seat along each side and is supposed to hold eight people. Invariably it is upholstered in a color different from that of the first-class compartment, which, after all, is the chief physical distinction between the two classes. True, if both compartments are filled to their capacity you will have somewhat more room in a first-class than in a second-class; but the difference is hardly worth quarreling about.

Your actual bodily comfort in either compartment depends entirely on how much room you have, and there is no certainty that you will not have more room in a second-class compartment than in a first-class.

For example, the most comfortable ride I had in France was from Boulogne to Paris. My ticket was first class; but, as it was a train to meet an English boat, nearly everybody else had first-class tickets. The porter dutifully conducted me to a first-class compartment that already contained four passengers and their bags, two of the passengers being women. As there was no sign to the contrary, I should presumably be permitted to smoke; but smoking in the faces of two strange and elderly ladies, whose faces somehow did not seem to go well with smoke, was hardly agreeable.

Farther on in the same car I found a second-class compartment with nobody in it and took possession. The conductor gently remonstrated with me for riding in a second-class compartment when I had a first-class ticket; but as I refused to move he gave it up with a resigned shrug of the shoulders which was eloquent of a long experience in dealing with American insanity. So I had the compartment to myself all the way to Paris and could never ask for a more comfortable journey. How much my social standing may have suffered I did not stop to inquire.

It was the social system and no idea of comfort that led to the adoption of compartment cars in Europe, and it keeps that type in vogue. First-class passengers must be carefully partitioned off from second-class, and second from third. Of course, having adopted that style of car, Europeans fatuously endeavor to defend it on the ground of comfort. They say their first-class carriages quite equal in comfort our parlor cars, but no impartial man from Mars would admit the claim. In freedom of movement and independence of other travelers our parlor cars have a decided superiority. You can sit in a parlor car all day and hardly be aware that anybody else is on the train; but you cannot sit in a tight little compartment with three or four strangers without being almost constantly aware of them. It is impossible for them to speak without your hearing every word, and one of them can hardly move without your knowing it.

Your first-class billet is mostly a lottery ticket as regards comfort. You are not invariably sure even of a seat. While I was in Paris a friend came in from Cologne. He had a first-class ticket, but until some one got out the only place for him was on a little folding seat in the corridor. True, in France you may assure yourself a seat by having one registered in advance for a fee of a franc. The regulation of the government railroad is that if the seat is booked by telephone, telegram or letter it must be paid for and taken thirty minutes before the train starts. If it is booked personally and the fee paid at the time it must be occupied at least three minutes before starting time, but it is generally impracticable to register a seat except at the train's point of departure; in fact, it is not very often done anywhere.

Whether your compartment is first, second or third class, it is quite sure to be filled with as much hand baggage as it will hold, and everything, from a jewel case to a shoe-box, comes under the designation of hand baggage in Europe. Whatever a cab will carry and a porter can shove through the car window or door is entitled to transportation in the car. The reason, of course, is that the railroads everywhere charge for the checking of all but the smallest trunks, and some of them charge for checking any trunk.

A trunk that would be carried free anywhere in this country cost five dollars and forty cents from Paris to Berlin, four dollars and eighty cents from Berlin to Lucerne, seven dollars from Rome to Paris, and so on, which helps one understand why European trains are heaped with luggage. Of course the railroads there derive no profit from their baggage charges, so far as native travel is concerned, for the native traveler with a hundred and fifty pounds of baggage would distribute it among several ponderous bags and cases, and pile those up in the passenger car, where it would be carried free. If only native travel were concerned no doubt European roads would soon adopt our more convenient method of hauling baggage free in a separate car, instead of hauling it free in the passenger cars; but those roads catch a considerable number of Americans, who are addicted to the trunk habit, and from whom quite a profit is derived.

I should mention that a solitary traveler on an international sleeping car can avoid the unpleasantness of sharing his box with a stranger by taking the whole compartment. "As a general rule," says the company's book of information, "a passenger desiring the exclusive use of a two-berth compartment must pay for two railroad tickets and two sleeping-car tickets." There are certain exceptions, applying only to first-class passengers. On the North Express, for example, one may have exclusive use of a compartment by paying one sleeping-car fare and a half; on the Paris–Barcelona Express, by paying two sleeping-car fares—in both cases only one railroad fare being required.

The Steep Fares of Southern Europe

THE minimum cost of travel by this de-luxe system, however, is quite high enough for ordinary taste without spending anything extra for mere comfort. Outside of Germany and Austria-Hungary, to ride de luxe you must hold a first-class railroad ticket, and first-class fare is high everywhere in Europe.

Excluding suburban business, first-class fare in the United States probably averages somewhere round two cents and a half a mile—though I do not know of any exact statistics on the subject, as all passenger business is usually lumped together; but over a large part of the most thickly settled portions of the country, which naturally produce the most travel, two cents a mile is the rule.

French railroad fares are based on a sliding scale, according to distance. If you travel five hundred kilometers you pay slightly less for a kilometer than if you travel fifty. For the longer runs it works out a little over three cents and a half a mile for first-class fare and a trifle under two cents and a half for second-class. The Italian schedule is pretty nearly the same. Your first-class fare, then, is about eighty per cent higher than in those regions in the United States where the two-cent rate obtains, and twenty per cent higher than where the three-cent rate prevails. Generally the first-class fare alone comes to decidedly more than our first-class plus Pullman. When you add a sleeping-car tariff two to three times as high as ours you find that de-luxing is a quite expensive luxury; in fact, like some other expensive luxuries over there, it is mainly for foreign consumption.

Of course all this applies to privately owned roads as well as to those owned by the state; in fact, as I mentioned in a former article, the finest train in France is on the state railroad, a new suburban service running twelve miles from Paris to Versailles. The aisle is in the center of

(Continued on Page 65)

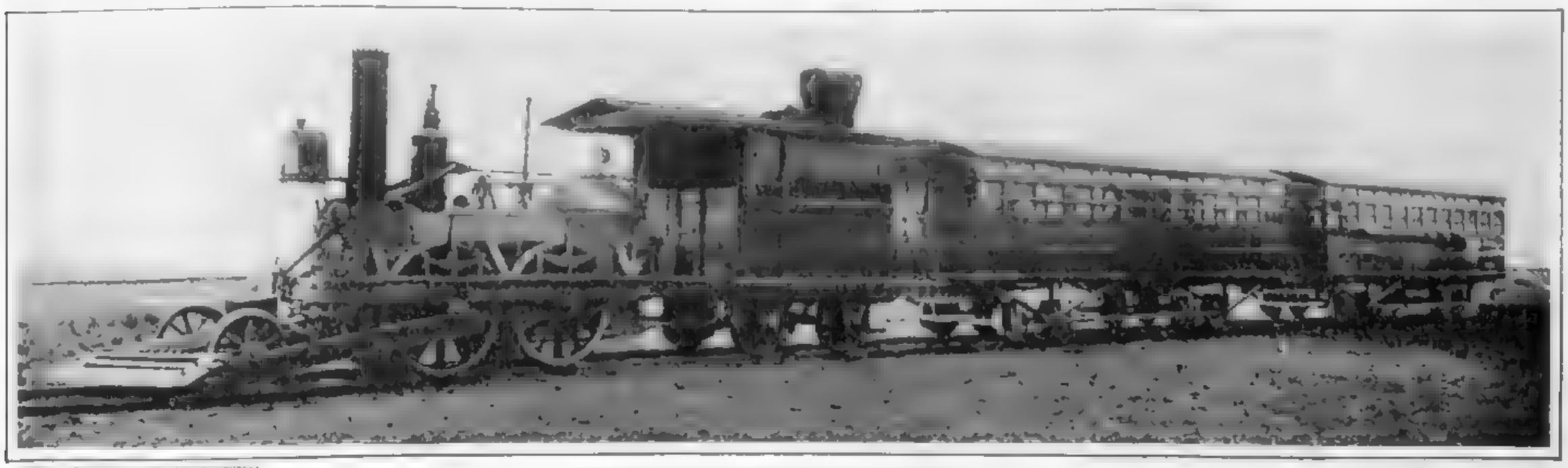


PHOTO BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

The Granddaddy of Our Modern De-Luxe Trains

DISCARDS

By IDA MAY EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Cora Had Been Stunned Into Inaction by the Fight

BY THEIR signs ye may know them. The signs of a staidly flourishing small town of the Middle West are six. First is the tall red standpipe on the hill, which furnishes water to the town. Second is the prominent confirmed bachelor, more or less young, who sits in the real-estate or the insurance office his more hustling father bequeathed him and gives expectation to the town. Third is the leading druggist, who waxes fat under perennial suspicion of owning the most prosperous blind tiger between Kentucky and South Clark Street, Chicago. Fourth is the smart young wife of the leading merchant—he is not so young—who sends to Kansas City for flowers and a four-piece orchestra for her affairs.

At these affairs—which, calling on Bertha M. Clay's word-palette for aid, can be described only by that verbal ocher, recherché—the brightest ornament is the prominent bachelor. And there is always an indefatigable rumor that if this gentleman had cared to interfere the leading merchant would not now be host at the recherché affairs. The inner circles of the Ladies' Aid Society expect something to happen yet!

Fifth is the more or less pretty daughter of the leading banker. And sixth is the elderly maiden, who was kept company with for many years by one of the town's promising young men, finally dropped by him like a stale radish, and who since has given the old men and the little children something to talk about until Death—"the great silencer"—claims them for his own.

Rudolph Warner sat in the neat real-estate office his father had bequeathed him and, with corpulent legs languidly crossed, looked out at Main Street. Sixteen of his thirty-five years had been spent with languid crossed legs in a more or less interested survey of that thoroughfare. At present the street and the air above were white snow-sheets and hence not excitable to vision. Boredly Mr. Warner reached for a package of chewing gum on his desk.

With care he was selecting the pinkest fragrant stick when the door was flung open, letting in a slap of cold air and an oldish girl. Rudolph looked up, grunted "How-du-doo?" and went on selecting gum.

And by that slighting reception Cora Kaley's slight social position in Jannsville was defined—for, had it been Louise Brown, the plump blonde daughter of Brown, of the City National, Mr. Warner would have dropped the gum, uncrossed his corpulent legs in a twinkling and sprung up to brush the snow from Louise's brown plush-and-beaver coat—and this in spite of a faint distaste for Miss Brown's frequent incursions to his business quarters.

Bets had been on in Jannsville for several years as to whether Louise would land Rudolph. And Jannsville rather reproached him. Louise was a nice girl and almost pretty. A trifle overweight, perhaps, and more than a trifle egotistic. But do you expect a wife to have no drawbacks at all? Yet, in the moment of reproach, Jannsville felt a pride in harboring so fastidious a male.

And if it had been Mrs. James Todd, the clever young wife of Todd, of the Leading Drygoods and Ladies' Cloaks and Suits, Rudolph Warner would have scrambled up in half a twinkling, pulled off her sealskin coat and hung it on the radiator to dry, and urged the whole package of gum on her. When Mrs. Todd had been Lill Connors at the high school the odds had not been in favor of Louise. It was pretty generally known that James Todd would have had hard sailing had not Lill been piqued by Rudolph's dilatoriness.

The town blamed him severely. Lill was a nice girl and as pretty as pink plum jelly—a bit malicious of tongue and laugh, perhaps; but there are worse faults. And, though James Todd made an excellent husband, being hard hit by the income tax and more than willing that the Weekly Democrat should have frequent occasion to accuse his wife of recherchéness—two virtues not often found in the same husband—Jannsville was sympathetic to Lill.

But Cora Kaley—poor, poor Corry! No one expected Rudy Warner or anybody else to spring gallantly up at her entrance. When Kel Holmsted, four years before, left Jannsville and her, she had forfeited all claim to Jannsville's respect. Six years had Kel kept company with her—taken her to parties and the dances at the armory; eaten supper every Sunday evening with her and her mother. Then, when lengthened time made marriage expected imminently by Cora, her mother and the town, Kel discovered that Jannsville offered only middling prospects to a young man of his caliber. The best held out so far was the sociably pleasant but not lucrative clerkship in Meck's Cigar Store.

Most people did not consider Kel much, in spite of silky yellow hair and a handsome white forehead. His father was an unprosperous blacksmith; his mother was notorious for her ragged dishtowels. With such antecedents Kel was thought lucky to get a nice, steady, capable girl like Cora, who, besides entertaining him in the six years, had worked a steady way from the rural school to Jannsville's first grade; then to its third; then to penmanship instructor of all its grades. At least Jannsville thought him lucky—until he made it plain that he did not want her.

And immediately Jannsville knew that it had known all along that Cora was poor stuff. And my! she looked lots older than twenty-four! Jannsville hastily hunted dates for comparison and counted back. Her father had been dead nine years. Was she only fifteen then? Yes. Her mother had stretched the insurance money until Corry was old enough to teach. Well, anyway, she looked older. Kel lingeringly kissed her when he left and made her promise to write to him real often. Kel was good-natured.

Jannsville waited eagerly. Bets in Meck's Cigar Store and opinions in the church parlors were ten to three that Kel Holmsted would run out of postage stamps, so far as Cora Kaley was concerned, before six months went by.

A week after he left, the white-goateed postmaster reported one postcard. It said that a letter would come later; he was tired traveling on the train—excuse lead-pencil. Nine days later came a letter. Cora did not open it while the mailman was at the gate.

Well, Jannsville, whatever its failings, had perspicacity. A few bets were too extravagant, a few opinions too far-fetched; but at the end of eight months Uncle Sam's mail service was not burdened by any missives for Miss Cora Kaley. The last that came was a tinseled view of Butte, Montana. It hoped that Corry and all were well. He himself was enjoying good health. So-long!

Jannsville laughed dryly—in cigar store and in church parlor. Jannsville did not know as it blamed Kel. Maybe she had been sort of pretty six years back—for folks who like that white-skinned, sharp-chinned style. Once, in the gushy romanticism of the third year of high school, Kel, in a composition, had described her: "Hair like melting ebony, eyes the soft gray of dusk, and cheeks of winsome apple-blossom pink—too pale for red, too colorful for white." Every one giggled at the reference and reported it to Cora when she came home the next Friday night from the country school she was teaching at the time.

When Kel left every one noticed that her nose was as sharp as her chin, and each cheek was separated from her mouth by a temperish furrow—signposts of crankiness and old-maidhood. And her expression was strained—as though only a strong will held back spleenful outbursts. Jannsville parents remembered how often in the past their offspring had complained that Miss Kaley was a cross old thing, always making scholars write their letters over.

Scorn is a freak weed. You never know when a big crop has grown to mature leafage under the surface of daily mentionings, ready to fling forth widespreading verdure whenever that dry surface is raked by an untoward happening. Cora held her head high; but every one saw that she was soured and cranky and getting old.

And young Jannsville despised her, even though it labored under her instruction; but, though it despised her, it sniveled, rubbed, whimpered, erased and made its m's and o's as painstakingly perfect as grubby, toiling young fingers could make them. Miss Kaley did not coax the young idea to shoot. She tweaked its ears. Mean old thing!

Young Jannsville was glad "her feller run off and wouldn't marry her! Who blamed him? Gosh! She never would believe a feller couldn't help gittin' inkstains all over his copybook!" And young Jannsville often yelled these sentiments after Miss Kaley on the street—whenever an adjacent alley furnished a chance to duck out of sight before her gray eyes got the identity of the yeller.

Older Jannsville said resentfully that she need not take her spite out on poor little innocent children, and suggested a change in penmanship instructor. The school board talked it over. Professor Blayne, who had been superintendent for eighteen years, pulled at his graying mustache, scratched his graying head with an impatient green pencil, and dryly advised that she be retained. She was competent. He and the board had been pestered by several incompetents before her.

The board was accustomed to take his advice. And old Mrs. Graham, with whom the professor had boarded those eighteen years, chirped broadcast that he said he had never yet heard of a child dying of a tweaked ear. So Jannsville laughed and good-humoredly decided that, since Corry had to support her mother, it would be a shame to take the position away from her.

Poor Corry!—they laughed it again; for Kel, meeting itinerant fellow townsmen, gave them to understand that he would never be back. Tell Cora she was perfectly free so far as he was concerned; and Kel grinned while he said it, and added immediately that Corry was a good girl and a nice girl ——

"Nice old girl!" one fellow townsman had insinuated merrily.

Kel admitted that she was getting along in years. Seven or eight years and eighteen do not make twenty. Kel kindly hoped, though, that she would marry some all-right chap. As for him, he did not care to settle. And he winked at the fellow townsman, who winked back; and then they had a drink together on the foolishness of old girls anyway.

So, bearing all this in mind, it would have been foolish to expect Mr. Warner to hop gallantly up and whisk the snow from Miss Kaley's black cloth coat and small black felt hat. He merely looked up for her to state her business, which she did with concise brevity. She and her mother wished to sell the cottage that had been their home so long and she had come to list it with him.

"Leaving town?" uninterestedly asked Rudolph as he noted: "Six rooms; lean-to; cellar; big yard; corner Hill Street and Fourth Avenue—nine hundred dollars."

"Maybe!" briefly watching his languid pencil. A snowflake dropped from her hat and melted on the side of her nose. With a black-gloved hand she irritably wiped it away. "Don't waste time!" impatiently. It was the same curt impatience of voice that was so efficacious in winning the lovely curls of capital S from stiff, uncurling young fingers. "This is January; February, March. School lets out the first of June. I'd like it sold by April."

"Well, we'll do our best," lazily. Rudolph was addicted to the royal we. "But not more than a million people a week are looking to buy in Jannsville, you know!"

Mr. Warner's pleasant smile stamped this as pleasantry such as the ethics of business courtesy entitled even Corry Kaley to. She did not smile appreciation of the merry quip. She looked Mr. Warner over, from his large, smooth-combed brown head to his large brown-leathered feet. Down in the third grade any eight-year-old wielder of the slippery penholder could have told him that such a look meant: "Don't you dare tell me that's the best you can do!" And the third-grader would have warned Mr. Warner to look out or he would get shaken until his chin jabbed a hole in his shirt.

However, Mr. Warner was not of the grades. He closed his notebook, yawned and unwrapped another stick of gum, meantime tossing off politely:

"We'll miss you from our midst, Miss Cora."

"Will you?" Miss Cora's voice was dry. She added as she turned to go: "Mother heard at last week's meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society that the new barber was looking round to buy. You might see him first."

"Why, yes; I will," agreeably. "I hadn't heard; but I dare say he would be thinking of buying. Got quite a family, I believe; and rent mounts up." And Mr. Warner thoughtfully chewed up another crackling pink stick.

"I'll drop in day after to-morrow to see what you've done," said Cora, and got briskly out before the startled Rudolph could tell her that real-estate business was not transacted with such tempestuousness.

"Huh!" he grunted displeasedly. "Does she think I'm a whirligig?"

His displeasure was cut short, however. Mrs. James Todd fluffed in, snowed-on, gay-eyed and breathless. She had passed Cora on the pavement, and the two had exchanged the casual nods of women who came up from first grade together, but for several years have seen each other only on Main Street and at church.

"Oo-ooh!" she shivered.

Rudolph sprang up so speedfully that his gum slipped from tongue tip to throat and he had to pause to cough it up. Then, with his bare hands, he whisked the snow from Mrs. Todd's sealskin coat.

"Why don't you stay home, where it is warm?" he solicitously demanded.

"I came down to see you!" declared she; but it was not an affectionate declaration. It smacked of belligerency, and she took a chair with the air of a lady prepared for argument. Mr. Warner sank back in his own swivel leather comfort and chewed gum industriously—one might almost think uneasily. "I want to know!"

Mr. Warner rudely interrupted:

"If you want to know who's going to lead the grand march of the dance given next week by the Civic Beauty Club for that darned old gladiolus bed in the public square—why, I can tell you right at the start. It won't be me!"

"It will! You've got to! Why won't you?"

As the angry sentences hurtled at him Rudolph Warner visibly cringed; but he defiantly repeated: "I won't!"

"You shall! Please, Rudy!" Mrs. Todd entreated. "No one looks so scrumptious as you at the head, especially the last few years."

Her eyes, beautifully big and brown, twinkled as they entreated.

Rudy stiffened. During the last few years he had taken on considerable flesh. He was not obtuse and he did not ascribe that twinkle to admiration of his manly form. Lill had a mean habit of making fun of folks to their faces, which was one reason, though nobody but Rudolph knew it, that she was Lill Todd and not Mrs. Warner.

"I won't!" flatly. "For fifteen years I've led every doggoned grand march in this doggoned town. And I've struck! It's ——"

"You lazy —— "

"I'm getting old and fat," imperturbably. "And Carl Lowry is de-lighted to take my place. I've spoken to him and it's all fixed up, my dear girl."

Lill regarded him sulkily. To her and Jannsville the chief event of every year was the midwinter dance. She—and others—began in July to plan a gown for it. James Todd—and others—got pop-eyes every New Year at the mighty price tag one frail gown can carry. For months before and weeks afterward Mrs. Todd, as manageress, moved in a glamorous atmosphere of authority and style. She took a slam at the dance as personal.

"Carl Lowry," coldly, "couldn't lead his grandmother in out of the rain!"

"He took four tango lessons in Kansas City last week," insinuatingly.

She brightened.

"Did he? I must get him to teach me! But," this spitefully, "won't Louise rave when she learns her embroidered gold crêpe ——"

"She needn't," generously; "Louise goes with the lead."

Mrs. Todd laughed unkindly, considering that she and Miss Brown were dear friends.

"She's a nice girl," reproachfully; "and a sweet girl."

"Too nice for me, I sometimes fear," amiably. "And"—Mr. Warner hesitated; but there were passages in the past that made for confidence between Mrs. Todd and himself—"as sweet as a fat apple dumpling."

"Shame on you!" Lill reproached; but she laughed. "If she'd lift those fat heels when she walks instead of sliding 'em along!" Anxiously: "But you'll be in the march? Please! I want it to be a howling success this year!"

Rudolph stretched lazily. He had heard her voice that same want many previous years.

"Oh, I'll tag along somewhere," carelessly.

"With whom?" demurely. "If Carl has Louise at the head ——"

"Oh, I don't know—don't care!"

"Ethel Brake?" Lill's eyes were guileless.

"Good Lord, no! Louise would have a fit. She thinks now ——"

Then the most prominent bachelor of Jannsville broke off in confusion, having said eight words more than he cared to say to Mrs. James Todd. Lill's laugh rang.

"My dear man," she caroled, "some day you'll fall off that fence you straddle so carefully. And oh, the bump you'll get!"

It was Mr. Warner's turn to sulk.

"Anyway, dances are a doggoned bore," he grumped; "and I wish folks with nothing to think about but clothes and places to show their clothes would give the town a rest for a while."

Lill huffily quit laughing.

"Well," tartly, "whom will you take? I don't know who's left, except"—she laughed, recalling whom she had met on the pavement—"Corry Kaley."

"Maybe I'll take her!" sulkily. "Wouldn't she be surprised—and tickled?" Conceit plastered his sulks.

"She might turn you down!" carelessly.

Mr. Warner laughed.

"He's Grumpy Because You Cut Him Out With Corry Kaley!"

"No one ever yet refused me," he puffed, and looked straight at Mrs. Todd. She would remind him he was fat, would she?

Lill's under lip drew up contemptuously against its mate. That complacency of conceit was one strong reason, though no one but herself knew it, that she was Mrs. James Todd and not Lill Warner. She looked straight at him.

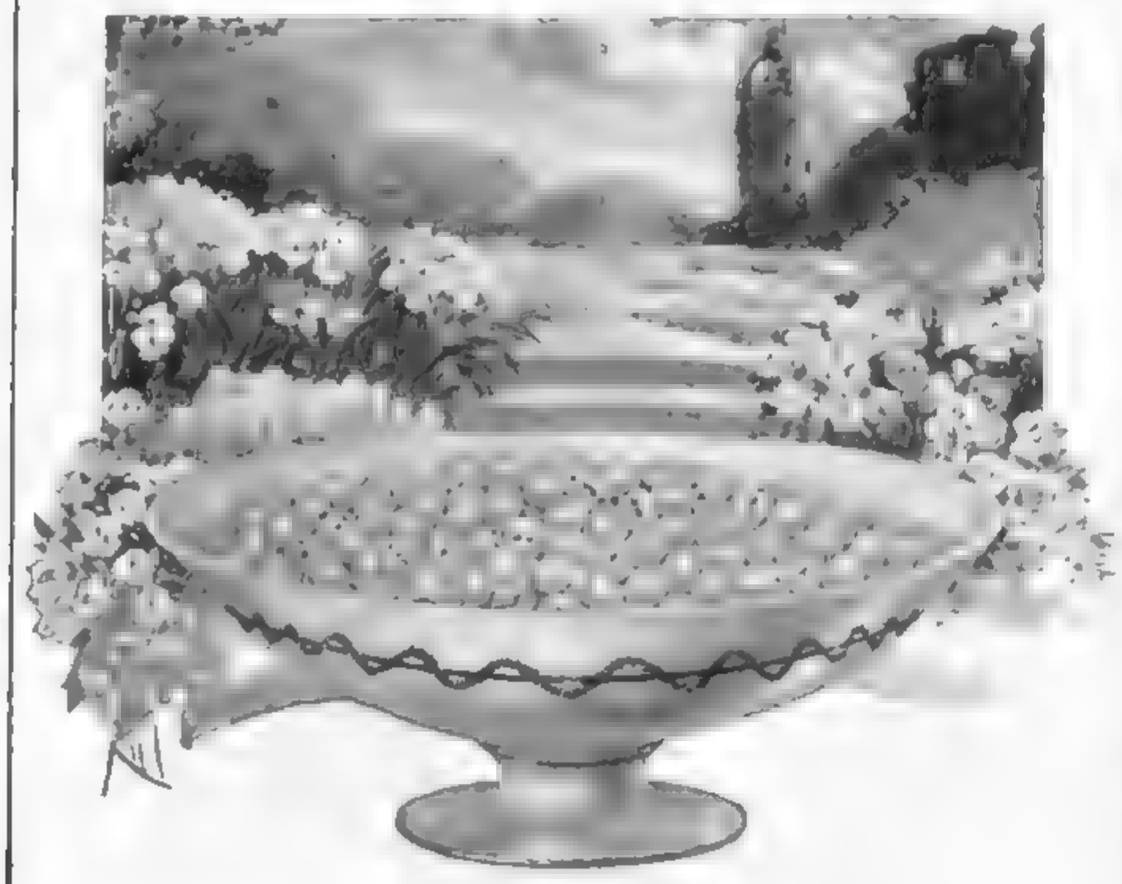
"There is something in being careful not to give folks a chance to refuse you," she retorted sweetly. And as she left she reflected: "I must say I prefer James to him!"

"Must say I prefer Louise to her!" reflected Mr. Warner comfortably.

And then he rejoiced in that clever idea of using Corry Kaley to glaze a rasping social predicament. Good! He had not known his own brightness! From now on he would make a point of gallantry to the ineligibles of Jannsville femininity. Next time he would take Miss Addicks, the rheumatic, wrinkled dressmaker. Louise could not say a word! Ethel could not say a word! Lill could not say a word!

And so a week afterward, while Jannsville suppressed a smile, Corry Kaley stepped by his side in the grand march parade. But since she was only Corry Kaley—a pitied bit of discard—there was no prelude of gallant flummeries such as are usual at such times. Had she been Louise, Mr. Warner would have engaged the livery stable's best hack two weeks beforehand, and would have seen that its cushions were dusted clean and its wheels washed spotless for Miss Brown's gold crêpe gown to make the journey of three blocks that lay between the Brown mansion and the armory. Likewise with Ethel—except that he might have passed up the wheel inspection. And had it been Lill, he would have sprinted to speak first for the town livery's treasure of treasures, a second-hand taxicab. Lill was not too backward to scream outright that she wouldn't put a

In Spite of the Overture You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop at That End of the Armory



The Meeting Place in Summertime

Is Around a Dish of Puffed Grains

Every morning, countless families are now meeting around a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Some eat them with cream and sugar—some mix them with their fruit.

Every evening, legions again meet around Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk. At suppertime or bedtime these dainty morsels form an ideal good-night dish.

At noontime, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice form the welcome luncheon. At dinner, they are scattered like nut meats over the ice cream. In the afternoon, girls use them in candy making, and hungry boys when at play eat the grains like peanuts.

The millions who do this know the utmost in a cereal-food delight.

The Perfect Foods

Prof. Anderson, in these puffed grains, has created the perfect foods. Here, for the first time, all the food granules are broken. Digestion can instantly act.

Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions. And the airy morsels which result are the best-cooked foods in existence.

They are foods for any hour. They never tax the stomach. And every atom of food value has been made available. No other method has ever created such ideal foods as these puffed grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

In the hot days coming—when you want to save cooking—when you want cool foods, easy to digest—serve a wealth of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Serve them as breakfast cereals, as dairy dishes. And use them like confections, for the taste is like toasted nuts.

Each puffed grain has a different flavor. But each is crisp and bubble-like and thin. Each is a dainty which everyone enjoys. Each marks the limit in good food.

Serve them both. Order a package of each from your grocer, then let the children vote on which they like best.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

delicate white charmeuse satin train in a dirty seedy hack for any man! But Cora herself ——

Rudolph waited until the night of the dance, until the dance was in full swing, until couples were already taking their places for the grand march, before he sought Cora in that end of the armory which was roped off for the mere spectators—the *hoi polloi*, as Mrs. James Todd termed them in her high-geared moments.

Hart Lowry, only child of the leading druggist, was more tolerant. He was a tall-boned youth, with eyes like pale gobs of faded blue calcimine, whose gaudy neckties and gaudier footgear made up for Jannsville's lack of an art gallery. Jannsville knew very well that the profits of less necessary stuff than drugs procured that costly gaudiness; but art is art, whatever its source, and only a few spiteful folks discussed grand jury action.

Hart had once read a volume of Balzac clear through; and he held that the bourgeois had a right to live. "You gotta have different classes," he rebuked Lill, "or there wouldn't be no such thing as society at all!"

To which Mrs. Todd sniffed that she s'posed so; but she wouldn't dance on the same floor with any barber on earth!

Cora was sitting with her mother and old Mrs. Graham, who had given her boarders a four-o'clock supper in order that she might have plenty of time to squeeze into her black etamine. Almost all Jannsville was grouped round. Miss Addicks in cracked, green taffeta; her apprentice scared in white lawn. Farther away the barber was stiff and tongue-tied in brown cheviot and brown piqué gloves; his wife, in light gray pongee, overskirted with shadow lace, tapped longing toes to the music.

The Baptist preacher was not there. He was at home writing a sermon on the seductiveness of modern society; but Professor Blayne was there, in his Sunday shiny black broadcloth, with his graying hair rumpled up because he had just run angry fingers through it when old man Haydy, beside him, got personal over the impersonal sins of the Republican party.

Rudolph made his leisurely way through the groups, nodding pleasantly at wrinkled Miss Addicks, who fluttered at the honor; apologized for treading on Professor Blayne's wide black toes in an awkward effort to avoid knocking Mrs. Graham's wide black-etamined knees, sat down beside Cora and remarked genially that he thought a deal was in process of making, and by the way, was there a cistern?

Cora broke off in a terse sentence to old Mrs. Graham concerning the absolute unregeneration of Louise Brown's fourteen-year-old brother.

"Cistern? Oh!—our cottage? Yes—cement-lined."

"That's good," said Rudolph. And then, after a fling at the weather, another smile at Miss Addicks, a good evening to Cora's mother and another to Mrs. Graham, and a friendly nod to Professor Blayne, he carelessly and casually asked whether he might have the pleasure of Miss Cora's company in the march just forming, unless she were already engaged.

In spite of the booming overture you could have heard a pin drop at that end of the armory. Cora had half turned back to continue her conversation with Mrs. Graham. She jerked round in open-mouthed amazement. Her mother jumped. Except by a very natural temperishness, Cora had never betrayed that she writhed over Kel's defection; but her mother had never attempted to disguise her maternal shame.

Such defection is hard on a mother in a town where society and marriage call for Roman script. Was it possible that Corry might again be kept company with? You could hear motherly hope in her excited breathing. Professor Blayne quit talking and looked mildly amused. Under his graying mustache there seemed to hover a congratulatory smile.

Old Man Haydy leaned forward to hear again what he had heard but could not believe he had heard. In his old peaked face was the light of avid curiosity.

Cora murmured "No"; but her mother gave her a push, and so did old Mrs. Graham. She stood up. Perhaps in that curious, eager, hoping atmosphere she judged it easier to accept than to refuse the careless, casual invitation. She partly turned, as though in apology to some one of the group, or as though for permission. Her mother beamed it; old Haydy beamed; Miss Addicks beamed; Professor Blayne beamed; old Mrs. Graham beamed. A fine, faint pink came over her sharp-featured white face, softening her—making her younger, Rudolph Warner afterward remembered. Or was it the proximity of wrinkled, yellow Miss Addicks that rubbed off some of her years?

And he afterward remembered that she had had on a very becoming dress.

Through the *hoi polloi* of spectators and down the grand march, which was to Jannsville as the golden chariot races were to Rome in its prime, twittered amused comments; but the twitter was not hysterical. Every one—except perhaps Cora's mother—knew that Rudy did not mean anything. Every one, though, knew it in a different way.

Cora knew—then and afterward—that a careless casual bit of courtesy had been interpolated in a business chat. Louise knew that Rudy did not care for any partner but her own sweet self. Cora was nobody! Ethel Brake pettishly knew that he had altogether misconstrued her meaning when in a thoughtless moment she had wished that grand marches could be left out. She hated them.

Mrs. James Todd knew that he was reminding her of the nasty dig that he had given her the other day. "Conceited thing!" she sniffed; and at home that night she kissed Mr. Todd so tenderly that a neurologist might have wondered whether regret, pique or self-reassurance of fidelity prompted the affectionate tribute.

Mr. Warner attached no significance to the event except as an item to be related

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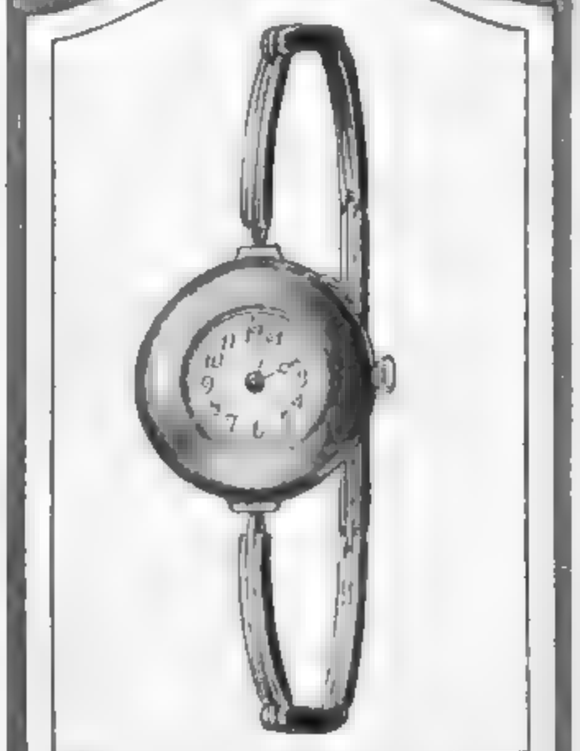

grinningly over the breakfast table the next morning to his mother. And there would have been no significance attached by any one—except perhaps Cora's mother—had not Lill Todd a week later been hard pressed to fill out the five pages of correspondence that friendship with a married schoolmate in Kansas City exacted from her monthly.

Like most talkative people, Lill loathed letter writing. She groaned at the labor of remembering interesting items and jotted them down in hodgepodge connection. And so, merely to start a page, she mentioned that Rudy had Corry Kaley as partner in the grand march of the midwinter dance.

Jenny, the married schoolmate, remembered Cora as a pretty, self-contained girl—not as discard. She knew that Rudy Warner always led the grand march. She interpreted the news as significant, and passed it on with her interpretation. And so in less than two months, through the mouths and pens of five or six more or less interpretative people, it finally reached Kel Holmsted, who had wandered far and wide without locating the prospects that Jannsville had not offered.

Kel was surprised. He had always pictured Corry as patiently teaching school and waiting until he should return—which he had no intention of ever doing. Why, Corry was old! She had been old when he left! Well! Well!

Now it happened that when Kel heard the news he had been homesick for some time—if a lazy, catfish, forlorn feeling is entitled to insult that decent, sad word. And for some time he had rather resented the fact that Cora Kaley, so to speak, kept him from going home. He had wished that she would move away so he might return. He took the news of her engagement to Rudy as a glad removal of a barrier.

And—by jingo!—Corry had done well for herself! Kel had always trailed along in the pale orbit of conquest that lay outside Rudy's glowing center; and, despite a very fair opinion of his own desirability, he knew that, matrimonially considered, Mr. Warner outclassed him as Jannsville's one taxicab outwheeled its hack. Corry was a lucky girl, by George! He would congratulate her! He wondered, though, what Rudy saw in her. She had been sort of pretty years ago, before she got thin and oldish; but no style—not a mite! Maybe, though, she had perked up. Well, anyway, he would go back; and he bought a ticket and started.

Helena, Montana, where Kel happened to be when he bought his ticket, is a long journey from Jannsville. So many days on a train gives you time for thought doubled-over, crisscross, labyrinthic thought. Kel's mind traveled the usual backing, circling, winding paths pursued by a certain grade of masculine mind when it learns that the fruit it threw away as specked or vapid has been picked up by a connoisseur and adjudged of rare delicacy.

The first day, Kel framed congratulations to Corry. The second, he wondered, with mirth, how she had landed Rudy. The third, he wondered—without mirth. The fourth, his mouth curled cynically. And all this time he had been under a delusion that she cared for himself! He had even felt sorry for her. Huh! Guess no man need waste pity on a woman! What fickle things women are!

On the fifth day Kel Holmsted wrapped himself in aggrievement, like an abandoned orphan. And this was the tenor of his thought: Oh, faithfulness! How art thou departed from this earth!

The sixth—why, certainly! He was the injured party—had been all these years! She wrote only two letters in reply to that last postcard, and a girl who thought anything of a man would have feared that those two might have miscarried and she would have written to find out whether he got them. What good coconut-cream pie her mother used to make every Sunday! Kel's mouth watered. Montana—the part he knew—was as shy of good pie as of coconut trees.

On the seventh day, however, Kel nobly and sadly decided not to interfere unless his feelings overmastered him at sight of the guilty pair. Under the nobility of resolution lay a fear that his feelings would be unmanageable.

Meantime Rudolph had not sold the Kaley cottage. He was out of town a week or so, at home with a cold a week, out of town again for a few days. On his return he found a curt note. What had he done?

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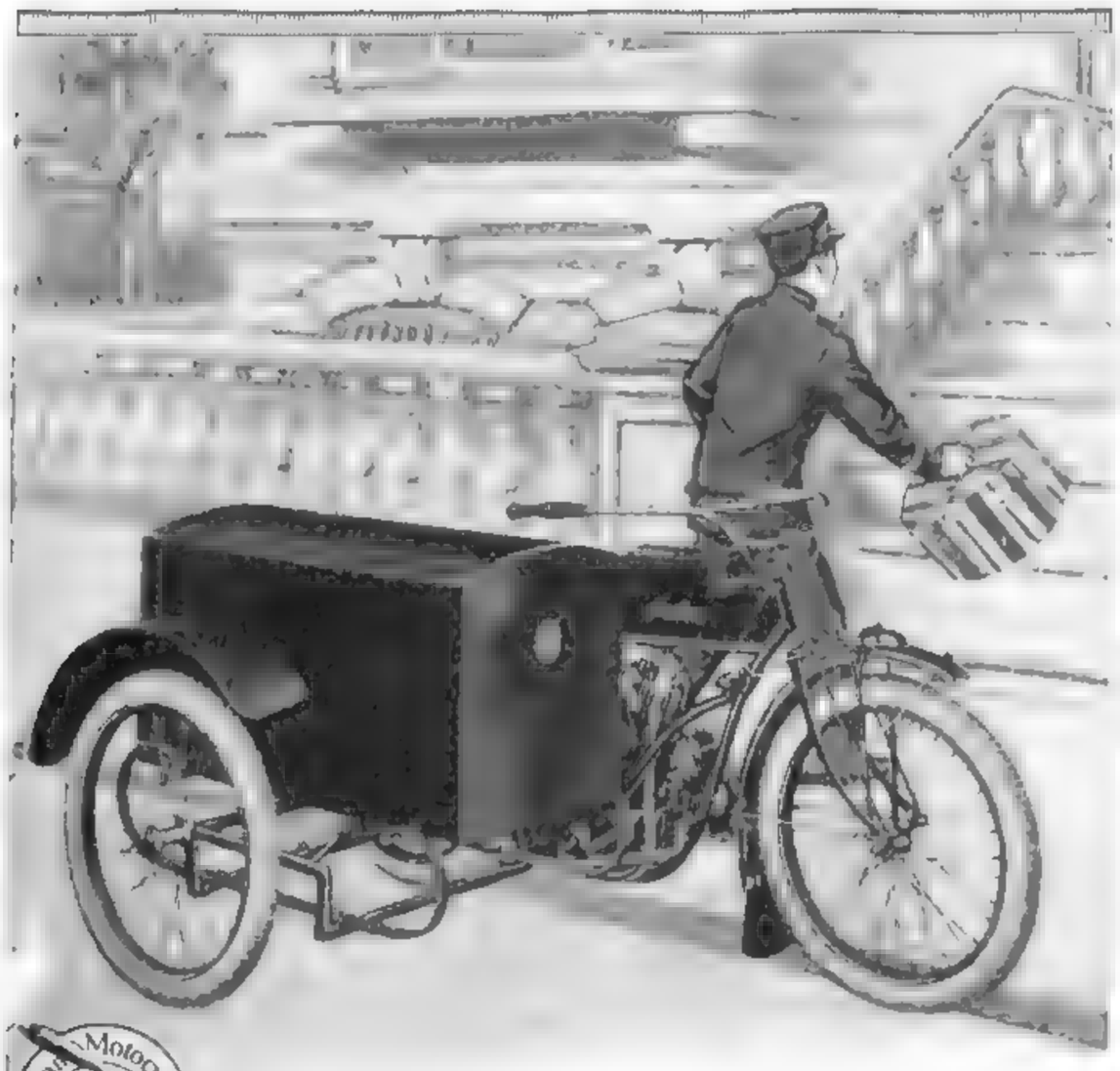

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THE SILENT INDIAN

Rather irritated, on his way home to dinner that evening he stopped to tell Cora that the barber did not think cement-lined cisterns were healthful. Back in Ohio he had been raised with a slime-lined one—and good old-fashioned things were good enough for him.

Cora's mother opened the door. She fluttered obviously at Mr. Warner's appearance. Effusively she showed him into the small parlor, where Cora was correcting school papers, and then almost tripped in her obvious haste to get out of the room and not intrude on her daughter's prospects.

Mr. Warner stared a little at Cora. Somehow she was not the same as the prim, hurrying, black-garbed woman he knew elsewhere. She had on a loose white house dress, and at the moment of his entrance she had lazily stretched her arms up back of her head. The relaxed attitude or the soft dress made her seem younger and softer-featured. And he was positive she was smiling as he came in—a soft, happy, perky smile—with her eyes fixed on the school papers, which surely were nothing to smile at. Then her arms fell down; she rose, and somehow, though he could not remember the exact moment of the transformation, she had all at once become the oldish woman with whom he was familiar.

Her first words were ill-tempered:

"Idiot!" For a second Rudy Warner actually thought she meant him instead of the barber. Then she demanded: "Well, have you any one else in view? It is an excellent little house," with an appraising glance round the room; "and if I weren't leaving town it wouldn't go so cheaply."

He said he had not heard of any one who was thinking of buying. Cora Kaley looked at him. The look snapped:

"Why haven't you?"

Rudolph drew himself up offendedly. Good gracious! The woman evidently thought he ought to run his legs off to sell her dinky nine-hundred-dollar house! He guessed he would tell her he did not care to bother ——

"Of course, if it is too much bother," she cut in unpleasantly, "I'll list it with Elliot."

Rudolph Warner was not thin-skinned, at least where such as Cora were concerned; but a pachyderm would have felt the sting of her tone. That tone had been spiraled and pointed on every small bad boy in Jannsville, and it knew just how to wriggle a hurting way under a fellow's hide.

Mr. Warner blinked. Was she calling him lazy? Mr. Warner said warmly:

"It takes time to sell property, my dear Miss Kaley. Handling real estate is not like—like"—he grabbed at a rebukeful simile—"teaching children their A B C's." That was designed to put her in her place.

Designs gang oft agley. Miss Kaley did not seem to be put any place. She shrugged her thin shoulders—rather, she jerked them. Rudolph had never seen a mere shrug so aquiver with rudeness and skepticism. If he had not been Rudolph Warner he would have reddened. As it was he felt a distinct heat wave travel that line of his neck pressed by the top of his low collar. He had worn low collars for two years—high ones hurt.

"I am doing my best!" he snapped. "Jannsville is not a booming town ——"

"Far from it!" resignedly.

Mr. Warner, being a leading representative of the town, was angered by that. Of course it was not much of a town. He had enlivened many dull hours in his office chair by calling it unnice names; but Cora Kaley should not cavil! She belonged to that class of earth whose rightful heritage is boomlessness—not that his distinction between himself and her lay clearly defined in his mind, but the gist of it swelled his sluggish thought centers.

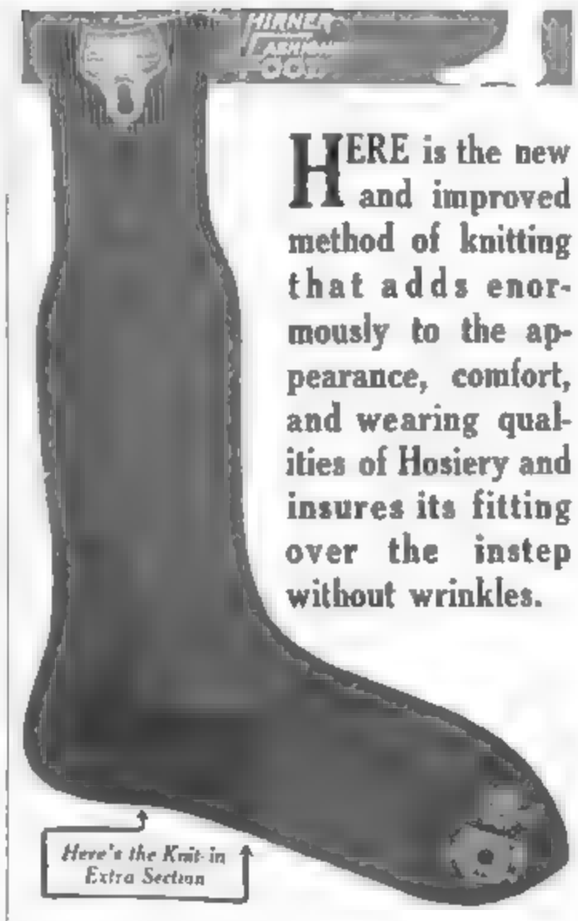
"Oh, there might be worse!" he retorted.

"There might!" she agreed. Doubt enameled the agreeing.

"You may miss the town when you get away," he told her. "It is hard to pull up stakes when you've lived in a place all your life." He spoke as one who had clung to dear old associations at the cost of soul-rucking ambition.

Cora Kaley looked at him exasperatedly. When she looked at a youngster that way it cringed and hastened to whimper: "Honest! I didn't ——" And Rudolph Warner cringed under the look. He sensed a verbal tweaking.

"Sometimes stakes rot and fall down of themselves," she tartly flung at him. "I guess I won't pine and die away from Jannsville!" Somehow all the bitter, aching, temperish resentment of the past years was flung out naked by the two tart sentences.



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You can probably find Hirner Fashioned-Foot Hosiery at your dealer's. If not, don't accept anything else. Write us, giving his name, and we will tell you where you can get it, and send you our illustrated book "Making Hosiery Wear." Please address:

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To the Trade:
The "Hirner Fashioned Foot" has already been adopted by a number of prominent manufacturers, and added to their regular brands, in various grades. Your jobber can supply you.

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Rudolph wriggled. Really it was not decent parading her misery like that. What if she was soured? It was not respectable to tell every one! He edged toward the door. First thing he knew, she would be edging toward him for sympathy. It was a relief to him that Professor Blayne should step in at that moment, with a hasty: "Got those test papers corrected yet?"

"Try to do something next month," she called crossly after him.

"Won't if I don't feel like it," Mr. Warner childishly muttered to himself out on the sidewalk. "She's more domineering than Lill!" Which, though Mr. Warner did not realize it, showed that Cora had risen considerably in his estimation. Never before had she been compared so honorably by him or any one else.

He did not do anything that month reason: Nothing to do; so he coldly told Miss Kaley some five times, when she waylaid him at his office or on Main Street. Jannsville was no more inclined to buy a cottage than to finance an expedition to the South Pole. Then he spent eight days in St. Louis.

The afternoon of his return Mrs. Todd met him in front of her husband's store. She was giggling. Her pretty eyes were aglow. Her face crinkled impishly. He laid her bubbling gayety to her new spring attire—a brilliant green broadcloth so low-necked that Jannsville had expected for a week to hear she had pneumonia and was ready to say it served her right. He learned that her gayety was not self-inspired.

"Have you heard?" she giggled. "Kel got back two days ago!"

"Kel Holmsted?" uninterestedly. "Fizzled out there?"

"Oh, I don't know; guess so," as though that were of no importance. "But what do you think? He's grumpy because you cut him out with Corry Kaley!"

And Lill's laugh rang out in so earsplitting a cascade of glee that several chronic Main Streeters looked round and thought to themselves:

"There's those two together again! Jim Todd better watch out! Something'll happen yet."

Rudy stared uncomprehendingly at her.

"What in Sam Hill are you talking about?"

"He heard about the grand march and thinks you and Corry are engaged."

Again her thrill of mirth sent scandal down Main Street. Rudolph took the news as dumfoundedly as a hungry laborer would take a live chicken from his dinner pail instead of the expected hard-boiled egg.

"What!" And then he laughed so hard and long that the chronic Main Streeters edged up in a body to hear what it was about. And this is what they heard, as soon as Rudy could control his mirth enough to articulate: "Well, what kick's he got coming anyway? Staying away all these years! Did he expect to find her ready to be picked up any time he came back?"

Two Main Streeters hurried over to the drug store to tell old Mr. Lowry, who chuckled it to Hart, who ran over to snicker it to Meck, who told Kel when he came into the cigar store an hour later. Kel heard it injuredly, but nobly.

"I know I had no right to expect her to be faithful. I didn't expect her to. I know," bitterly, "what women are. I sent back word that she was to consider herself absolutely free." He reached into the case for a stogy. "I had no prospects." His martyr-sad voice gave the impression that only manliness held back the tears. Broken-heartedly he walked out, forgetting in his grief to pay for the stogy.

After Lill gigglingly left him Rudolph had gone smilingly on his way, to be buttonholed a few yards farther on by Cora herself, who had seen him and had run across the street to intercept him. He looked at her with amused interest. Was she elated over Kel's return?

And then Mr. Warner got a distinct shock. Either he had never looked closely at her before or Kel's return had transfigured her. The sharpness had left her face. She was actually pretty! Like Lill, she was gay in new spring attire—a bright blue mandarin effect unlike her usual oldish modest garb; but it was not her dress, or the color the March wind had whipped into her face, or the snap in her eyes, that changed her. She had an air of vibrancy, an animation—a pleasant animation that underlay her physical aspect. She seemed on tiptoe with life. She looked happy! Rudolph Warner was disgusted. All for that dub!

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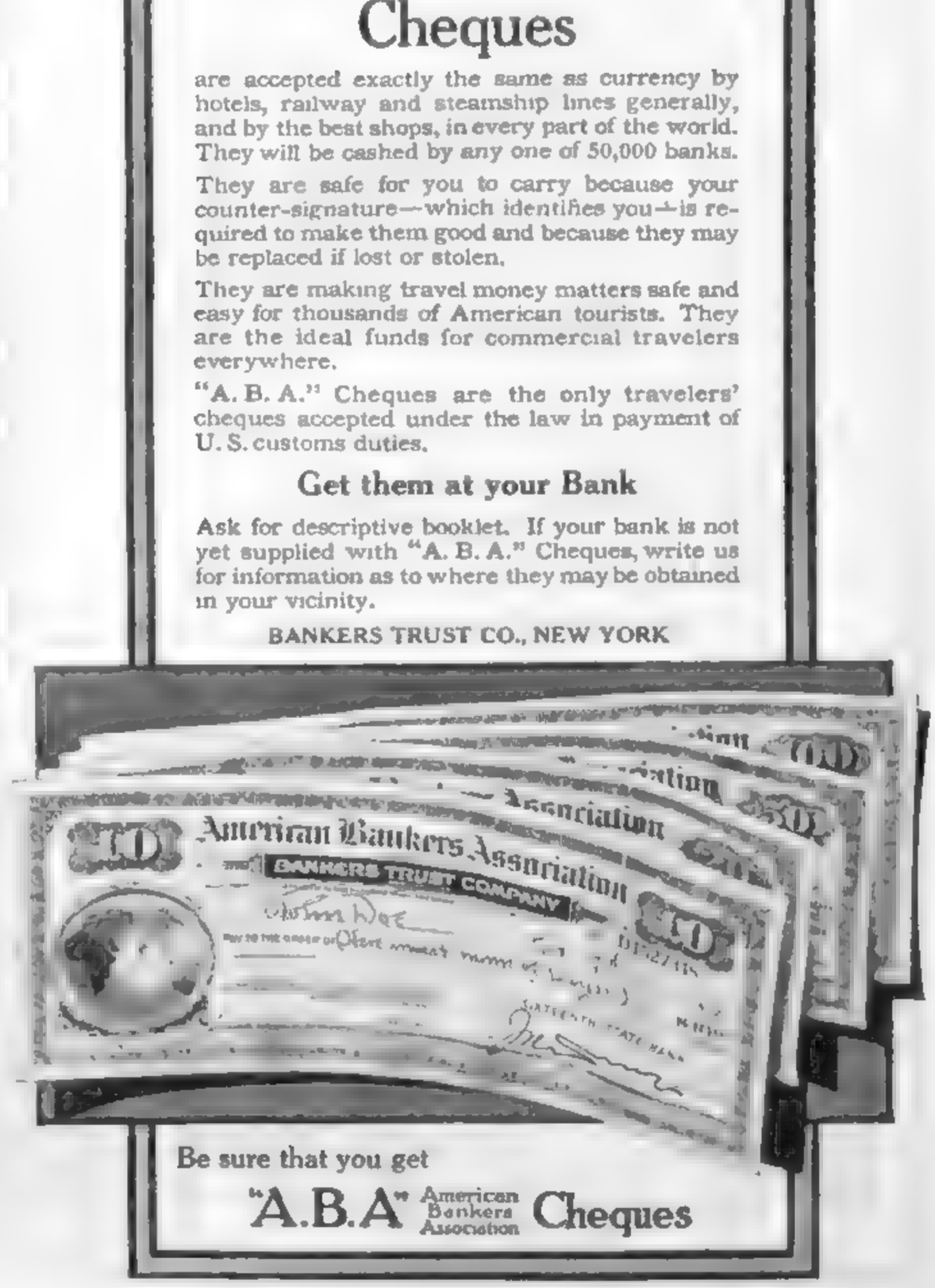

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Our priming charge contains neither mercury nor ground glass. These materials are hard to mix uniformly you can see that. Besides, ground glass is not a good thing to drive rasping along the delicate rifling of your gun. Next, ground glass absorbs 16% of the heat. Our primer materials, being themselves combustible, actually increase the heat of the flame.

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United States Cartridge Company
Dept. S, Lowell, Mass.
Makers of THE BLACK SHELLS

"I heard the barber is still looking," she began, without preamble. "Don't you think you can do something with him?" Entreaty softened her usual tartness of tone. "I told old Mr. Elliot; but it seems the barber cut his chin one day and now they don't speak."

"I don't like that," Rudolph objected—"listing the house with everybody else! Anybody would think you didn't rely on me!"

Kel's return might have charmed Cora into a certain youth and grace; but her temper was only laid away, not discarded.

"Maybe anybody'd think about right!" she snapped. "It seems to me that Jannsville offers a splendid opening for a bright, live man!" And she flounced off.

"I suppose," choked Mr. Warner, "she thinks that addled Kel Holmsted is brighter and more alive than me!"

He stamped to the barber shop. The barber was busy and told him to come back in the evening.

At the supper table that evening Kel's mother asked him rather uneasily whether he had seen Corry yet. She had not heard all that was being bandied about, but she had always felt that Kel was a trifle to blame in his treatment of Cora.

Kel said nonchalantly that he had not. Maybe he would drop round that evening. After all, he argued to himself, Rudy could not object to an ordinary call for old times' sake. He retired to his room and shaved. And if Rudy did object he would tell him a few home truths about treacherous friends. He hoped the fellow would be there.

Supper in the Holmsted home and dinner in the Warner home were served about the same time. Kel finished shaving as Rudy put on his overcoat to go down to the barber shop. The Kaley cottage was between the Warner home and the shop. Rudy came down the street as Kel went up the Kaley steps; and the imp of perversity or spite impelled Rudy to step up those steps right at Kel's heels. He argued that Cora would like to hear that the barber was amenable to reason in the matter of cisterns.

Mrs. Graham was there. She had dropped in to ask Mrs. Kaley for some tomato seed; but she, as well as Mrs. Kaley, knew what was what and they both clattered to the kitchen to be out of the way. And Professor Blayne, who had dropped in to discuss a school matter, beat a quick retreat, his eyes twinkling, a decided smile hovering under his graying mustache; though Cora, her face pink, pressed him to stay.

Evidently she had been expecting one or the other. Rudy assumed that it was Kel. She had on a new low-cut blue silk dress. Kel assumed it was Rudy. She had fluffed her hair high and prettily. "For that duffer!" each mentally exclaimed.

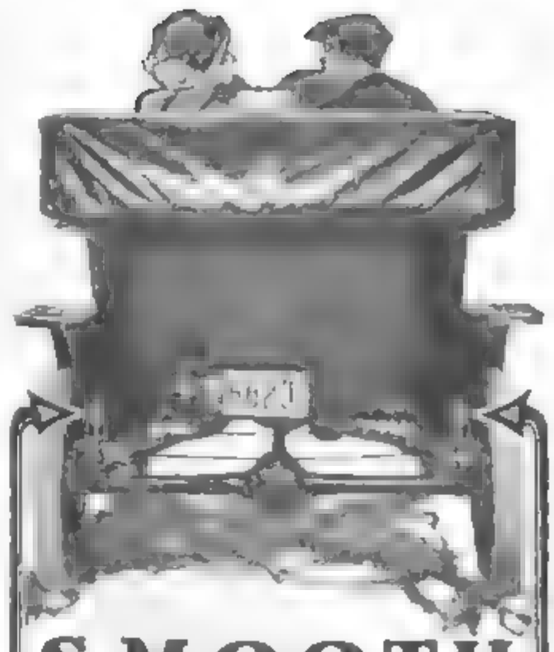
Then from seven-thirty until eleven Kel related the past, present and future of Montana, boring Rudolph, who unsuccessfully tried to interject a synopsis of Jannsville's doings, which bored Kel. At eleven o'clock Cora herself yawned. Each took that yawn to himself and sullenly went home; and each, as he went, sullenly despised her taste. That dub!

Either Professor Blayne or Mrs. Graham spread the news of the double call and its length. Between breakfast and dinner the next day Jannsville buzzed with bets and opinions; and during the ensuing weeks not only Rudy Warner but all the town sat up and took notice that Corry Kaley was no longer the same woman. Somehow, sometime, she had gone back to the self-contained prettiness, the softer features, the kissable pinkiness of her girlhood. Jannsville rubbed its eyes.

Of course it was Kel's return—so most people declared—which had transformed her and caused her to buy gay new clothes that almost outsplashed Lill Todd. It was no such thing, others protested. Rudy Warner was the man. Ever since he asked her to be his partner in that grand march, they now remembered, she had blossomed out like a primrose in the sun.

"I thought she looked terrible sweet that night before he asked her," Miss Addicks said. "I was watching her and thinking it was a shame ——"

Old Mrs. Graham cut in with grim glee: "Well, the shame's biting Kel Holmsted now. They say him and Rudy pretty near came to blows in Meck's Cigar Store the other night. Kel was flinging round hints about two-faced, double-dealing fat scoundrels; and Rudy up and told him the town had worried along without him for a spell and would like to try it again."



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Taking the Bumps is the hardest kind of work. That is why in K-W Road Smoothers are found—*no* cheap castings, but instead—high grade drop forgings, electric smelted chrome Vanadium steel springs, the best of workmanship, and the K-W Quality that makes possible our broad guarantee.

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Some motorists speak disparagingly of graphite. We don't blame them. There are makers of graphite greases who think any graphite is a good lubricant. The fact is, Dixon's selected flake graphite is the only graphite that will not pack or ball up, because this peculiar form of graphite *will not adhere to itself*.

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you will find your car will run more smoothly than ever before, grow constantly quieter and easily travel a mile or more farther per gallon of gasoline. Equally good for motor boats.

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The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company
Jersey City, N. J.

Established in 1827

Cora's mother grew proud, and she was much sought after. In response to pressure she told Miss Addicks and old Mrs. Graham—under the seal of secrecy—that she had heard Kel say one night as she passed the parlor door: "But I had no prospects!" And Cora had laughed: "And have you any now?" And Mrs. Kaley puffed with pride as she repeated what Rudy said the very next night as she was again passing the parlor door: "I don't want to run the chump down behind his back, Corry; but that trifling, sappy, clod-pated booby isn't the man for you! Here for years other men haven't dared to pay you any attention because they supposed you belonged to him!"

Lill did not believe that last. She went to Rudy.

"That old girl ——"

"I believe you and Cora went to school together," Mr. Warner coldly remarked; and then excused himself because the barber was waiting to sign some important papers.

"Well, I'll be ——" Lill was too much of a lady to finish it.

Thoughtfully she made her way to a luncheon given by Ethel Brake, where Cora was the guest of honor. Ethel was surrendering gracefully. Louise had declined to come, however. She was indisposed. After the luncheon Mrs. Todd dropped in to call on Mrs. Holmsted. Kel was at home. Lill laughed at him.

"I don't believe it!" she declared.

"What?" he mumbled, red-faced.

"That you refused to fight Rudy and won't meet him face to face!"

Mrs. Holmsted sputtered:

"Who said so?"

Lill laughed. Kel grabbed his hat.

"He won't say it again!"

Mrs. Holmsted began to cry:

"He'll kill him! Oh, that wicked Cora Kaley!"

Rudy was not in his office. The man next door told Kel that he guessed he had gone down the street. Kel traced him from Meck's Cigar Store to the drugstore, back to the cigar store, to the bank, to the barber shop, up the street that led to the Kaley cottage. And from office, cigar store, bank, drug store, barber shop and street, Jannsvillers trailed after him excitedly. Something was going to happen!

And it happened right in front of the Kaley gate, which Rudy had reached on his glad, proud trip to deliver the barber's check to Cora. It was Saturday afternoon; so young Jannsville was out enjoying the warm spring air.

After luncheon Cora had gone on to a teachers' meeting, and she was returning from it just as Rudy reached the gate and Kel came tearing down the street. By her side, chatting pleasantly about young Jannsville's brains and lack, walked Professor Blayne. His expression was beneficent until he glimpsed Kel hurrying. It changed then to apprehension.

Rudy turned to see what had caused the change; and what he saw in Kel's face caused him to throw up his fists to meet it. The check fluttered to the pavement, where Professor Blayne later rescued it.

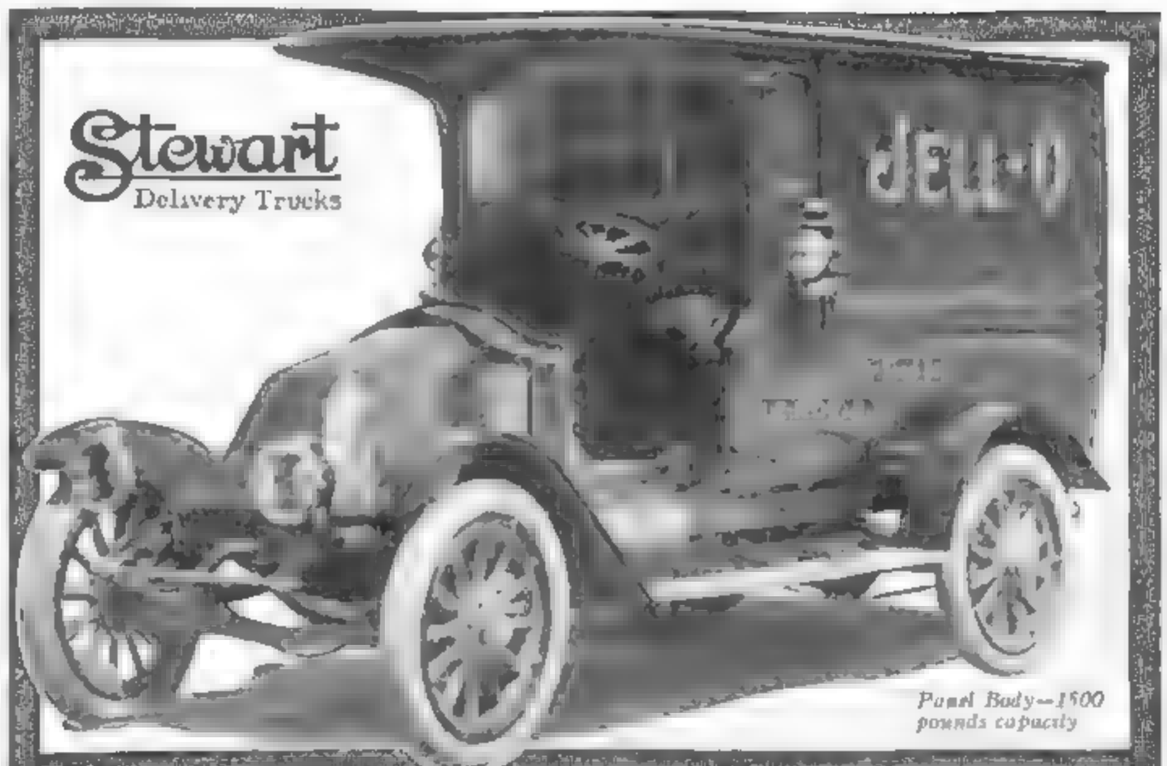
And then Rudy and Kel went to it. It was unfortunate that a hitching post and a hydrant, both of iron, should have been so near. The back of Rudy's head hit the hydrant; but in compensation Kel's spine later was bent round the hitching post. Rudy's fists landed in Kel's eyes. Kel's fists at the time were welting Rudy's abdomen. Rudy kicked Kel's right calf until it was never the same again. Kel put a blow on Rudy's chest that almost mixed his two lungs into one. And two new spring suits were bloody, torn affairs when Professor Blayne, furious and spluttering with his fury, jumped at the two fighters and yanked them apart.

"What are you fighting about?" he demanded, with a display of feeling that seemed to make their troubles more his business than their own.

Bloody and breathing hard, they involuntarily looked at Cora Kaley, who had been stunned into inaction by the fight. Professor Blayne clutched them, regarding them quizzically while he said:

"I really do not see why you should batter each other up—on account of the young lady who is to be my wife!" His clutch relaxed. He turned to Cora. "My dear," reproachfully, "you may remember that I begged you as long ago as last January to make it public ——"

"I wasn't going to have Jannsville gabbing over my affairs again," resentfully declared Cora.



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In every trade—to be really progressive and up-to-date—you must have motor delivery. Your competitors realize this. Many of them already have supplanted horses with motors. Others are doing it every day.

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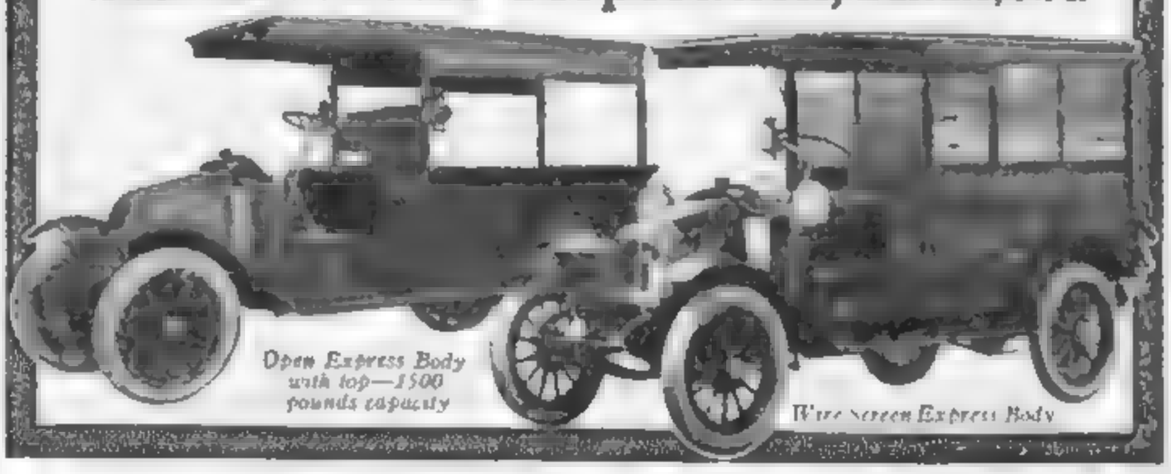

"Take All You Want—
Enjoy Yourself"

Look for this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

"Him! Him!" Kel Holmsted wabbled a bloody hand at the professor and turned unbelieving, bleeding eyes on Corry. "Why he's old ——"

"N-not—not old Blayne!" hoarsely whispered Mr. Warner.

"How dare you talk that way!" Cora Kaley stamped a foot at them. "You!" she shot scornfully at Kel. "Or—you!" she flung disparagingly at Rudolph. "I'll have you know he is only forty-five! And neither of you two no-accounts is an infant—except in wits!"

Jannsville avers that Professor Blayne chuckled softly as he tenderly led his excited ladylove into the house. And Jannsville heard her say:

"I don't care! They needed it!"

In the Weekly Democrat's column of personal mentionings the following week were the following items:

"Professor and Mrs. Blayne left immediately after the ceremony for Joplin, where Professor Blayne has been offered the superintendency of the schools. The bride's mother accompanied them and will make her home with them. We fear that Jannsville's schools will feel their double loss."

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of the City National Bank, announce the engagement of their beautiful and charming daughter Louise to Mr. Rudolph Warner, Jannsville's most popular and prominent bachelor."

And:

"Mr. Kel Holmsted has again departed from our midst after a brief but enjoyable visit with his parents. He avers that the West offers better prospects to young men than our staider vicinity. We wish him luck!"

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Every man who is eligible, and who has made any sort of start in national politics—and some who have made no start at all—carries in the back of his head the idea that some day something may happen which will help to make him President of the United States.

It is a great thing to be President of the United States; for, aside from the momentary power, the office carries with it historical immortality—that is, for time without end every President's name will be carried in history as that of a man who was once chief executive of this nation, whether any other glory is accorded him or not. The name will survive.

Circumstances and conditions always dictate who shall be President; and, more often than not, the man who is made President because of any certain set of circumstances and conditions has little or nothing to do personally with the creation of either. Occasionally, however, there comes a time when an opportunity arises that—if properly handled—will assist the man who so deals with it to attain that highly desirable position. This does not happen frequently, but once in a while it does happen.

There is an opportunity of that kind in Washington right now, as I write this letter to you. It does not seem to me that it will be accepted; but it may. However, if the exactly right man had this opportunity there is no doubt he could do much toward making so great a name for himself with the people that the presidency would not be beyond his legitimate ambitions and far easier of attainment than it otherwise would be.

I refer to the investigation of the affairs of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, now in progress before the Interstate Commerce Commission. That may be completed or adjourned before you read this; but it is in progress as this is written. And not since Mr. Justice Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, investigated the life-insurance scandals in New York has there existed so great a chance for the making of a permanent impression of personal worth on the minds of the people as exists in this investigation, and what may follow it or arise out of it.

This investigation comes at a time when the people are peculiarly susceptible to its disclosures, and of a temper to demand not only stern justice for the men who wrecked

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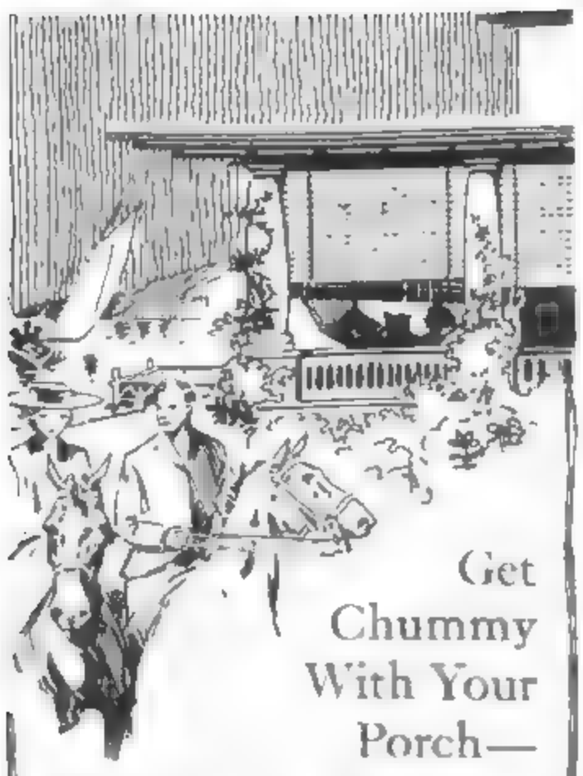

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Vudor
Porch Shades

While other people swelter in dining rooms you'll have appetite. While they toss in bedrooms you'll sleep calmly. Your nerves will be soothed, *bathed* into health by that great nerve specialist, Pure Air. You'll say, "Why didn't I think of that before?"

Vudor Shades let people see *out* but not *in*. They admit air but exclude heat. Their light, strong wooden strips are lock-stitched together by fish-net twine that won't rot. *They are reinforced by double warps at both edges, or—if very wide shades—by double warps at intervals throughout their width.* So their durability is enormously increased. Vudor Shades, too, measure a drop of full 8 ft. when in use, while most other shades have a drop of only 7½ ft.

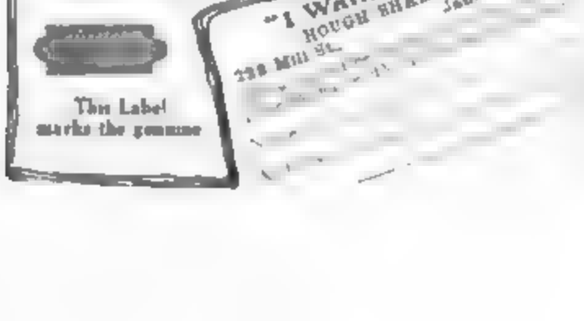
Yet Vudor Porch Shades sell at a less price than competitive shades which lack the patented *Vudor* special features. They're stained indelibly. Made in all shades—to harmonize with your house. From $3 to $10 will probably equip your porch. Send for samples for bungalows in special colors.

Send for Booklet

of Vudor Shades and Hammocks and name of nearest Vudor dealer.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

"Those Hammocks with two lives"



This Label marks the genuine

that road but also to exalt the man who secures that justice for them. It is the culmination of a long series of similar disclosures that have made the people fighting mad over the methods used by the captains of high finance to enrich themselves without regard to the rights of others or to the laws of the land.

Ten years ago there was but slight protest over these conditions, and that encouraged the men who engineered them at that time to a feeling of security. Their successes were great. They were able to do about anything they wanted, and they began to think they could buy anything they wanted and buy anybody who might be of service to them.

Of course it is obvious that no bribing or buying could have been done had not the men who were useful consented to be bribed; and no buying could have been done if there had not been men willing to sell. But that is not the point. The men who sold their votes and the men who took bribes were but a small portion of the public; and the men who bought them and bribed them, and wrecked properties for their own gain, and watered stock, and sat in boards of grafting directors, and were utterly remorseless as to whom they hurt if they helped themselves, were chiefly at fault, because they had the means for bribery and corruption, and used them; whereas all the bribed and corrupted had were weak morals and that greed for money which made the transactions possible both ways.

In this particular instance, ten years ago the New Haven road was a dividend-paying, honorable and respected institution. It was the New Englander's rock of safety. It was the field for investment for those who wanted to put their small moneys into something that would insure safety, permanence and a fair return. Then the wrecking began.

Now the New Haven was not the only corporation in which this was done. For many years similar railroad processes had been carried on by men as greedy for money and the shutting off of competition as the New Haven crowd; and some knowledge of what had been going on began to get out among the people.

The Man on the Job

After a time protest began to become vigorous. There were signs of revolt. That revolt presently became a revolution; and now, at this moment, there is an almost universal demand that the men who so betrayed the people shall be punished.

Vengeance is what is wanted. The people of the United States desire to see all this corruption in high places and in high finance disclosed and the men who are responsible for it punished. There is no thought on the part of the people that these things could not have happened if the people had not allowed them to happen. That is beside the mark. The people are always self-righteous. What they want now is punishment for those who wrecked the New Haven and for those who are responsible for other similar disasters; and they are looking for principals—not for subordinates. They want generals—not lieutenants.

The man who gets them, who punishes these men—puts them in jail!—will build for himself a popular esteem and recognition that will not be hard to mold into a formidable movement for a presidential nomination. The people will consider him their friend and will help him get anything he may want.

As the investigation is now conducted, the investigating lawyer is Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, who is chief lawyer for the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a smaller way Mr. Folk once realized handsomely in a similar situation. When he was prosecuting attorney of St. Louis he uncovered local graft conditions in such a way that he was elected governor of Missouri on the strength of his work and the reputation he gained thereby.

Of course it remains to be seen whether Mr. Folk is large enough for his present big task. It may not come his way to be more than the pioneer. There is a chance that the criminal prosecutions—if any arise—may go to some man now in the Department of Justice, or to some man in the city of New York, where indictments may be found. In any event some man has a chance, and a great chance, to establish himself in line for high promotion.

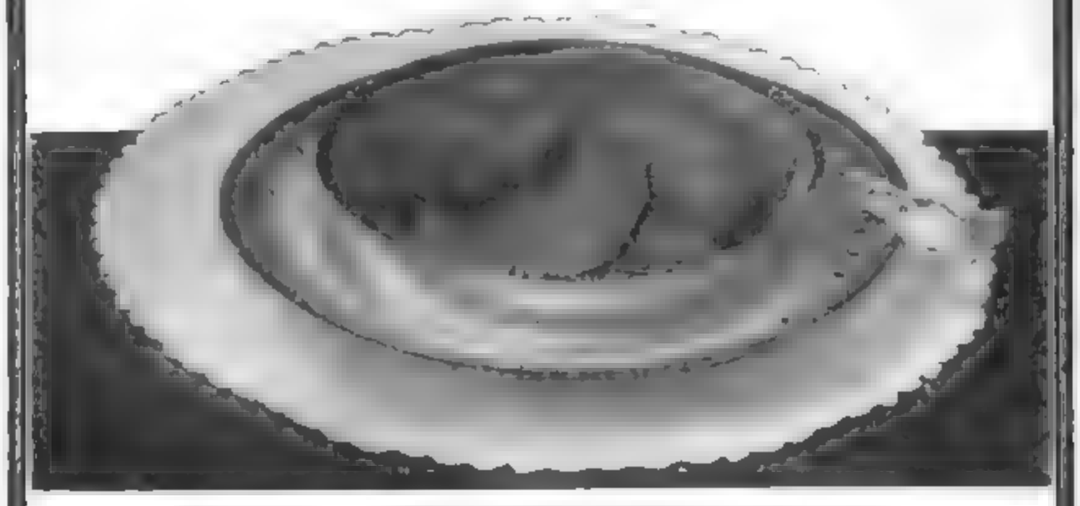
It was great while it lasted, Jim—this business of predacious plutocrating; but it is about over now.

Yours, watching events complaisantly,

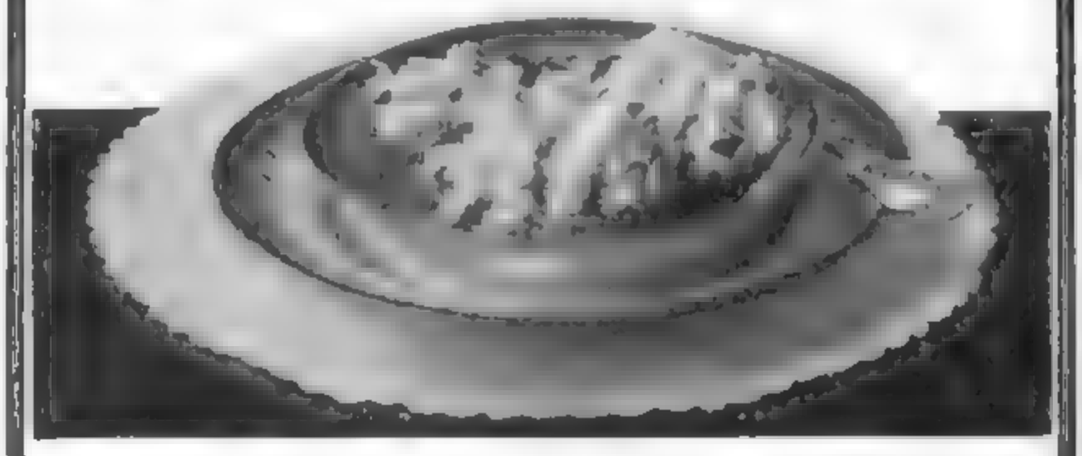
BILL.

For a Cool Luscious Dessert

Sunkist Valencia Oranges—Sliced



Serve plain, or with shredded cocoanut or other fruits.



Serve them often this way. But be sure to serve Sunkist, for those are the perfect oranges. No other oranges slice so well, for no others are equally tender-meated.

Sunkist are practically seedless. They look best on the table because the slicing is clean-cut.

Note how delicious these oranges are at this season. A deep rich red inside, regardless of exterior color—full flavored, sweet, juicy and with a delicate orange-tang.

It's a connoisseur's dish—a dish to delight the whole family, and a dish that needs no added flavor.

But serve with other fruit if you wish, or with shredded cocoanut. There are endless ways to make attractive desserts with oranges.

We have written a book showing 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. Write for it. See how to prepare these zestful desserts, the most healthful desserts anyone can eat. Sunkist are glove-handled, tissue wrapped and shipped right from the tree, so you get them fresh.

Sunkist Oranges
Sunkist Lemons

Sunkist Lemons, like Sunkist Oranges, are the best slicing lemons and look best on the table served with fish or meats. Use the rich juice in place of vinegar in salads and other dishes. Use it for lemonade this summer. There were never better oranges or better lemons, so see that you get "Sunkist."

Silverware Premium Coupon

California Fruit Growers Exchange
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Mail this coupon and we will send you our complimentary 40 page recipe book, showing over 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. You will also receive our illustrated premium book which tells you how to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful table silver. Send this coupon or call at above address.

Name

Address

524

Pavlowa dances to the music of played on her Colu

Max Rabinoff

PAVLOWA BALLET INC.

New York, April 20th, 1914

Columbia Graphophone Company,
Woolworth Building,
New York City,

Gentlemen:-

Since I have been in your country I have been amazed to see the popularity of the talking machine record when used with the dance. This so excited my curiosity that I have made it a great study and think it is due you to say that Columbia instruments and Columbia dance records over all others have my unqualified endorsement.

I use your Grafonola and dance records in my rehearsals with complete satisfaction and find your dance records truly represent the very SPIRIT of the dance. Their tempo, rhythm, clarity and musical qualities simply charm me.

I am convinced that all who dance can get great satisfaction from the use of your Grafonolas and records.

Sincerely yours,

Vernon Castle writes: "I want to congratulate you on the excellent dance records you have recently issued; they are the best I have heard. I am using a Columbia Grand Grafonola and Columbia Records at Castle House where they are attracting extraordinary attention. The records are played in perfect dance time and are frequently encored by our patrons."

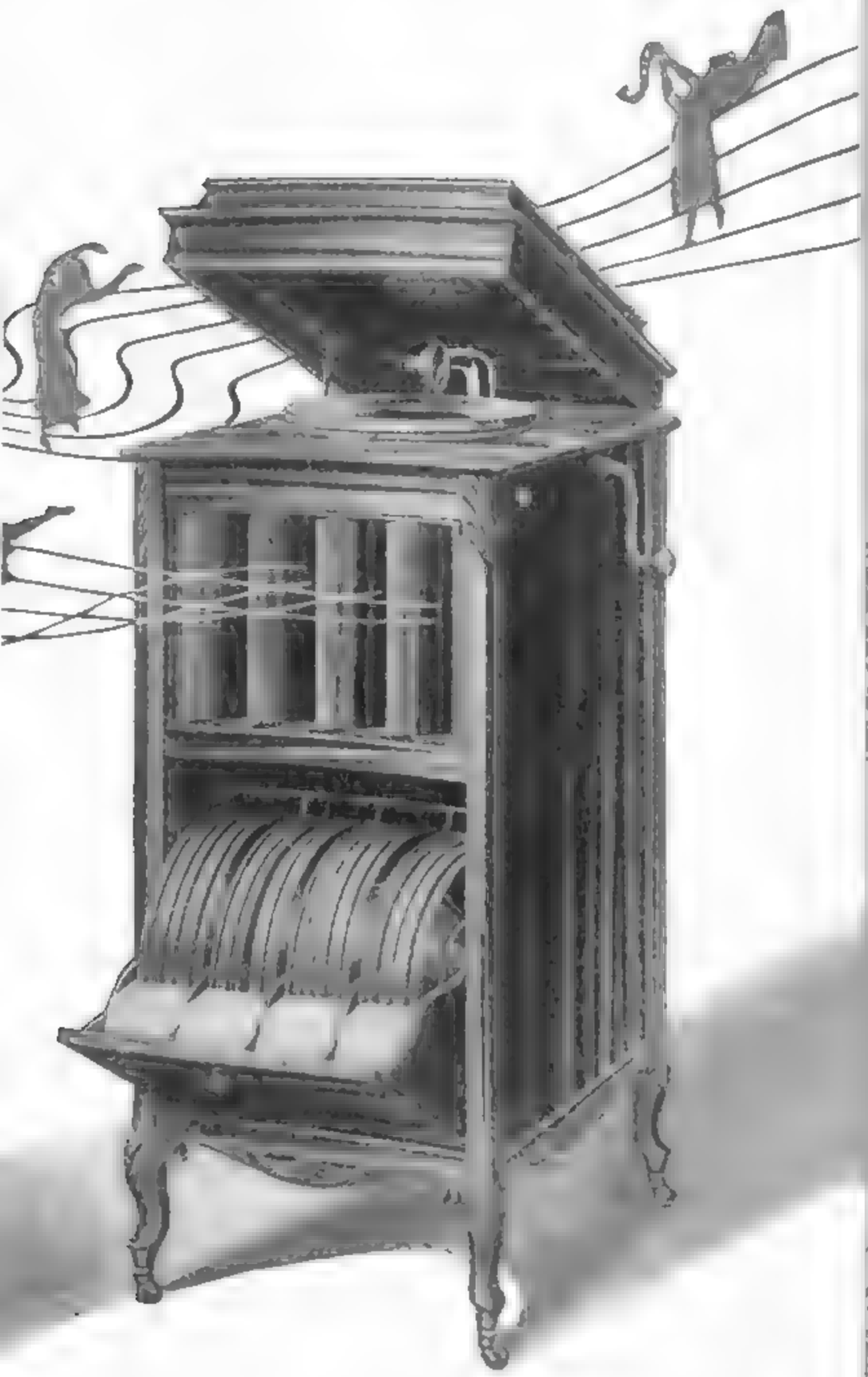
© Columbia Graphophone Co.

Pavlowa Dancing the "Pavlowa Gavotte" (Columbia Double-Disc Record A5566—$1.00) to the music of her Columbia Grafonola

People who make comparisons are buying Colu
People who make comparisons buy Columbia G

Columbia Dance Records

umbia Grafonola



Columbia "Mignonette" Grafonola
Price $100—Easy Terms

Learn to Dance— in your own home

Will you pay 75 cents to learn the Hesitation from the most successful teacher in the country? Or the One-Step, or the Maxixe, or the Tango?

1—One-Step
(Instruction)
On reverse side a full dance selection "Goodbye Broadway" (One-step). Ask for Record No. A1542 . . . 75c

2—Hesitation
(Instruction)
On reverse side a full dance selection "Columbia Hesitation." Ask for Record No. A1543 . . . . . 75c

3—Maxixe
(Instruction)
On reverse side a full dance selection "Florence Maxixe." Ask for Record No. A1540 . . . . . 75c

4—Tango
(Instruction)
On reverse side a full dance selection "The Aëroplane" (Tango). Ask for Record No. A1541 . . . . . 75c

We have just issued **Four Columbia Double-Disc Dance Instruction Records,** each prepared by G. Hepburn Wilson, and each with a complete dance selection on the reverse side—and with any one of them your Columbia dealer will present to you G. Hepburn Wilson's book—"How to Dance the Modern Dances." If you don't locate a Columbia dealer, write to us and we will see that you are supplied. The lessons in the book seem to us the first *practical* instructions ever written.

The pictures that illustrate them were all posed by Mr. Wilson.

But *with the book and the records* you have the most successful teacher in New York right there with you. The instructions in the book are crystallized in the spoken directions that you *hear* on the record: the music is played for you with emphatic and faultless rhythm, and the tempo is counted for you *before* the music and *with* the music:—you *have* to dance.

Do you realize how very easy it is to find out if a Grafonola will give you pleasure enough to pay for itself? How willing every Columbia dealer is to send a complete outfit to your home, subject to approval; and how little it will cost if you are satisfied? This Columbia Grafonola "Jewel," for instance: $35—and on small monthly payments at that,-if you prefer.

Columbia Graphophone Company

Box 449 Woolworth Building, New York
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Dealers Wanted where we are not actively represented. Write for special proposition.

Columbia Records — Note the Notes

mbia Records because they are better records Grafonolas because they are better instruments

The Quest of Cold Light

Talks about MAZDA No. 5

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"

SWITCH on the current that causes an electric incandescent lamp to glow. What happens? You get light, but also heat. Since your eye is a special instrument particularly sensitive to light, since you read a book with light and not with heat, the more light that you get from your lamp the more satisfactory should be the result in every way. A light which is brilliant but *cold* would represent the ideal of efficiency.

Like astronomers who can tell you what metals are glowing in a star so distant that its light reaches the earth only after the lapse of centuries, scientists who specialize in illumination can tell you much about this ideal light. Each decade they approach their cold ideal a little nearer. Will the ideal ever be reached?

Whether it is reached or not, the incandescent electric lamp will grow steadily colder, steadily more efficient, thanks to the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

In these laboratories a corps of picked men, each an expert in some phase of illumination, men who are in communication with the foremost European investigators of light, are constantly at work. After many months of patient experimenting the art of drawing tungsten into a delicate wire was discovered in these laboratories. Thus it became possible to make the new filament which glows in the MAZDA lamp of today and which has supplanted the old carbon filament because three times as much light can be obtained for a given amount of current.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company represent almost every branch of technical knowledge—chemistry, metallurgy, physiology, psychology, physics, microscopy, engineering, optics.

In these laboratories, scientists conduct many researches along advanced theoretical lines. What is the secret of the phosphorescent glow that emanates from certain marine animals and decaying organic matter? May not the cold light be similarly produced? Why can the glow-worm shine in your hand and never burn your skin? What is the exact color of daylight? Is the best artificial light a miniature sun or a body with a brilliancy not so white? Scores of such problems must be attacked in the quest of the ideal light.

But even more important commercially is research that gives promise of immediate results.

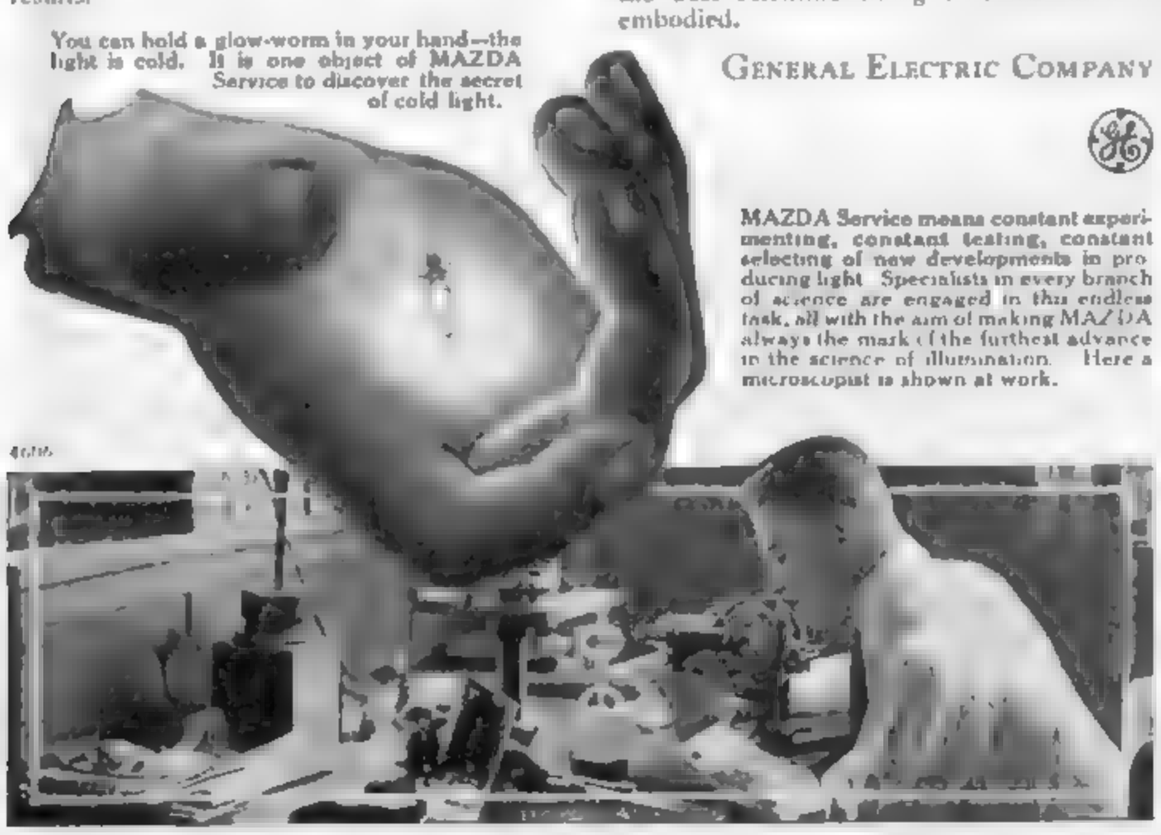
Suppose that the chemists, for example, ceaselessly experimenting in the laboratories, discover a way of preparing an element so that it is able to yield much light without breaking down readily under the electric current. Their discovery may mean the birth of a new lamp, or it may come to naught. It must be subjected to critical study by other scientists. The physicist steps in with all his spectroscopes, his photometers, his analytical instruments. He determines how much of the glow that comes from the new material is light and how much is heat, in other words, how much more efficient is the new material than anything thus far discovered; he estimates to a nicety what is the candle power of the new material for a measured amount of current; he devises better physical conditions for the material to perform its function. Next, the microscopist, perhaps, studies it with the aid of powerful lenses in order to learn how it withstands the pitting and the scoring action of the current.

Thus the new material is passed through successive laboratories, from scientist to scientist, from engineer to engineer. If the discovery proves to be of commercial importance the General Electric Company transmits it to its own lamp manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison and to other companies entitled to learn of it.

This constant research, this ceaseless effort to improve the incandescent lamp, this transmission of an important discovery from the General Electric Company constitute MAZDA Service. When you see MAZDA on a bulb, think not of the shining lamp itself, but of the *Service* received by its particular authorized manufacturer, of the thousands of experiments that had to be performed in his interest and your interest, of the hundreds of light producers that were developed and tested before one was finally selected and included in the MAZDA that you screw into its socket.

Because the work of the Research Laboratories is never ended, MAZDA Service is continuous. As new discoveries are made that bring us a little nearer the ideal cold light they will be applied in making new lamps, which like their predecessors will be marked MAZDA. Hence MAZDA will always be found on the latest lamps evolved by MAZDA Service—a lamp in which the best scientific thought of the time is embodied.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



You can hold a glow-worm in your hand—the light is cold. It is one object of MAZDA Service to discover the secret of cold light.

MAZDA Service means constant experimenting, constant testing, constant selecting of new developments in producing light. Specialists in every branch of science are engaged in this endless task, all with the aim of making MAZDA always the mark of the furthest advance in the science of illumination. Here a microscopist is shown at work.

FREDDY ET CIE

(Continued from Page 9.

Her voice faltered, and Freddy, with a gesture, dismissed his lady assistants. Then he removed his mask. Their eyes met and Cornelia uttered a faint exclamation:

"Oh, my! You're just like him!"

"Who is he?" asked Freddy.

"I can't quite say, because I don't know," returned Cornelia; "but all girls have their ideals from the time they wear Swiss pinafores to the time they wear forty-eight-inch corsets. And I won't deny"—her voice trembled—"that you fill the bill. My! What are you doing?"

For Freddy had grasped his materials and was making a hat. It was of palest blush tulle with a crown of pink roses, and an aigret of flamingo plumes was fastened with a Cupid's bow in pink topaz.

"Love's first confession," the young man murmured as he bit off the last thread, "should be whispered beneath a hat like this." And he gracefully placed it on Cornelia's raven hair.

Mrs. Vivianson, her ear at the keyhole of a side door, quivered from head to foot with rage and jealousy. Time was when he, a penniless, high-bred boy, had implored her to marry him. Now—her blood boiled at the remembrance of the half hint, the veiled suggestion she had made, that they should unite in a more intimate partnership than that already consolidated. With her jealousy was mingled despair! So long as Freddy and his hats remained the fashion, the shop would pay, and pay royally. There had as yet occurred no abatement in the onflow of aristocratic patronage. To avow his identity—never really doubted—to become an engaged man, meant ruin to the business. The blood hummed in her head. She clung to the door handle and entered as Freddy, with real grace and eloquence, pleaded his suit.

"And you are really a Marquis' second son, though you make hats for money?" she heard Cornelia say. "I always guessed you had old English blood in you, from the tone of your voice and the shape of your fingernails, even when you wore a mask. And it seemed as though I couldn't do anything but buy hats. I surmised it was vanity at the time, but now I suppose it was love!"

"My dearest!" said Freddy, bending his blond head over her jeweled hands. "My Cornelia! I will make you a hat every day when we are married. Ah! I have it! You shall wear one of mine to go away in on the day we are wed—the inspiration of a bridegroom, thought out and achieved between the church door and the chancel. What an idea for a lover! What an advertisement for the shop!"

His blue eyes beamed at the thought; but Cornelia's face fell.

"I don't know how to say it, dear, but we shall never be married. Papa is perfectly rocky on one point, and that is that the man I marry shall never have dabbled so much as his little finger in trade. 'You have dollars enough to buy one of the real high-toned sort,' he keeps saying; 'and if blood royal is to be got for money Silas P. Vanderdecken is the man to get it. So run along and play, little girl, till the right man comes along.' And I know he'll say you're the wrong one."

Freddy's complexion, grown transparent from excess of emotion and lack of exercise, paled to an ivory hue. His sedentary life had softened his condition and unstrung his nerves. He adored Cornelia, and had looked forward to a lifetime spent in adorning her beauty with bonnets of the most becoming shapes and designs. Now that a coarse transatlantic millionaire, with soft shirtfronts and broad-brimmed felt hats, might step in and shatter forever his beautiful dream of union, bitter revulsion seized him. He feared his fate. What was he? The second son of a poor Marquis, with a particularly healthy elder brother! He looked on the chiffons, the flowers and the feathers that surrounded him, and felt that the hopes of a heart reared on so frail a basis were insecure indeed. Then his old blood rallied to his heart; and he rose from the divan and clasped the now tearful Cornelia to his breast.

"Go, my dearest!" he said. "Tell all to your father—plead for me! Do not write or wire—bring me his verdict to-morrow. Meantime I will compose two hats. Each shall be a masterpiece—a swan song of my art. One is to be worn if"—his voice broke—"if I am to be happy; the other if I am fated to despair. Go now; for I must be alone to carry out my inspiration."

And Cornelia went. Then Freddy, sternly refusing to receive any more customers that day, set himself to the completion of his task. Before very long both hats were actualities. Hat Number One was an Empire shape of dead-leaf beaver, the crown draped with dove-colored silk, a spray of sere oak leaves and rue in front; a fine scarf of black lace, partly to veil the face of the wearer, thrown back over one side of the brim and caught with a clasp of black pearl set in oxidized silver. It breathed of chastened woe and temperate sadness, and was to be worn if Papa Vanderdecken persisted in refusing to accept Freddy as a suitor.

But Hat Number Two! It was of the palest blue guipure straw, draped with coral silk and Cluny lace. In front was a spray of moss rosebuds and forget-me-nots; dove's wings of burnished hues were set at each side. It was the very hat to be worn by a bringer of joyful news, the ideal hat under which might be appropriately exchanged the first kiss of plighted passion. On it Freddy pinned a fairylike card, white and gold-edged.

"If I am to be happy wear this," was written on it; and on a buff card attached to the hat of rejection he inscribed: "Wear this if I am to be unhappy." Then he closed the large double bandbox in which he had packed the hats, breathed a kiss into the folds of the silver paper and, ringing the bell, bade a messenger carry the box to the hotel at which Cornelia Vanderdecken was staying, and where, millionairess though she was, she was still content to dress with the help of a deft maid and the adoration of a devoted companion. Then the exhausted artist fell back on the divan. Cornelia was to come at twelve on the morrow.

"Then I shall learn my fate!" said Freddy.

He drove home in his brougham and passed a sleepless night. The fateful hour found him again on his divan, surrounded by the materials of his craft, waiting feverishly for Cornelia.

The curtains parted. He started up at the rustling of her gown and the jingling of her bangles. Horror! She wore the somber hat of sorrow, though under its shadow her face was curiously bright.

She advanced toward Freddy. He reeled and staggered backward, raised his white hand to his delicate throat, and fell fainting among his cushions. Cornelia screamed. Mrs. Vivianson and her young ladies came hurrying in. As the stylish widow noted Cornelia's headgear her eyes flashed and joy was in her face. Then it clouded over, for she knew that Papa Vanderdecken had been coaxed over and Freddy was an accepted man. My reader, being exceptionally acute, will realize that the jealous woman had changed the tickets on the hats.

"Not that it was much use!" she avowed to herself as she entered with smelling salts and burned feathers to restore Freddy's consciousness. "When he revives she will tell him the truth."

Freddy regained consciousness only to lose it in the ravings of delirium, however. He had an attack of brain fever in which he wandered through groves of bonnet shops looking unavailingly for Cornelia. Then came the crisis; and he woke up with an ice bandage on, to find himself in his bedroom at Glantyre House, with the Marchioness leaning over him.

"Mother, my heart is broken!" said the boy—he was really little more. "The world exists no more for me. Let me make my last hat—and leave it."

"Oh, Freddy, don't you know me?" gasped Cornelia in the background; but the repentant woman who had brought about all this trouble drew the girl away.

"Even good news broken suddenly to him in his weak state," said Mrs. Vivianson in a rapid whisper, "may prove fatal. I have a plan that may gradually enlighten him."

"I trust you," said Cornelia. "You have saved his life with your nursing. Now give him back to me."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Vivianson.

She had quickly dispatched a messenger to Condover Street, and now, as Freddy again opened his eyes and repeated his piteous request, the messenger returned. Then all present gathered about the bed, the inmate of which had been raised on supporting pillows.

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LOOSE I-P LEAF

It was a queer scene as the shaded electric light above the bed played on Freddy's pallid features, showing the ravages of sickness.

"Now!" said Mrs. Vivianson. She placed the milliner's box on the bed, and Freddy's feeble fingers, diving into it, drew forth a spray of orange blossoms and a diaphanous cloud of filmy lace.

"Black—not white!" Freddy gasped brokenly. "It is a mourning toque that I must make. Let Cornelia wear it at my funeral."

"Cornelia will not wear it at your funeral, Freddy," said Mrs. Vivianson, bending over him; "for she is going to marry you—not to bury you."

Drawing the tearful girl to Freddy's side, she flung over her beautiful head the bridal veil and crowned her with a wreath of orange blossoms.

And as, with a feeble cry, Freddy opened his wasted arms and Cornelia fell into them, Mrs. Vivianson, her work of atonement completed, pressed the offered hand of Freddy's mother and hurried out of the room and out of the story, which ends, as stories ought, happily for the lovers, who are now honeymooning in the Riviera.

Cooked or Raw

IS COOKING an error? Will the next diet theory call for eating raw food—though warmed if you wish it? The London Lancet has raised the question, and other medical journals have asked as well as answered it, because of the recent discovery that cooking destroys some of a certain tiny but very valuable substance in food, and that a lack of this substance is the cause of a number of diseases.

Apparently the answer is that people may eat cooked food if they wish to do so, but that they should eat a larger proportion of clean raw food than they now do. Cooking does not make food more digestible, but it makes it look, taste and smell better, and so increases the stomach's enthusiasm for tackling the job of digesting a dinner. In the tropics thorough cooking is advised to kill any germs that may have strayed into the food and, to some extent, this is a purpose of cooking in temperate countries.

This necessary substance in food appears in a number of chemical forms in exceedingly small proportions, and in most foods; and the various forms are called vitamines. Some of them can stand thorough boiling and others cannot; but cooking at higher temperatures than the boiling point kills most of them. It has been made clear very recently that an animal deprived of them will die; but it is not so clear how much is needed for health. Scurvy, rickets and beriberi are among the diseases attributed to the lack of vitamines in food.

Potatoes are rich in vitamines, which explains the value of potatoes in treating scurvy, a fact long known. The investigators who are now studying vitamines may be expected to catalogue more diseases caused by vitamine deficiency before long. The theory has been suggested that a disease like beriberi, which has been noticed occasionally among prisoners in American jails, may be due to a diet of food that has been cooked too well.

Vitamines exist in wheat bran in a proportion much greater than in the wheat itself, but this discovery adds nothing new to the old controversy as to the comparative merits of whole-wheat bread and white bread; for any vitamines in either, according to the latest study, are destroyed by the baking.

Polished rice is now the accepted cause of beriberi; and this fits in perfectly with the vitamine theory, for the vitamines are eliminated in the preparation of such rice, though boiled unpolished rice still contains some of the vitamines. Fresh milk and eggs are rich in vitamines, which may be one of the reasons for the high value of those articles as a diet for people suffering from lung trouble.

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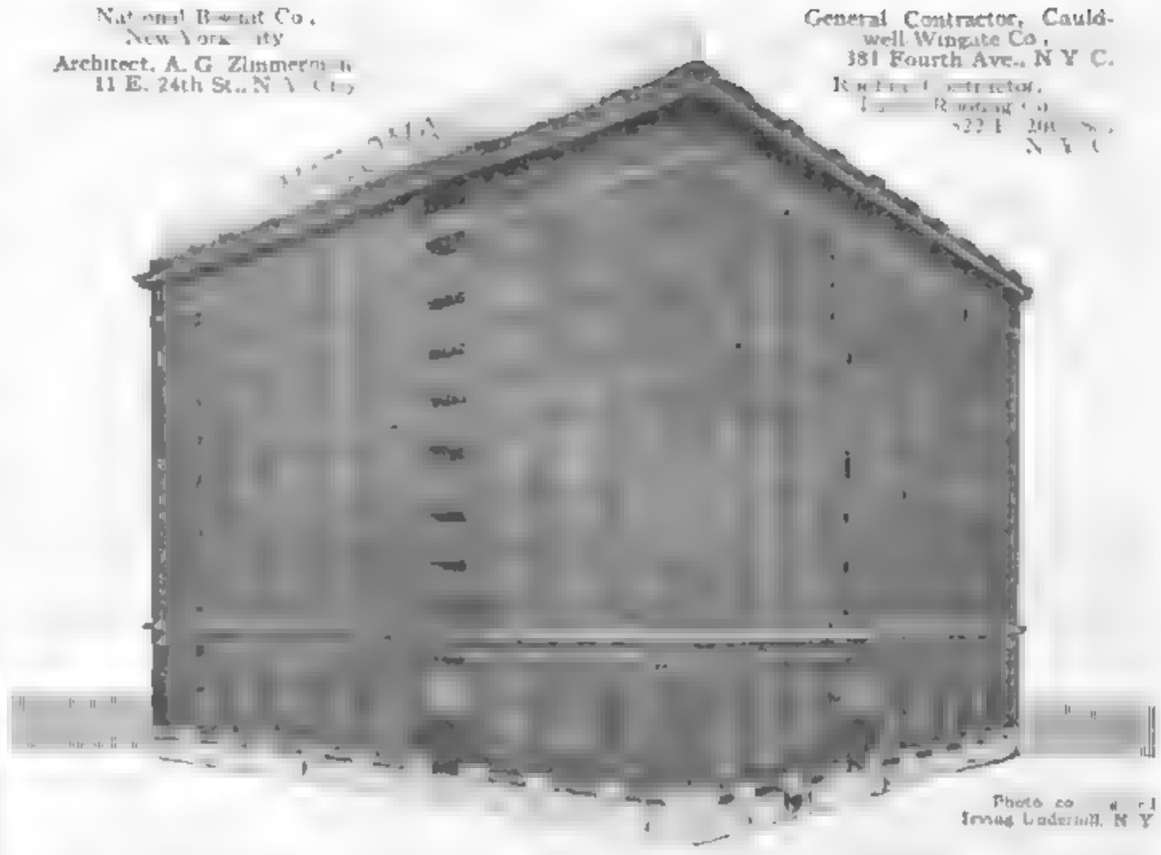
General Contractor, Cauldwell-Wingate Co., 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.
Roofing Contractor, [illegible] Roofing Co., 322 E. 20th St., N. Y. C.



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A Barrett Specification Roof was put on this building because—

the architect knew all about the different types of roofing and further knew that the National Biscuit Company were mighty particular people.

They had a big plant and they wanted it covered with a roofing that would give *longest service at lowest cost.*

Barrett Specification Roofs

Under such conditions the architect knew there was only one choice, namely: a Barrett Specification Roof, because it gives longer service at a lower *unit cost* (the cost per square foot per year of service) than any other roofing he could specify.

This building is now covered with a Barrett Specification Roof and it will probably last twenty years or more with *no maintenance cost.* Many such roofs have lasted thirty years.

Every permanent building, whether large or small, should carry a Barrett Specification Roof because that means the most economical roof, and one that will be free from leaks and maintenance.

Ask any first-class architect about this proposition, and he will verify all of the foregoing statements.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested: ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof, laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

A Copy of The Barrett Specification with roofing diagrams mailed free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City
Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
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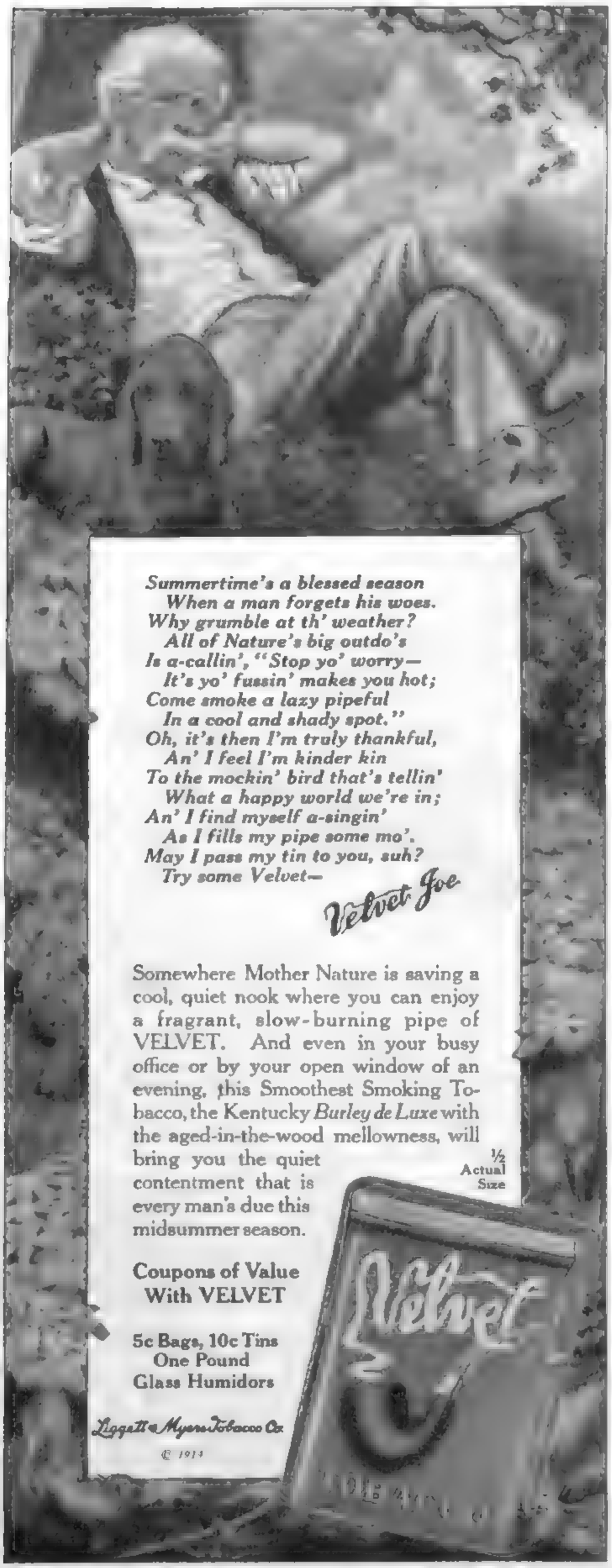
Summertime's a blessed season
When a man forgets his woes.
Why grumble at th' weather?
All of Nature's big outdo's
Is a-callin', "Stop yo' worry—
It's yo' fussin' makes you hot;
Come smoke a lazy pipeful
In a cool and shady spot."
Oh, it's then I'm truly thankful,
An' I feel I'm kinder kin
To the mockin' bird that's tellin'
What a happy world we're in;
An' I find myself a-singin'
As I fills my pipe some mo'.
May I pass my tin to you, suh?
Try some Velvet—
Velvet Joe
Somewhere Mother Nature is saving a cool, quiet nook where you can enjoy a fragrant, slow-burning pipe of VELVET. And even in your busy office or by your open window of an evening, this Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, the Kentucky Burley de Luxe with the aged-in-the-wood mellowness, will bring you the quiet contentment that is every man's due this midsummer season.
½ Actual Size
Coupons of Value With VELVET
5c Bags, 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors
Velvet
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
© 1914

CUTTING DOWN SOME STAPLE UNNECESSARIES

(Continued from Page 10

will have ten or fifteen tons daily. Chemically these washings are good fuel, for they contain more than eighty per cent carbon—are really fine coke dust.

Mechanically, however, it is not easy to utilize them, because the fine, fluffy residue fed to boiler fires would simply fly up the chimney again.

As it contains lampblack and iron oxide, some experts think it might be used for paintmaking; but in the end probably it will be pressed into briquettes by some economical process and used for fuel.

Smokewashing for the sake of cleanliness grew out of modern methods of utilizing gas from coke ovens and blast furnaces in the iron business. Once this gas was allowed to go up the chimney as smoke; but now, by elaborate devices for cleansing it from dust and other substances, fuel for power production in gas engines is obtained, as well as gas for burning in furnaces, under boilers, for illumination and for household use, and such chemical products as tar and ammonia. Even the iron dust in the blast-furnace gas is gathered, briquetted and smelted.

In one great American steel plant the saving amounts to a quarter million horsepower, of which forty-five per cent is used to generate all the electrical power needed for the works, thirty per cent is used for heating the blast, and the rest for other purposes. There is a twenty-five per cent surplus, however, which will eventually be turned into current for electrical furnaces. In France some fifty towns are now lighted by surplus gas from coke ovens.

Even more thorough is the utilization of smoke from copper smelters—a peculiarly offensive nuisance where it is allowed to pollute the air, for the fumes of copper ore, rich in sulphur, kill trees and crops.

In Tennessee there are two smelting plants that turn this obnoxious smoke into sulphuric acid which, in turn, is used to make fertilizer—superphosphate—from the raw phosphate rock abundant in that locality; but the intricacies of the smoke problem will be seen when it is known that such treatment is possible only in a locality where the fortunate combination of raw materials is found. These plants are said to produce the cheapest indirect copper in the world; but for other smelters situated far from supplies of rock phosphate such a process is at present economically impossible.

With the best intentions in the world, however, and after all the big plants in a factory center have washed their smoke or turned it into gas-engine power or sold it as a by-product, there must still be hundreds of smaller smokemakers to whom these methods are not possible.

Teamwork in Smoke Fighting

For the small smokemakers—little power-plants, railroad locomotives, steamboats, hotels, apartment houses and homes in a section where soft coal is used—there are now two general courses that can be followed: First, organization to spread better knowledge of combustion, better devices for power and heat production, and better firing, so that the black smokecloud may be reduced, at least. Second, the use of some smokeless form of power or heat.

The situation to-day is one where the majority of small smokemakers are following the first course, making conditions tolerable until the second course is possible.

Teamwork has abolished far more smoke than all the inspectors, laws, fines and smoke-prevention devices. Automatic contraptions for eliminating smoke greatly outnumber the perpetual-motion machines, and without teamwork are of about as much practical value.

When there is a strong public sentiment for less smoke in a community everybody takes a little time to understand the complexities of the problem, instead of merely letting the smoke inspector classify the worst clouds through his umbrascope or interferometer.

Public sentiment leads smokemakers to take pride in good firing. Fuel is selected with technical knowledge; boilers and furnaces are improved and kept clean; firemen are paid better wages, trained in good firing and paid bonuses for results in power or heat that mean reduction of the smoke evil. Every smokemaker becomes his own inspector, installing some device that shows—down in the engine room or office—the density of the smoke issuing from the top of a chimney at any moment.

Carelessness and ignorance are said to be responsible for ninety per cent of the worst smoke, and at the same time the technical knowledge necessary in reducing the evil is available to any community that has sufficient public spirit to get busy on broad, constructive lines. In some places the smoke-inspection bureau is now backed up by a smoke-prevention society of citizens on the lines of the famous one in Hamburg, Germany.

In this latter society the members are chiefly owners of power plants, and they pay five dollars a year for membership, with five dollars more for each boiler. That entitles them to technical advice from the society's engineering experts, who help in the purchase of fuel, try out smoke-prevention devices, inspect members' power plants and suggest improvements, and send round instructors who coach firemen in good stoking methods.

Of course the ultimate remedy for smoke is the use of smokeless power and heat, and these modern blessings are coming much faster than is generally realized and in a number of most interesting forms.

There are the smokeless fuels, for instance. Crude oil is one of them and is now widely available for power plants, locomotives and ships, in the form for burning directly under boilers. New oilfields and cheaper transportation by pipelines and tankships have made it economically possible in sections where it was unknown a few years ago; and even where the first cost appears to be higher it may be quite as cheap.

New Smokeless Fuels

Petroleum residue contains not much more than half as many heat units as steam coal; but what it does contain can be burned with less waste than coal, and smoke damage is absent. Even where it is too costly for power, it is now the regular fuel for annealing furnaces and lesser devices that formerly contributed their share of smoke.

Then come the coal-gas tars which have had an interesting history. Some years ago the engineers seized on them as a promising fuel for smokeless steam raising because they were then abundant at two or three cents a gallon; but the automobile came along and these tars were found to be ideal for making dustless roads—and their value quickly doubled and trebled. The experts, however, have developed improved types of burners for utilizing tar under boilers, and are putting at the disposal of power-plant owners a series of cruder tars produced in making water gas.

When the oils cannot be burned economically under a boiler they still have vast power-generating possibilities in oil engines which work on the explosion principle; and the explosion engine is being developed in so many ways that it is now an immense factor in smokeless power production.

This type of engine will run on almost anything that can be vaporized into an explosive mixture. Where an automobile must have highly volatile fuel, like gasoline or alcohol, this engine by its peculiar principle will volatilize heavy fuels like crude petroleum, tar oils, petroleum residue and creosote oils. It has been successfully operated on coal tars and train oil, peanut oil, castor oil, animal oils; in fact it is widely adapted to operate with whatever fuel happens to be cheapest in the locality. Europe has utilized it as a source of power for years, but in the United States its development is just beginning, chiefly because coal has been cheap and could be burned wastefully.

Explosive power is also generated by the producer engine, a type requiring more volatile fuel but run on gas made from coal burned smokelessly in a special producer plant. Low-grade coals have been utilized, and the gas-producer idea is being applied to sawdust, woodwaste, spent tanbark, coconut shells, shavings, coffee and cocoa husks, olive refuse, cottonseed cake, in fact almost anything burnable that happens to be lying round the neighborhood. It is largely a question of how handy that miscellaneous something happens to be and

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GMC gasoline and electric trucks are designed with an understanding of what is required of a truck in *your* business. For, regardless of the kind of merchandise you handle, the size of load or the length of haul, there is a *GMC* truck built to do the work economically and well.

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	Capacity	Price
Gasoline Chassis	1¼ Tons	$1500
	2 Tons	1900
	3½ Tons	2250
	3½ Tons	2500
	5 Tons	2750
	5 Tons	3000
Electric Chassis (Less Battery)	1000 lbs	$1200
	2000 lbs.	1300
	3000 lbs	1450
	4000 lbs.	1560
	6000 lbs	1900
	8000 lbs	2100
	10000 lbs.	2350
	12000 lbs.	2500

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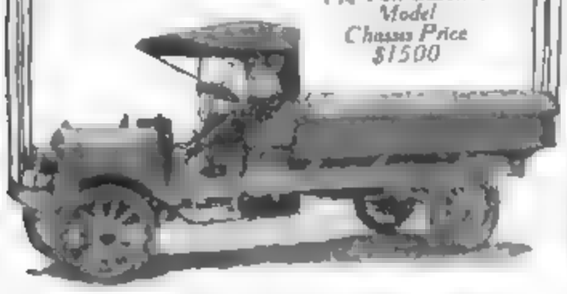
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburg, Minneapolis, Salt Lake, Galveston, New Orleans, Birmingham.

1¼ Ton Gasoline Model Chassis Price $1500



whether the fellow who wants cheap smokeless power knows enough to utilize it or to find somebody who will tell him.

Then there is the smokeless burning of finely powdered fuel. At a smelter there was a crude-oil burner in use consuming ninety gallons of oil an hour. That was equivalent to nearly half a ton of coal and was cheaper—and, of course, smokeless. A new burner consuming powdered coal was installed and did the same work with only forty pounds of coal an hour and a reduction of cost. By burning coal in powdered form smoke was done away with, and forty pounds did the work of half a ton.

In Sweden a railroad locomotive has been successfully fired with powdered peat on the same plan—a ton and a half of the peat giving results equal to a ton of coal burned in the ordinary way.

Powdered-coal firing is now used in this country for cement works and smelting plants; and, with certain refinements, it will probably have a wider application. The chief drawback is rather a singular one, for the fine coaldust is blown out of a nozzle under pressure and looks just like a gas flame in burning.

Practically nothing goes up the chimney, for the whole burnable substance of the coal is converted into heat almost instantly and the ashes are merely slag. Directed into rock or ore this fierce heat is ideal: but it is a welding flame, and when used under a boiler quickly breaks down metal, firebrick and the most refractory materials. However, it will surely be tamed and set to smokeless steam production in time, and will do its part in bringing about the smokeless era.

In about the same state of development is the mechanical stoker for railroad locomotives—for years the quest of engineers and inventors—certain to cut operating costs, increase the power of locomotives, relieve human muscles of some of the hardest manual labor left in the modern industrial world, and do away with most of the locomotive smoke. Within the past year successful locomotive stokers seem to have been attained. Tests conducted on Eastern roads lead railroad men to believe that the problem has been solved.

Smokeless Cities of the Future

Our smokeless cities of the future will be run by devices of this sort; in fact, they are run now with smokeless apparatus to such an extent that if to-morrow—suddenly—all the power necessary in operation had to be generated by the crude boilers and hand-firing of twenty years ago, the clouds of smoke rising into the heavens would be more than a nuisance: they would be a calamity.

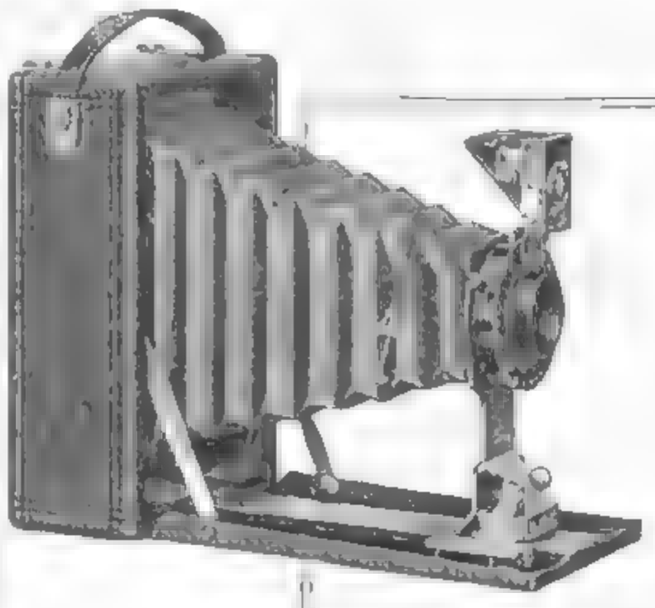
Practically all the research and invention in power production to-day is in the direction of smokelessness. Waterpower is harnessed to turbines, electric current generated and transmitted over systems of conductors that reach farther and farther from the source of power every year. The railroads of the very near future will be operated by electric current and their coal traffic must vanish—for coal is to be made to give up its power before it leaves the mines. It will be distilled in coke ovens of the regenerative type. Its gases and tars will be utilized to run explosion engines, and these will run dynamos—producing current for transmission to the cities.

The coke will go to the cities for heating purposes, and heating will probably be on the central-station system, whereby all the work is done at a single plant and the steam piped to houses, hotels, apartments, stores, factories—or wherever it is needed.

While the electrical men have been busy the gas men have not been idle. Once on a time it was predicted that electric lighting must bring about the extinction of the gas industry; but the gas man has steadily refused to regard himself as a dead one, and in the development of gas cooking in homes and gas appliances for industrial purposes he has set the electrical man a brisk pace.

Together they are running a neck-and-neck race toward the goal of smokelessness—and that is the general goal toward which every other modern tendency in work and living is headed.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early number.



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A remarkably light, compact camera for pictures of the artistic 3A proportion.

Can be carried and used anywhere, and is so easy to operate that anyone who can read the simple instructions that come with the camera can make first class pictures from the very start.

To load, merely open back, drop in Premo Film Pack, close back and all is ready. To change films for successive exposures just pull out successive film pack tabs.

This model is fitted with a tested meniscus achromatic lens of the highest quality obtainable. The shutter is the new Kodak Ball Bearing with cable release, and the camera is fitted with two tripod sockets, reversible brilliant finder, and is made throughout of the best of materials, by men who have spent their lives in camera making.

Get the new Premo [illegible] book that no one interested in photography should be without. It [illegible] Premos and Premo Film Packs, explains fully—the [illegible] Premo Film Pack [illegible] system. It's free at the dealer's, or will be gladly mailed to any address on request

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Company Rochester, N. Y.

"It's a Hose I Like to Recommend—"

says the haberdasher's head salesman.

"WHEN a customer asks me about '*Notaseme*,' I have some real facts to give him. I can show him heels and toes knit with 4-ply cable-twist, which means longer wear. I can assure him of getting a perfect, permanent fit—that the pure thread-silk used in '*Notaseme*' 50c Hose is *not* loaded with chemicals, which means not only long life but lasting looks—that the fine yarns used in '*Notaseme*' 25c Silk-Lisle retain their soft, silky finish.

"And best of all—I can say, 'If they don't suit, bring them back—no questions asked.'"

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Sold direct to dealers, if none near you, write to us for free style book of men's, women's and children's hosiery and we will supply you direct.

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You should use Klenzo Tooth Brushes because:

1. The quality is so good that we guarantee each brush to give satisfaction, or your money back.
2. Each brush comes in a sanitary individual carton, so that no hand touches it but yours.
3. There are twelve different shapes, making it easily possible for you to select a brush that exactly "fits" your mouth in size, shape and degree of bristle stiffness.
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The Twelve Different Styles

include 3 and 4 row bleached and unbleached bristles; sanitary-ventilated, sanitary-perforated and solid backs, curved, straight and penetrating bristles.

KLENZO TOOTH BRUSHES *are made by the most skillful workmen in France from the finest bristles obtainable, all hand-drawn in selected bone handles. If the bristles come out, we'll give your money back.*

25c *and* 35c

Klenzo Tooth Brushes are only one of the many guaranteed lines of goods manufactured for and sold only at the 7,000 Rexall Stores in the United States, Great Britain and Canada. Among those we have already told you about in The Saturday Evening Post are: Rexall, Violet Dulce, Bouquet Jeanice and Harmony Toilet Preparations—Symphony Lawn Stationery—Liggett's Chocolates—Maximum Rubber Goods. All are sold at the exceedingly low prices made possible only by the great buying and distributing co-operation of these 7,000 leading drug stores.

"Klenzo Tooth Brush Week" begins to-day at all The Rexall Stores —See the Window Display.

Sold only at

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CUTTING WITH A BLUNT KNIFE

(Concluded from Page 7)

not thought it worth while to put in it the interest I had put in dramatics and football. I was in a fair way to loaf through life as I had through college—soldiering along until the day when my job should get disgusted with me and throw me. It almost looked as though that day had come already. I had, indeed, been cutting with a blunt knife.

The next morning I went to Mr. Burton and asked him whether I could keep my job. He said he would give me one more chance, for my father's sake.

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Then, if I still hold the job, may I give it up temporarily and go into the shops? I've been all kinds of a fool and I want to begin over."

"I don't know that getting your hands and face dirty is going to help you any more than sitting in the office and adding figures."

"I want to do it for the discipline," I said. "There are some fellows in that shop making stems who never see the complete object they are working toward. I am as stupid as they are. I want to get down and dig."

"All right," he said.

For six weeks I lived in the shops. I got to work at seven and left at five-thirty, with half an hour for lunch. I made stems at one machine; I finished scupping nuts at another. I worked in the foundry, helping to mold by air-pressure or using the hand-rammers for old-style work.

I was in the milling room and the finishing shop, where I got a splinter of steel in my eye and had it taken out by my neighboring worker. I was in the assembling and testing room, where I had my forehead cut open by a valve that flew off. I worked in the plating and buffing room, and even in the wrapping room.

I thought and ate and slept valves. I gloried in the fact that the previous year the firm had produced two million and a quarter valves, which meant ten or fifteen million finished pieces—which again meant thirty or forty million operations. How I pestered the foreman with questions! I was greedy for information.

When I got back to the office I had some practical experience, calloused hands, a chastened spirit and a greater greed than ever for information. I studied every detail of the business I could lay my hands on, from the organization of the different departments to the methods of checking the rates on the piecework tickets. No bit of knowledge was too great or too petty for me to go after, and no trouble it cost me counted. I no longer had time for evening frivolities; I was reading all I could get in books and technical magazines that bore on my business.

At the end of twelve months I was made a promise clerk, at eleven hundred a year. The promise clerk's work is this: When an order comes in that cannot at once be filled completely the promise clerk goes round to the foremen in the shops and finds out how the work for the various parts is going on and when it will be done, so that he can inform the customer.

What College Did Not Teach

He may have to go to several different shops before he can get the necessary promise for complete shipment. He may have to go to the foundry first for the casting promise; then to the milling room, where the castings are cleaned and milled; then to the finishing shop; then to the assembling room, where the valves are put together, and so on. The promise clerk has to have judgment; he must distinguish the relative importance of various orders.

After two years of that I was made stockkeeper—a really important position. I had to see that there was enough stock in the shop to keep it running and to keep the orders filled, and be careful not to have an overstock. My salary was fifteen hundred dollars and I was worth it. By this time I had begun to see that in order to get on I must apply to business the biggest asset in my personality, whatever that was. I decided that it was my power of getting on with people.

Now, though I had got on with people, I had not thought very much about judging them. I began after this to try and size them up—to see the man behind his words and looks. The next step was to see how I could use this asset. I might have gone out on the road, selling goods; but that was work which did not attract me. I went on studying and thinking, never losing a chance either of making myself useful to the firm or of developing myself in the business.

At last matters settled themselves. First I was made assistant manager; and here my chances to size up people and to develop my judgment and executive ability were greater than ever. Finally—when I was thirty-five—I got my great reward. I was made the manager of the employment department, with a salary of four thousand dollars, which has since gone up a bit.

I, who used to give the glad hand to my college friends, now use my gifts in another fashion with hundreds of foreigners. The adaptability I used to employ in imitating the cat-and-dog fight of the German and Irishman I now use in meeting the thousand daily problems of my department.

I have succeeded; but nothing I learned in college helped me to success, though I must say that a good deal I learned there has helped me in my leisure time. I do not regret having gone to college, but I do regret not having taught myself to work there. If I had I should have got on faster; I should have come out a sharp blade, so far as the business world was concerned. As it was I came out a dull one; and it took unnecessarily hard knocks and hard work to sharpen me.

If, when I was in college, I had put my mind on what my future was to be, or had left before graduation to meet that future, I should now be ahead of where I am. I had good stuff in me and college ought to have brought it out before the business world brought it out.

I am going to send my boy to college, but I am not going to keep him there unless he has sense enough to do what my old manager, Mr. Burton, advised—take his business, whatever it is, seriously.

In this competitive world a young man has to put himself to work—with his playtime spirit squelched and his faculties sharpened—to make the most of the job.

Too Much Honor

WILLIAM COLLIER, the actor, has a twelve-year-old son and a country home at St. James, on Long Island. One day in the spring the youngster came to him and said that he had just been elected captain-manager of his ball club, and in view of the honor conferred upon him he desired to show his appreciation in a substantial manner. He thought it would be rather a graceful thing if he presented his teammates with a tent under which they might hold their business sessions and map out campaigns against the rival nines of the neighborhood.

So Collier, Sr., donated the tent and a table and a dozen camp chairs for furnishings, and provided a site for it on his lawn. After the canvas had been pitched and the boys had assembled therein the donor slipped down to the back of the tent and hid there with his eye at a crack in order to hear and see how the boys conducted their meeting. He arrived just in time to hear his son say:

"My father gave us this tent, so I move we elect him an honorary member."

This motion was carried unanimously amid applause.

The first baseman stood up.

"Mr. Manager," he said, "we need some uniforms—regular uniforms. How are we going to get them?"

"I move," said the chairman, "that the honorary member be permitted to buy the uniforms."

By acclamation this motion also was adopted.

"We need some new bats and a dozen balls and a catcher's mask and chest protector and a lot of gloves too," stated another voice.

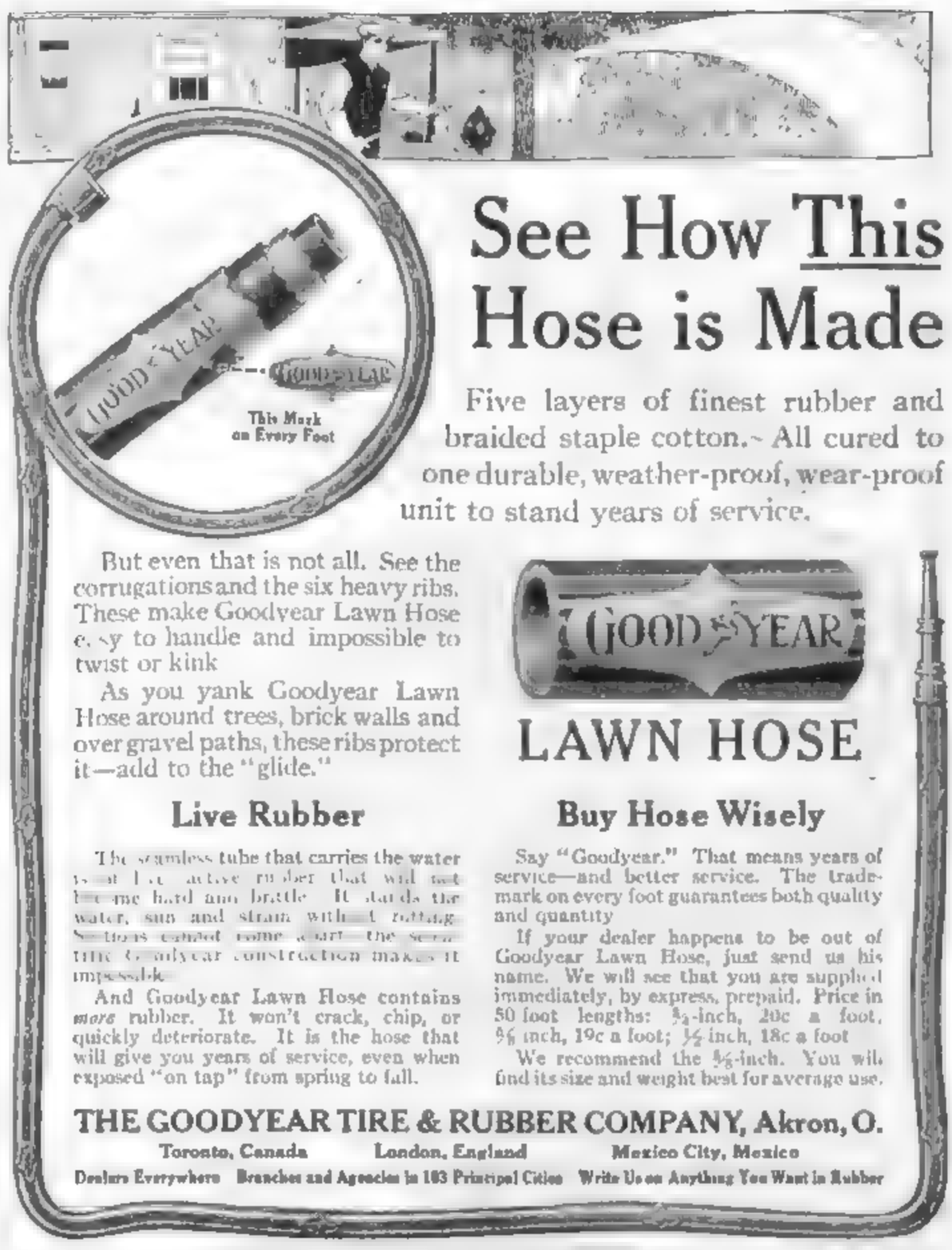
"I move," said Master Collier, "that the honorary member be allowed to furnish those things."

There was not a dissenting voice among those present.

"I think we ought to hire a big coach to take us to the game," came a suggestion from the shortstop.

"That's right too," said the manager. "I move that——"

It was at this juncture that the honorary member stepped round to the front and tendered his resignation.



See How This Hose is Made

Five layers of finest rubber and braided staple cotton.—All cured to one durable, weather-proof, wear-proof unit to stand years of service.

But even that is not all. See the corrugations and the six heavy ribs. These make Goodyear Lawn Hose easy to handle and impossible to twist or kink

As you yank Goodyear Lawn Hose around trees, brick walls and over gravel paths, these ribs protect it—add to the "glide."

GOODYEAR LAWN HOSE

Live Rubber

The seamless tube that carries the water is of live active rubber that will not become hard and brittle. It stands the water, sun and strain without rotting. Sections cannot come apart—the seamless Goodyear construction makes it impossible.

And Goodyear Lawn Hose contains *more* rubber. It won't crack, chip, or quickly deteriorate. It is the hose that will give you years of service, even when exposed "on tap" from spring to fall.

Buy Hose Wisely

Say "Goodyear." That means years of service—and better service. The trade-mark on every foot guarantees both quality and quantity

If your dealer happens to be out of Goodyear Lawn Hose, just send us his name. We will see that you are supplied immediately, by express, prepaid. Price in 50 foot lengths: ¾-inch, 20c a foot, ⅝ inch, 19c a foot; ½ inch, 18c a foot

We recommend the ⅝-inch. You will find its size and weight best for average use.

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For Either Alternating or Direct Current

A Cool Kitchen *This* Summer

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Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

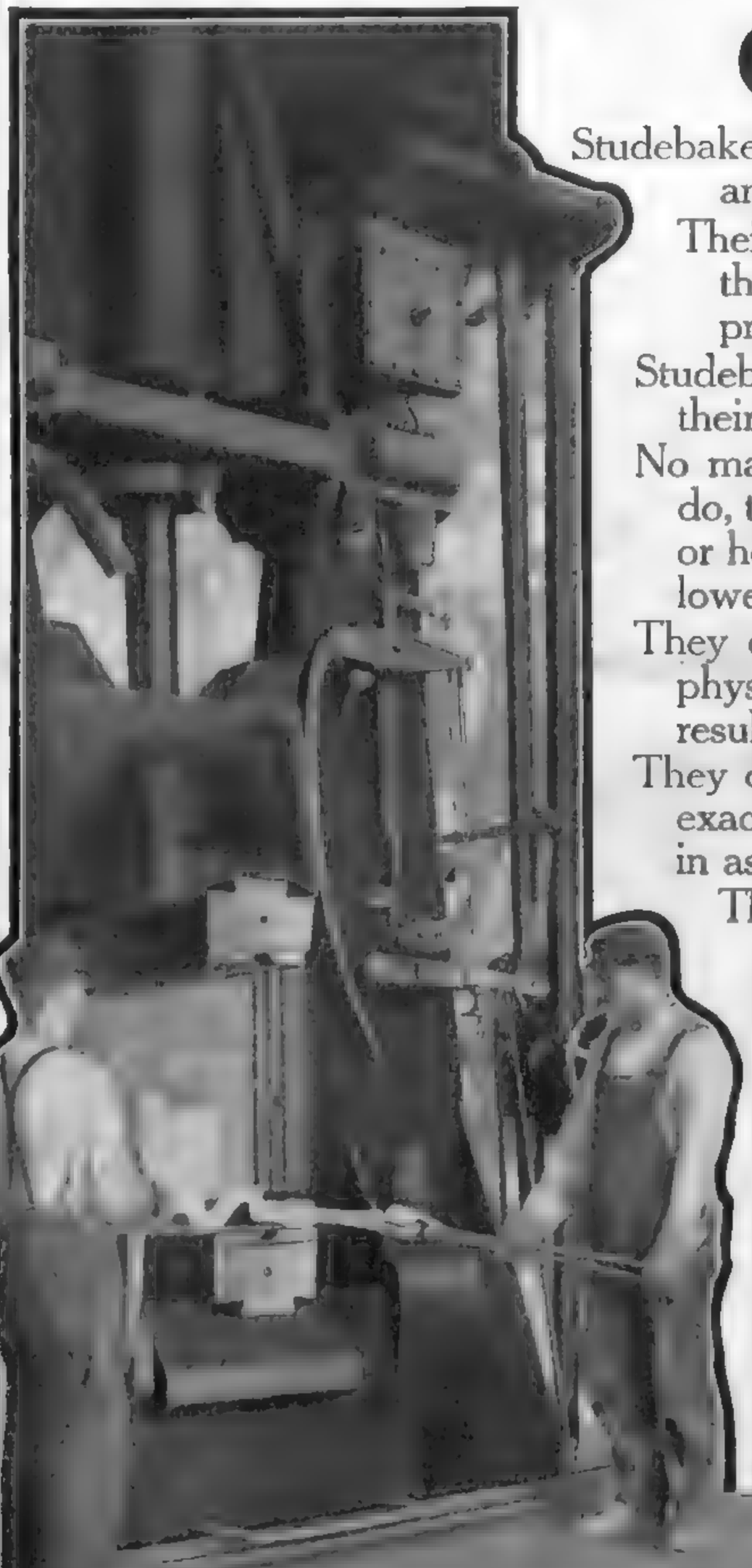
Use the fan in the kitchen, then shift it to the dining-room while dinner is being served; move it to the living-room and thence to the bed-room for a restful, refreshing night's sleep. You can get "STANDARD" Fans in any style—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust; in a variety of sizes and prices from $9.00 up. Write for 1914 Fan Booklet and name of our nearest fan dealer.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, New Orleans. Agencies in All Principal Cities. (91)

Studebaker SIX

Light Weight
The Full Floating Rear Axle
Full Timken Bearing Equipment
24 Body Finishing Operations
Electrically Lighted and Started
Completely Equipped



Quantity Production

Studebaker engineers never lose sight of quality, quantity and price.

Their life work is to give the Studebaker owner the highest quality at a price as low as quantity production can bring it.

Studebaker engineers are also production experts; their work only begins with designing.

No man or set of men understands better than they do, the manufacturing economies of big production; or how to turn those savings into higher quality at lower prices.

They direct and oversee the scientific chemical and physical tests of raw metals and materials that result in rejection or acceptance.

They direct manufacturing; they insist on the utmost exactness in inspections; the most scrupulous care in assembling.

Their watchword is quantity production of quality cars—protect and perpetuate the good name of Studebaker.

That explains why we consider Studebaker cars the quality-equals of the costliest, though selling for hundreds less.

$3,000,000 in Studebaker Machinery to Build Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

This huge hammer forges Studebaker crankshafts.

Were we to buy crankshafts from a parts manufacturer, each would cost us twice as much as it does produced in our own forge.

So, although the equipment cost $20,000, it saves each of 40,000 Studebaker owners half the production cost of this part—and gives him a better crankshaft, because we specify the chemical analysis of the raw steel and, after forging, put the metal through our own heat treatments.

F. O. B. Detroit

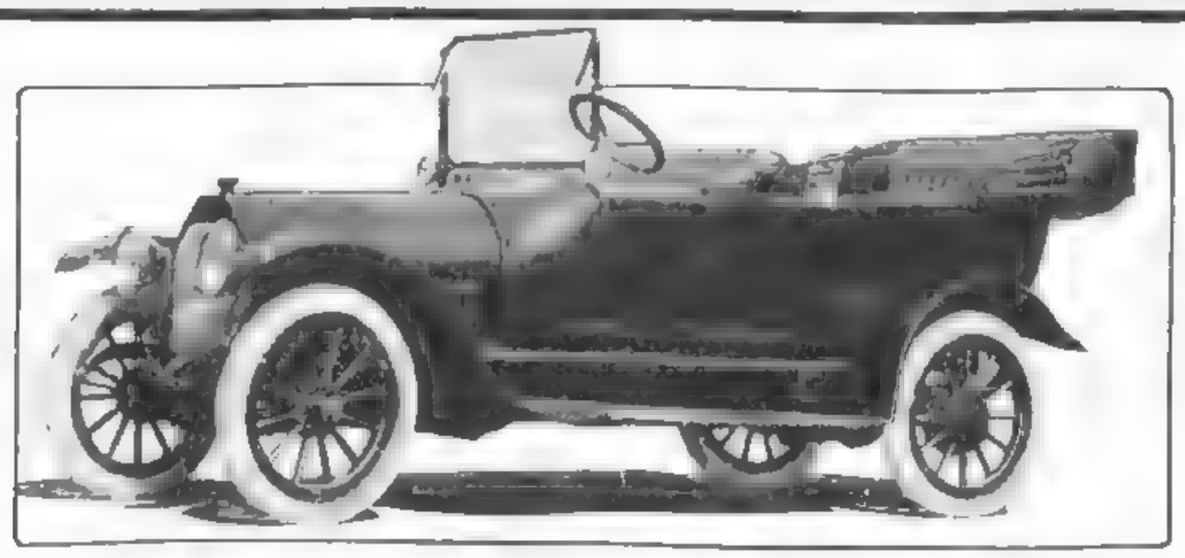
FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	1350
SIX Canadian Roadster	1800
SIX Sedan	2250

F. O. B. Walkerville

FOUR Touring Car	$1375
SIX Touring Car	1675
SIX Canadian Roadster	2150
SIX Sedan	2725
Model 35 Touring Car	1590
Six Passenger SIX	1800

Canadian Factory: Walkerville, Ont.

Buy It Because



$1575

of Quality Cars

What is there in the Studebaker SIX that justifies us in saying it is the greatest automobile value in the world?

Setting aside the things which the eye can see—such as the ample seating capacity, the splendid electric system, fine finish and beauty of body—here are some of the internal values:—

The full floating rear axle—its housing a light, tremendously strong Studebaker steel stamping.

Axle shafts so strong that one would support an 80-ton locomotive like a pendulum.

Each shaft so tough that to break it would require twisting through seven revolutions by a force equal to the weight of four tons at the end of a three-foot lever.

Camshaft, transmission and differential gears so hardened and toughened by heat-treatments that the sharpest file will not scratch, nor heavy hammer blows chip them.

Timken bearings throughout—which means even to the wheel hubs.

Springs that will stand 200,000 complete oscillations in a testing machine built to wear out springs—as against 30,000 to 50,000, ordinarily accepted as good.

Two hundred forty-seven drop forgings—lighter and stronger than malleable iron castings.

A motor built complete in Studebaker foundry and machine shops—perfect in balance and alignment; a magnificent six-cylinder block casting.

We invite comparison with cars at any price to prove that the additional price buys no additional value.

Send for the Studebaker Proof Book, picturing and describing Studebaker processes.

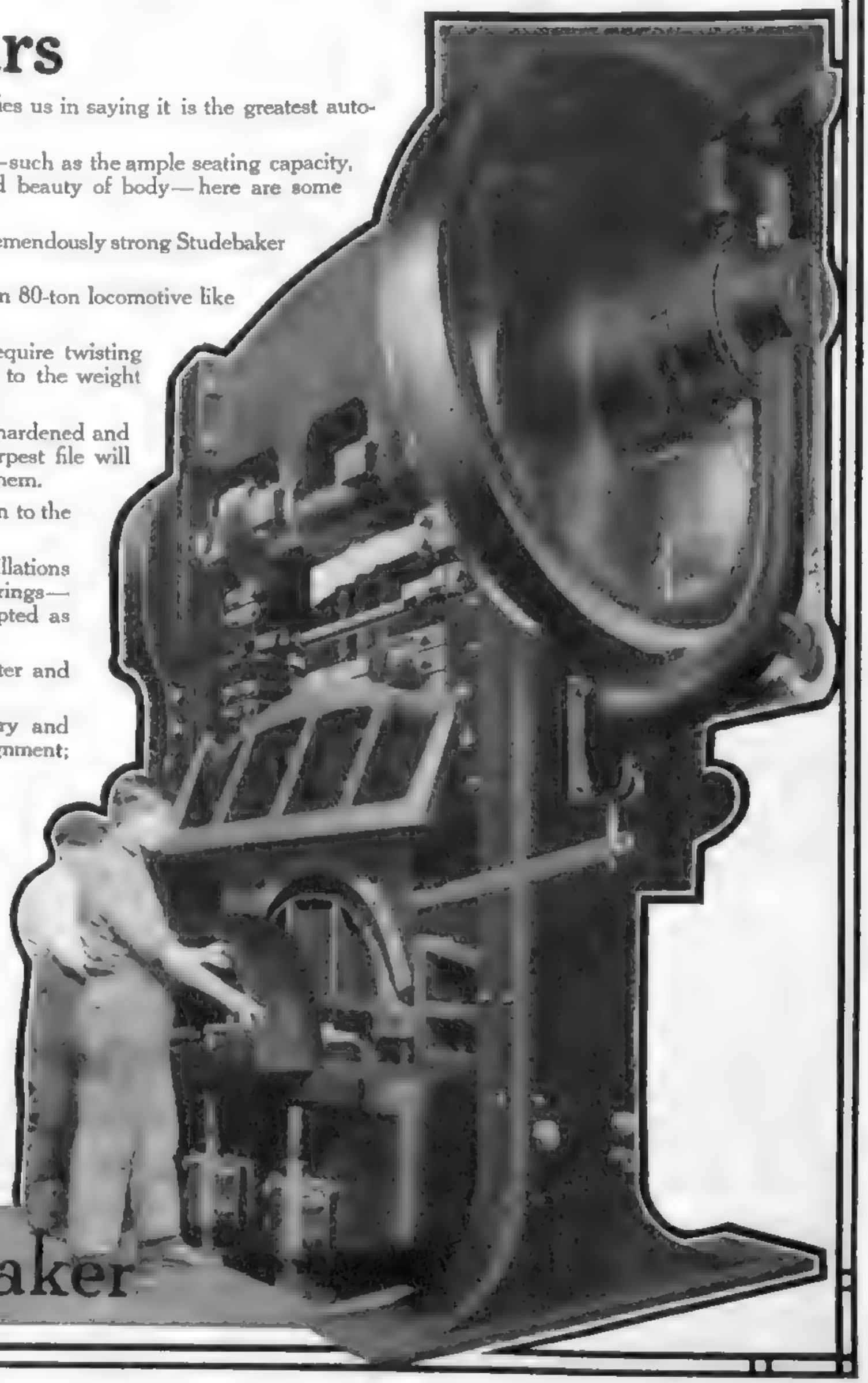
Studebaker, Detroit

$3,000,000 in Studebaker Machinery to Build Highest Quality at Lowest Prices

The beautiful Studebaker crowned fenders are made possible only by this ponderous machine—one of the largest and costliest used in motor car manufacture.

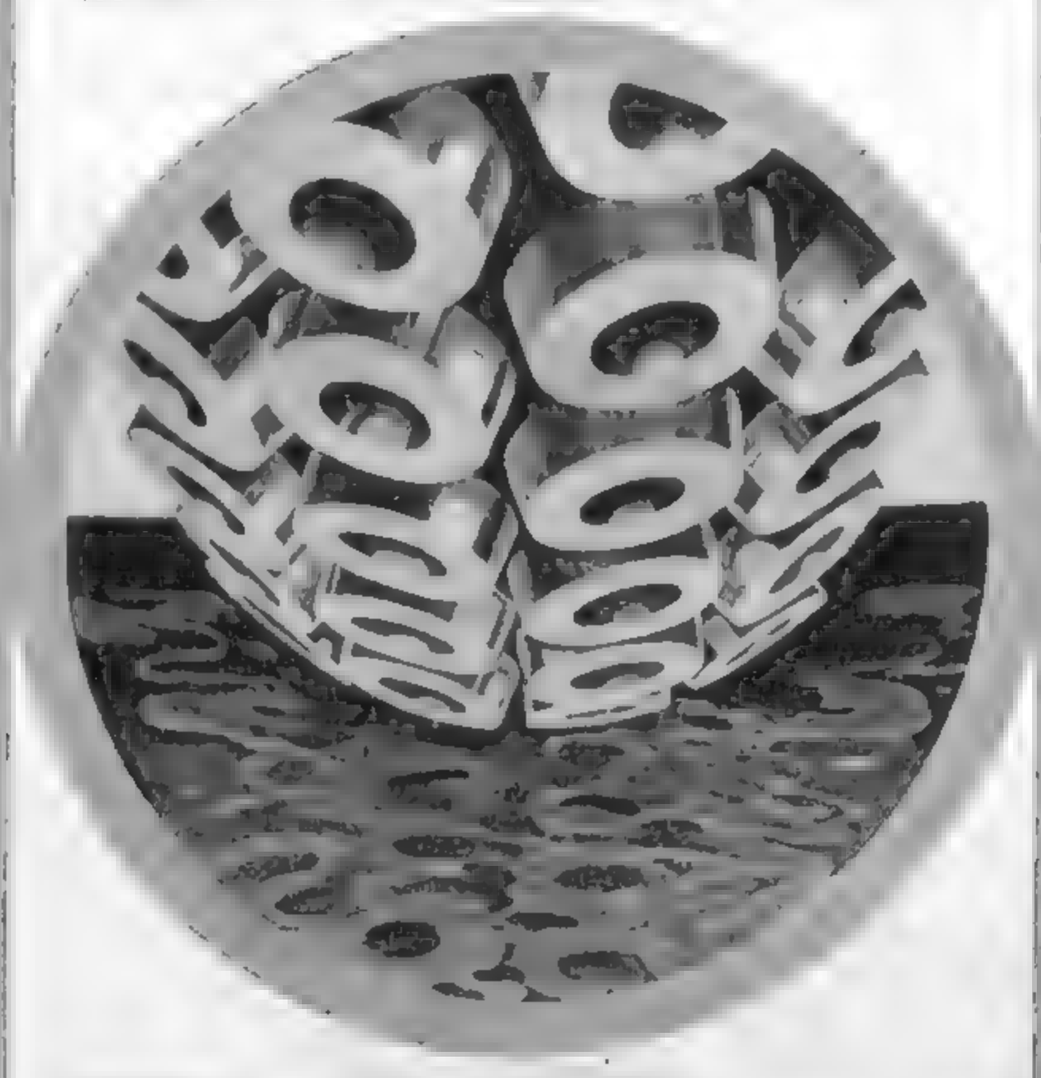
It saves us 65 per cent in fender manufacturing cost, and the difference goes into some other part or comes off the price.

So it is with every individual part and piece of chassis and body—higher quality or lower cost.



It's a Studebaker

If ALL Tires Were PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES



SKIDDING on slippery pavements—the greatest single cause of automobile accidents—would be unknown.

V. C. tires have been guaranteed for many years not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at purchase price. Never a claim from a user.

Tire trouble and expense—the greatest drawbacks to the use of automobiles—would be so normal and nominal as to constitute the least of all motoring complaints.

V. C. tires are guaranteed for a low minimum of 4,500 actual miles and maintain an average nearer twice that distance.

The oiled road would be a *complete* comfort—not to be avoided, but enjoyed.

V. C. tires are guaranteed absolutely immune to the rubber destroying effects of oil.

Every year adds enormously to the number of those who know Vacuum Cup Tires as the ONLY tires for utmost safety and service. 1914 has already broken previous yearly records.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

New York	Boston	Los Angeles	Minneapolis
Chicago	Pittsburgh	Detroit	Omaha
Cleveland	San Francisco	St. Paul	Kansas City, Mo.
Seattle	Dallas	Atlanta	

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy

If the end of your thirst is a mile away, **Hires** will overtake it.

At fountains or in bottles at grocers', fruit stands, etc.

Send home a case of cool waves to the folks.

When in Atlantic City see Hires Boardwalk store

THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT

(Continued from Page 5)

But the boats which put off from her to fasten to the whale are in a different category of shipbuilding. It was necessary for them to be swift, stanch and very buoyant. When racing yachts were still square-rigged for the most part, the whale boat had already been developed along these lines to a point beyond which it does not seem possible to go. Thirty feet long, two men can lift her. Paper thin, the seas can no more crush her than they can crush a cork. Rowed by four men, there is many a power boat that could not catch her. And down the wind, under sail, in any sort of weather, there is no boat of her size so swift or so sweet. As if all this was not enough, she is beautiful to the eye, as the Indian's canoe is beautiful, as is the newest cup defender. And she has shared in more daring deeds than all the great conquerors of history put together.

No matter what part of the seven seas you happen to be in, Cape Horn, if you have to round it, is always too near for comfort. Taking an occasional whale, zigzagging here and there, "smelling" for whales, the Mary Blount drew at last into those dreaded and dreadful seas. Of the ship's company, those who were not forthwith seasick and sick of the sea could have been counted on the fingers of one hand—Captain Haithway, because there is no prevention like responsibility, Shattuck, Crandle and, oddly enough, the boy Bowers.

Crandle had taken the education of the last named in hand and at the same time his own. For years the owner of a Bowditch's Navigator, taken over for a bad debt, he had never so much as dipped into it. One day he thundered at Bowers: "Have you read that Bowditch yet?"

This was upon a calm and sunny day of idling.

"I can't make head nor tail of it. And I don't see no use in it."

"Fetch the book."

Bowers fetched it.

"Now, then," said Crandle, "do you know where we be?"

"Aboard the Mary Blount."

"Whereabouts aboard the Mary Blount?"

"Why—jest forward o' the try-works."

Crandle rolled his agate eyes heavenward, asking, and receiving, patience.

"In what part of the ocean?"

"I dunno."

Crandle sank his voice.

"Now I wouldn't know if the captain hadn't told me. Now this here book tells a seaman how to tell where he is, how to locate where he wants to get, how to point for it and how to get there."

"But the captain knows all that."

"So he does," said Crandle, again imploring heaven for some quality which was not his by nature. "So he does; so does Mr. Tuttle—and who else? Not a living soul on this ship, none o' the mates, none o' the boatheaders, boatsteerer or foremast hands, and unless you and I study this here Bowditch and get help on the knotty parts nobody else ever will know. This book tells everything that's known about the sea and about ships."

"Does it tell why a ship is always spoken of as 'she'?"

"It does," said Crandle; "a ship is a woman because her rigging costs more than her hull. But that don't help us to find out where we are."

"It looks just about the same as where we was yesterday."

"But the charts might tell us that where we are now isn't two miles from a hungry reef lookin' for a growin' boy. Suppose something happened to Captain Haithway? Suppose he got bit in two by a whale? Suppose then Mr. Tuttle dies o' that pain in the side he's always complainin' of? Who'd there be to navigate the ship safe into port? I tell you, when I thinks of the short lease a seaman takes on life from the Almighty it scares me. Do you want to be a cabin boy all your life? Do I want to die a boatsteerer that has risen from before the mast? No, sir, I don't. Now, then, we'll read this here book together. Two minds is better than one. And you just put this in your heart. You say to yourself: 'If there's anything that can be understood I can understand it.'"

Mr. Tuttle, walking as if walking hurt, his face pale and harassed, drew near and looked over the shoulders of the studious pair.

"Learning navigation? That's right. If I can help any I'll be glad to—glad to! There are never enough navigators on a ship by half. You never can tell what might happen. And when your chance comes you want to be ready for it. Look at Captain Haithway, rising in one voyage, by merit, by application, and by a series of unforeseeable accidents and sicknesses from cabin boy to first mate—on his first voyage!"

"With all doo respects, Mr. Tuttle," said Crandle, "how is it that you never came to be master, stopped at the top o' the ladder, you may say, and never climbed on into the house?"

"Why, it's well known," said Mr. Tuttle; "but if you don't happen to know I'll tell you—for the good of that boy's soul. I was first mate at twenty-three years of age. One night when you would least have expected it to come, the captain being ashore and we safe in a calm harbor, a hurricane came, blown in from the heaven knows where. The work of savin' the ship fell to the second mate ——"

"But you was aboard, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes, my man, to be sure I was. I was blind drunk in my stateroom. Since that time," he went on solemnly, "I have never so much as wet my lips with liquor. But for all that no shipowner has ever cared to trust me with a ship. And quite right too!"

Mr. Tuttle turned away with an abruptness which brought his hand to his injured side, bit his lips and walked aft.

■

SHE was a picture in the great blue sea-cloak which the men had made for her. And she could never quite look her fill at the exquisitely scrimshawed buttons or the droll effective embroideries. And the cloak was voluminous, and kept her very warm and dry. She looked like a child masquerading as a woman, and indeed she was.

Crandle, who in his reform, when sea duties permitted, was much occupied with thinking, used to watch her by the hour from his sheltered place against the try-works. But it was from under bent brows that he watched, so that to a casual observer it must have appeared that he was intent upon his knitting.

It was pleasant to see the great, savage-bearded seaman with the twisted and flattened nose engaged in so prosaic and innocent a diversion. He used, with a steady, swift clicking like that of a clock, a long and thick pair of ivory needles, headed by buttons of blackest ebony, into the top of each of which had been set a little sperm whale filed from mother-of-pearl. The yarns, blue and white, steadily came out of a sewing bag, a miraculous matting work of linen fishline, while the finished product was ever partially hidden by the cavernous palms of his hands.

These hands, rough, thick, hairy, cracked, tarred and able, looked to be very dirty indeed, but the knitted yarns that came from their swift and sure handling were as clean as the day they were spun.

If the men asked him what he was making he gave them elusive replies. "It's a curtain to hang over the sun." They had not seen the sun for a week. "It's gags to put in the mouths of them as asks too many questions." "A nest for flyin' fishes." "A net to catch suckers."

But for all his watching of Mrs. Haithway, his persistent knitting and the thousand and one calls of his profession, he did not neglect Bowers and the Bowditch. Bowers was with him so much that he must have known what the long ivory needles were making. Indeed, perhaps in emulation of his idol, he had begun a slow and cumbersome work of knitting of his own.

The book might lie between them, kept open by weights. And with constant reference thereto they spoke in voices containing already glimmerings of understanding of sines and cosines, of fixed stars and false horizons. The whole ship's company took an interest in their progress. Mr. Tuttle, who grew paler and graver day by day, took a kind of feverish pleasure in answering questions and explaining difficulties. Captain Haithway loaned them his spare sextant, and worked over it with them until it was in perfect adjustment. The cook, of all people, presented them with a ledger,

all blank except for the fly leaf upon which some friend had written his name for him, and with a patent pencil which in his hands, as he naively put it, would do almost anything except write.

Those doubts and mysteries of adolescence which had so troubled Bowers, under the earlier spells of Crandle's teaching, had by the same teacher in his reformed mood been dissipated and laughed to scorn. Without directly taking back anything that he had ever said to the boy, the strong man was able to throw over those same sayings a new light.

The God of the Bible and of the preachers still met with his contempt, for he denied stoutly that God was God.

"It's as if a man who didn't know how to add or substract was to write a trigonomity," he said, "and pass it off on men more ignorant as hisself for genuine." But he affirmed Christ. "Maybe He was God," he said, "and maybe He weren't. But you never heard a strong man sneer at him and you never will. As for me, I don't sneer at God, I only sneer at the men who are so bumptious they think they can explain Him and boss Him. Here, let me show you." He took the boy's rude knitting, picked up the lost stitches with wonderful deftness and expedition and returned it to him. "Try to get the feel of it in your fingers, same as a girl plays love music on the peranna without havin' to take her eyes off her beau."

"Speakin' o' love," began Bowers.

"Well?" said Crandle, his agate eyes roving toward Mrs. Haithway, who had just emerged from the cabin on her husband's arm.

"Was you ever in love, Crandle—hard and fast, I mean?"

"Yes," said Crandle curtly.

There was a long silence.

"I often wonder,' said Bowers at length, "what bein' in love is really like. One man says one thing; one man says another."

"It's like nothing," said Crandle, "that any man has ever said or ever will say, so what's the use o' talkin'? Some day you'll think you're in love, you'll think all the things you ever heard men, aye, and women say—well, you laugh and go about your business, even if it hurts. But another day you'll know you're in love."

"And then, I suppose," said Bowers, "you have to go about your business just the same."

"No," said Crandle, "then you have to do your duty, even if it kills you—and there's the captain's lady callin' me."

He stuffed needles and knitting into his sewing bag, and rolled swiftly aft on his strong short legs. He stood looking down into the bright eyes that peered up at him from the deep hood of the great sea cloak.

"Crandle," she said, "I'm just dying to know what you're all the time knitting, so I just had to ask."

"Oh, sometimes one thing," he said, "sometimes another."

"But right now, what are you on now?"

He covered the lower part of his face with one hand and stood for a moment, reflecting. Then withdrawing the hand and disclosing a smile of almost bewildering gentleness:

"Why," said he, "I'm knitting a blue-and-white jacket for a baby."

It is a shock to any woman to learn that her first and greatest secret is common knowledge; but Mrs. Haithway's brave eyes never fell before the boatsteerer's.

"How good you are at heart, Crandle," she said, "and how kind and thoughtful. Is it for *my* baby?"

"For yours," he said.

"Crandle?"

"Ma'am?"

"I love to think that you are knitting things for my baby. I'd love to think that sometimes you are praying for me. A woman—at sea—no other woman—only men—she—she has her little fears, her silly little panics, Crandle."

"When it's my watch below," said Crandle, "and sleep gets me, so as I don't know what's going on in the world, then and only then I stop praying to God that all will be well with you."

After a moment more, with no word spoken, he turned upon his heel and went back to his place against the try-works.

VI

ACROSS the top of the ledger in which he was keeping the log of the voyage, Mr. Tuttle wrote at this time in large red letters:

Outward bound and still off Cape Horn.

Then, in black ink, the date and the following entry:

Begins with gale still blowing from the southwest, mixed with flurries of sleet and snow. Edmonton, a boatsteerer, died of gangrene.

Then Mr. Tuttle drew in the margin a black coffin like this:

and then he went on deck to help them commit the body of Edmonton to the deep.

Two weeks later the Mary Blount staggered out of the mists and gales and began to nose about for whale in the pleasant pastures of the South Pacific. Here she met presently with the B. D. Morgan, out of New Bedford, and now homeward bound with all her casks full and a fine lump of ambergris under lock and key.

The two ships gammed for half a day, the officers and men exchanging visits for talk, news, play and trade. Captain Haithway wrote some letters for the Morgan to carry home; and received in exchange a letter from the captain of the Morgan to a Miss Smith in Honolulu. United States newspapers, months stale, were exchanged for equally stale copies of the Seaman's Friend, a highly moral sheet published in the Sandwich Islands. Crandle, who was made much of aboard the Morgan because of his dark and interesting record, returned from his visit the proud possessor of an oblong basket, woven in many colors from island grasses.

This curiosity cost the wicked man several pounds of excellent chewing tobacco and a gauntlet of laughter. "He wants it to pick flowers in," they said. "He's going to give it to Pharaoh's daughter to find in the bullrushes." This shot in the dark was so close to the mark that Crandle scowled and the laughter stopped.

If the gamming of the ships was more profitable for some than for others, it was most profitable of all to Bowers. He went aboard the Morgan, a blushing, overgrown hobbledehoy, and returned a young man inspired with hope and ambition, with a jaw for once tightly closed.

"Why," he told Crandle, "the Morgan's second mate, Mr. Coffin, went out as cabin boy. He took to Bowditch same as you and me, and when his chance come, there he was. And I told him how far we'd got, and he said he hadn't got near as far after studyin' the same length o' time. And he said it would come to us all at once like it done to him. He said he was like a man lookin' for a button on the floor of a big dark room—all his gropings was at hazard and no account, till all of a sudden his hand closed on the button. And now——" Bowers stammered in his effort to find an overwhelming proof of his new friend's attainments. "And now he don't think no more of a false horizon than you and me thinks of bean soup. What's the basket for?"

"Why," said Crandle, "I got some nice bits of wood put away—nara and ebony and such like—and I'm a-going to make a stand for this here basket, so's it'll hang fore and aft and amidships, like the binnacle lamps, and always keep an even keel no matter how the seas run. Then I'm going to take up contribootions of hair from the men; soon as any one gets his hair cut I get the clippin's. When I gets enough I boils 'em in a kettle and skims off anything that comes to the top, anything in the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and then I takes the hair and dries it, and sprinkles it with orris-root and powder o' cedar, and then I makes it into a little mattress to fit snug into the bottom of the basket. Then I makes up a little set of bedclothes and a piller to match. And a bedspread outer that silk handkerchief I showed you one day; and——"

"Couldn't I do nothing to help?"

"With them butter-fingers of yours? But, yes! When I boils the hair you can stand by to do the skimmin'——"

At this moment the speaker was interrupted by a great, loud, clear musical shout from aloft.

"Blowo-ows—Ah—Blo-o-ows."

True to her reputation, the Mary Blount had smelt out a sperm whale, and far off to leeward in the dancing, dazzling sunshine her lookout could see it, loafing, spouting and inviting its soul, an island of black watered-silk upon the blue.

"Boy," said Crandle, "stow that basket in my chest. And fetch me some pitch to rub on my hands. Something tells me that the first chance to put an iron in that there fish will be mine."

"The Girard Smile"

Is conceived by W. B. King

To enjoy the good things of life and not pay too dearly for them is the general human desire. We make our cigars so fragrant in aroma, so full flavored in taste, that they yield a maximum of pleasure; yet the blend is so mild that they are easy on nerves.

GIRARD Cigars

are not merely good cigars; their blend is unique and exclusive, and you will have to try them to appreciate them.

Girard Cigars are made in 14 sizes from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

No Dust From These Concrete Floors

A hundred thousand square feet of dustproof concrete floors were laid by Master Builders Method in the world's largest Pottery.

Master Builders Concrete Hardner used according to our "Standard Specifications," enabled the E. M. Knowles Pottery Company to complete the work for themselves at their plant, Newell, W. Va.

These floors will wear like iron; they are smooth, dense, and cannot dust. They are sanitary and entirely free from concrete grit.

Master Builders Concrete Hardner can be used to make concrete floors like this anywhere, by any contractor who will follow our "Standard Specifications."

Less sand and cement are required and practically no extra labor. Concrete floors laid by Master Builders Method (patented) need no patching, painting or any after expense.

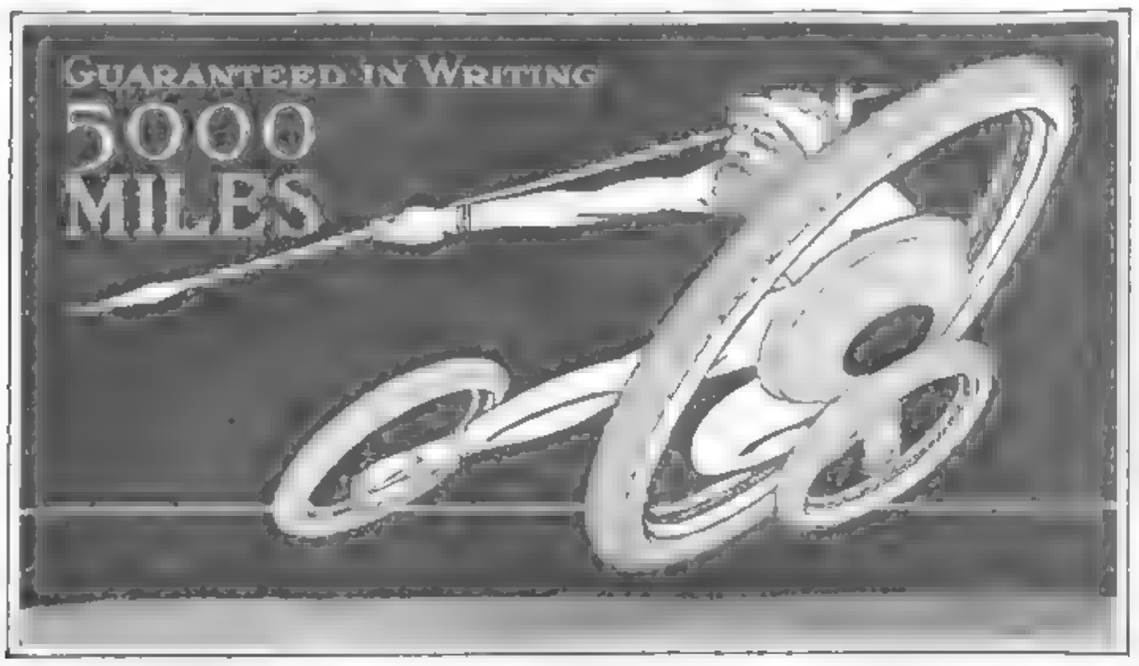
Properly laid they are laid for good. Master Builders Concrete Hardner is mixed with the sand and cement in fixed proportions. It goes all through the topping and makes concrete floors that are good as new after years of hard service.

Write for "The Master Builders Primer." Tells why the day of ordinary concrete floors is past.

The Master Builders Company
Department C Cleveland, Ohio
Branches and dealers in all important cities

Master Builders Method®

AJAX



1914—SECOND ANNUAL—1915

TIRE MILEAGE CONTEST

FOR EMPLOYED CHAUFFEURS

$5,000 in PRIZES

WE invite our friends among car owners to encourage their chauffeurs to enter the Second Ajax Tire Mileage Contest, now in progress. The direct benefits accruing therefrom are more careful driving, proper care and consideration of tires, their proper inflation, greatly increased tire mileage life and lessened motoring cost.

The value to car owners of the recently concluded Ajax contest was fully demonstrated in the award of first prize to J. F. Gibney for driving an Ajax tire a distance of 16,783 miles on a Locomobile touring car; the average of 10,323 miles per tire made by the first 30 capital prize winners, and the average of 6,906 miles per Ajax tire made by the total of 208 prize winners.

For all information regarding the second contest, now in progress, address the "Contest Department." Investigate Ajax Tires, for they *are* better tires!

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in 18 Leading Cities *Factories: Trenton, N. J.*

TIRES

YOUR BOY OR GIRL

May secure without expense a course at Yale, Vassar or any other college or university, at the New England Conservatory of Music or at any other musical college or conservatory, at any business college, correspondence school, law school, medical college—in fact, at any educational institution in the country. More than a thousand young people have already earned scholarships largely during their summer vacations. Your boy or girl can do as well as they. Write for details.

BOX 527, EDUCATIONAL DIVISION

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

He turned and faced the captain. The latter's face was bright with ill-concealed excitement.

"Big bull," he said; "ninety barrels if he's a drop."

Crandle was rubbing his great rough palms together and a kind of shiver went through him.

"Not nervous, Crandle, I hope."

"No, sir. But it's the first chance I've had to show anything since you and her gave me a lift in the world, and it seems as if I couldn't wait to get at him, sir."

Captain Haithway laughed like a boy.

"You've whaled enough to know how much hurry there is! But we'll lower the boats presently—presently."

And meanwhile, without a thought, they were parting company with the Morgan. Every pair of eyes aboard the Mary Blount was peeled for a sight of the whale, and even Crandle's heart was stirring with those savage instincts of the chase that are more potent in man than friendship or greed or even love.

"Flukes!" he bellowed. "There goes flukes!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE DANCING CARNIVAL

(Continued from Page 13)

"Haven't any—I'm nonunion," said Lionel. "Move, will you? I got a lot to do inside."

"Well, we ain't workin' with no scab—see? So if you can't flash your T. M. A. card, this show's out o' luck, kid. Come on boys! Let the scab set the stage!"

A transfer company's wagon blocked the alley as the striking stage crew left it, and Lionel, deliberating on the steps, heard the word scab repeated loudly. Then:

"Drop the baggage off right there, Andy, an' come on! You'll be in trouble with the Teamsters' Union if you don't."

The bump of a trunk on the paved sidewalk followed this threat.

"Here, you deliver that baggage at the door or we'll sue your comp'ny!" yelled Lionel, boldly dashing forth; but the trunks came hurtling down, for Walden was strongly union.

The stage crew walked off and the two transfer men stolidly unloaded, with Lionel violently impugning their ancestry. When the wagon was emptied they drove away, still silent under his taunts. The last trunk was Goldie's and the sight of it soothed Lionel. He dragged it through the stage door, then groped for the switchboard as there was no light. He located dressing rooms by the musty odors of grease-paint, and a trail of fresh cigarette smoke led to the switchboard. He pulled out plugs by the light of a match and succeeded in illuminating the auditorium.

When he had the dressing rooms lighted he returned to the trunks in the alley and, for Goldie's sake, brought in her partner's trunk. Bologna's he left; but as Daisy was always kind he lugged hers to room number three. There seemed to be only himself in the theater—until he went to the front, discovering a youth yawning in the box office.

The youth said he could use the phone if he wanted to; so Lionel called the hotel selected for the company by the advance man. Manager Josephs had registered and gone out. Every one but Fanny Willetts was out, and Fanny said:

"We're up in Charlie Benjamin's room an' Gene's puttin' hot towels on him while I'm fixin' the medicine! Sick—my dear, he et a canned crab in Newtown an' he like to 'a' died before we got him to bed! Oh, he can't direct that orchestra tonight, Lionel, he's all in; an' we'll have to use the house leader for this once. I dunno where any one is! Goo'-by!"

Lionel carried in set pieces and trunks, and investigated the resources of the property room. It was seven-thirty. A nonunion crew must be hired and the house leader informed that he must direct in place of the ailing Benjamin. The box-office youth declared that all he knew was that his father, the house manager, was in Fall River and had told him to see that companies got no more than their just percentage, and to take his clicker to the gallery door when the tickets were all sold. He did not know any sceneshifters or electricians—did not know why every one was late. As Lionel fumed Vera Kelly entered the stage door, asking what was the matter.

"They never had anything over seventy-five-cent vod'ville over this circuit before, an' we blow in an' ask 'em two a throw—an' the stagehands have struck 'cause I ain't union—an' Benjamin's poisoned—ain't that enough?" he groaned. "Not a soul to help an' this stage to be set—huh?"

"I say, gimme a hammer an' tell me what to do," said Vera. "Nobody's killed yet."

Lionel was tacking scenery to battens and he accepted Vera's help apathetically. He reflected that, unless the performance could be given as usual, his enemies would have such cause to reproach him that Goldie might turn against him too. When Vera, snatching a square of sylvan dell, tacked it upside down, he snarled:

"Now here; things can't be hashed up like that! Are you blind?"

She untacked, meticulously matching a painted tree to the half he had just put up.

Weak tootles from the musicians' room under the stage sent Lionel flying there. Then the tootles ceased, a faint cry of Scab! sounded from the alley, feet tramped out of the stage door, and Lionel roared:

"You better beat it or I'll punch him harder!"

"Oh, Lionel! What'd they do? What'd you do? Are you hurt?" screamed Vera; and Lionel, breathing like a winded dog, replied:

"I hit their cursed leader in the eye! Sympathy strike now on. We got no music, no crew, no nothin'—an' I got to watch the trunks so they don't wreck 'em! That'll be the next thing."

With a stagebrace he was menacing three burly strikers when the Happy Harmonists came running to his aid. Gene and Fanny Willetts, Inez Kelly and little George Graff scurried across the street, and the six Different Dancers tempestuously detrained from a passing trolley car. All were willing to make up for having dallied by fighting to the death if necessary, and the strikers had retreated when Vera came out, bearing a fire-ax.

"I'm comin', Lionel! I got an ax!" she shouted; but her sister Inez caught her arm, exclaiming:

"Vera, you're makin' a fool of yourself about him! He's a nut over Goldie and you ought to realize it—and yet you don't. You'll never get him. Here she is now and you'll see where you get off at!"

Goldie was demanding the manager—house manager, then; or Johnny, or the electrician. Something must be done instantly! And she tartly asked Gene Willetts, the stage manager, why he was not doing it.

"Here's Mr. Lamotte doin' ten men's work an' fightin' strikers as well, an' others merely stall round an' look wise!" she said excitedly. "Mr. Willetts, you get a gait on—d'you hear me?"

"Gene don't have to take no orders from you, Goldie Dailey," said Fanny Willetts. "Don'tan'won't—or we'll close right here!"

"Lionel, I'm dependin' on you, as people behave like perfect rummies!" said Goldie hysterically. "I own a piece of this show, an' the house is half full; an' we don't knock our tour by givin' the money back!"

"I can set the stage an' work the lights we can go without the spot for once," said Lionel, his heart leaping as his lady voiced her dependence on him; but Goldie cried:

"We gotta have a spot! I can't work without one! And the orchestra —— Oh, heavens, what's to be done?"

"I'll chase a boy over for Benjamin's address book. He must know some musicians here that ain't in a union," said Willetts. "Buck up, Goldie!"

"Her insultin' you an' you stand for it!" said Fanny Willetts; whereat her husband said briefly:

"Shut up! Goldie's all right."

"I can quiet 'em with a piano overture," proffered Lionel; and Goldie said:

"Lionel dear, I can't thank you here—it ain't the place; but when we're alone ——"

She looked severely at Vera, who slunk away to dress. If Lionel could look at Goldie as he had, Vera thought that Goldie must respond by gladly giving him her heart. Who could resist him?

The poor girl left raw splashes of red where the color should have been softly blended and tears made her rouge paw useless. Lionel's black eyes were in her glass instead of her own, which were as black. If she owned mink coats and jewels, bright

(Continued on Page 52)

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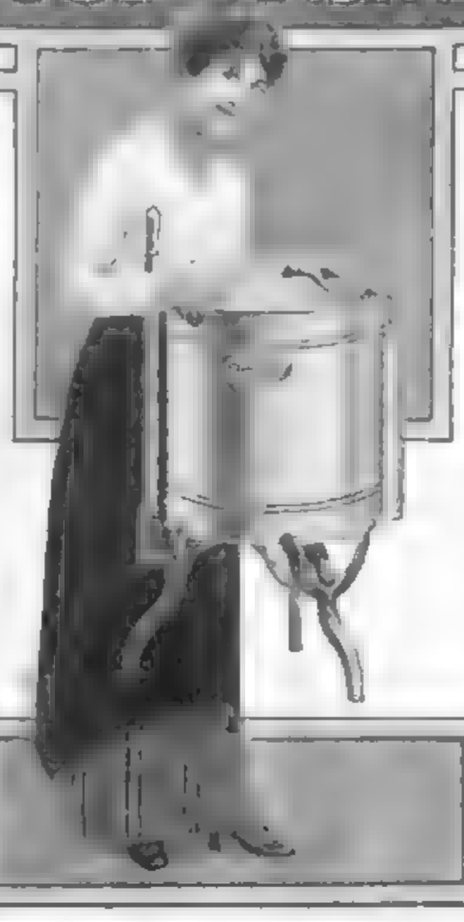

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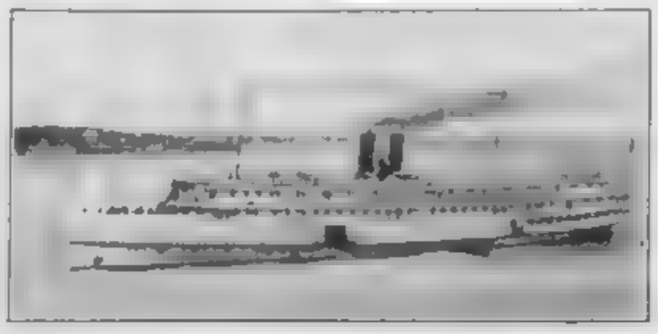

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(Continued from Page 50)

yellow hair and fine gowns, would he like her then? It was not fair for Goldie to lure him with her pansy eyes. For the first time Vera wished herself a blonde.

"You keep on an' you'll be sick," warned Inez, putting the small Graff to bed in the tray of her trunk; but Vera said she did not care if she was—no one else cared, either.

"I'd catch myself moonin' over that kid!" said Inez angrily.

"He's older'n I am," said Vera; and she wondered why he had told her of the play he meant to write, and the great part in it that her personality would fit, and the dinners they would have, and then forgotten her!

She had stopped exchanging letters with a rising young hoop roller, and in her mind she began to mother Lionel—to fret if his delicate throat was uncovered, and to plan for another season, when they would travel as a team, domestic and professional. She would take her Persian rug, a velours table-cover, some dishes and all her photographs out of storage—even her encyclopedia.

One could make the dreariest one-night-stand room homelike in a few minutes. She would cook a hot little supper for him after the show and stitch silk shirts for him that should be as fine as Johnny Trippit's. Did he not know how headliners were—how they forgot as easily as he had? She clenched the hands, so ready to minister to Lionel, and tried to wish that Goldie would not flout him and cause him suffering.

Because Johnny and the manager had come and urged her to dress while they settled and improved the situation, Goldie was in her room. She was thinking of Lionel. How versatile he was! Johnny had actually admitted that the stage was properly set, and that the dozen labors performed by Lionel were excellently completed. A male friend of a Different Dancer had viewed Lionel daring the strikers to combat. He was a hero—and all for her!

"Say, dearie, I had 'em fry a couple of those chickens, so's we can have 'em cold after," said Daisy, popping in. She wore a frizzy brown wig and a green-and-white chiffon dancing costume.

"Oh, goody!" said Goldie, powdering her shoulders. "It's so seldom they're really nice—an' you could actually eat the legs of the one I had for dinner."

"Charlie didn't know of any pianists here. We might have to cut this date," said Daisy; and then she cried; "Hold on—she's not ready! Who is it?"

"Lemme in—I got to see her!" said the voice of Bologna.

Goldie whisked a robe about herself as he entered. He was pale and his small eyes blinked, which with him was a sign of inward turmoil.

"It's private," he said, blinking faster.

"Daisy an' me got no secrets—for mercy's sake, speak!" said Goldie. "Oh, Fred, what is it? My grief, that woman pirate ain't put our act on? My, I'm shakin'!"

"Goldie," said the juggler hoarsely, "prepare to git a wallop; an' if you hadn't nussed me when I had the pneumony I—but can that! I'm Johnny's pal, but I won't weaken on you—well, will you kin'ly smell these here? John found the woman, but she won't tell where her partner is. They're Bolton an' Bolton. Smell these here."

"My letter!" gasped Goldie. Then she snatched at the mauve sheets in his fingers and Bologna allowed her to take them. Daisy smelled curiously. "Both the same, so far as I can tell," said she.

"Yup! They are," said Bologna heavily. "Here's the notes on the snowshoe dance, picked up in the other theater. Here's a note wrote to Goldie by Mr. L. Lamotte on a double sheet turned inside out—an' he didn't notice that the inside's a letter."

The back of Lionel's message was covered with writing in a slanting, feminine hand. With growing horror, Goldie read it aloud:

"*Dear Mr. Smith:* We have a swell new dancing act for the Australian-Oriental time, and think we ought to get two hundred, as my husband has an original dance on snowshoes that is a big feature. We open with full stage—a winter set—and carry our own drop, and close in one with him doing a buck on his hands, while I——"

"She's fainting! Water—but don't spoil her make-up!" cried Daisy; but Goldie eluded Bologna's arm, declaring: "No, I'm not! Listen! Do you figger that Lionel joined merely to study our methods an' that the party in this is his wife?"

Bologna nodded.

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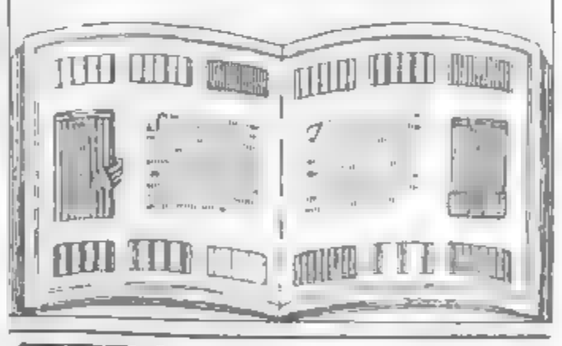

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"I told you his head was the wrong shape, dear," said Daisy. "The scoundrel!"

"I ain't let John in on it yet," said Bologna. "He ain't fit for it—what with no music an' Josephs goin' to give back the coin. It's heartbreakin'! An' our carryin' that non-union pup along's responsible."

Goldie jumped up. She reached into a suitcase, withdrawing a revolver of useful caliber.

"Quick—there's Lionel outside! Get him in here!" she hissed.

"No shootin'—I'll deal with him," said Bologna, holding the door; but Goldie was smiling as she said she did not intend to shoot.

Bologna hoped she would never turn that revengeful smile on him! He summoned Lionel softly and the latter unsuspectingly walked in. Goldie had put the weapon under a towel.

"We've tried every place and they're going to return the admissions," said Lionel sadly. "Can't give a show without some music."

"We're goin' to have music, Lionel Lamotte," said Goldie, and her tone was whiplike. To Bologna she continued: "Run an' tell Mr. Josephs that Mr. Lamotte says he'll play the whole show on the piano, an' not to give back a single bone!"

"Why, Goldie, I can't! I don't know the music well enough," faltered Lionel.

Daisy had slipped out. She reappeared and with much resolution displayed a revolver like Goldie's. Bologna was gone. Goldie revealed her revolver, and she pointed it straight at Lionel as she said, still smiling:

"Study for drama in the 'lonely spaces,' will I? Australia an' the Orient, maybe? I admit I was fooled—any one is if they believe in parties an' ain't expectin' 'em to turn out a perfect wretch! An' you was goin' to end by bustin' my show!"

"Goldie, hear me! Goldie!" cried Lionel; but Daisy and Goldie shouted in unison:

"Keep still!"

Lionel shook, and it was scarcely a proof of cowardice, with two carelessly handled automatics aimed at him.

"You'll play an overture, an' then you'll play the acts an' the revue; an' you got 'Trippit an' Dailey to reckon with when you're done!" he was promised.

And, as if hurt, amazed and rendered abject by events, Lionel was led out by Bologna, who reported that Josephs thanked Mr. Lamotte. Then the juggler borrowed Daisy's revolver and commanded:

"Hike! An' if you play any of my music wrong I'll bounce a weight on your bean!"

Fifteen minutes after the advertised hour an impatient audience observed a thin, dark youth in evening clothes come out of the slide by the piano. He commenced a brilliant medley, in which Mozart and the countless Von Tilzers, Wagner and Berlin, Chopin, and Lionel's own works were recklessly ragged. The audience liked it, but their approbation did not make the artist seem less melancholy.

The Sisters Kelly opened the bill, and Vera wondered why Goldie and Daisy were in opposite entrances, looking so strangely at Lionel. Inez became enraged when Lionel did not repeat the vamp of their second song, but Vera yearned to jump down and help him puzzle out the lead sheets. How could they expect him to play a hard show like this at a minute's notice? She was doing the Kelly Walk when she heard him say:

"Find out whether those guns are loaded!"

Vera could not answer until she was again in the center of the stage. Then she queried as he glanced up because the dance had changed time:

"Guns?"

"Yes, guns! Find out!" he said, almost in a whisper.

Inez did not hear him. She sent a hasty look at Daisy, whereat Daisy instantly and deceitfully smiled. And Goldie smiled when Vera danced toward the other entrance. Was it Johnny who had a gun?

"Oh, who'd you mean?" she quavered; and under cover of the music Lionel said:

"Look in the upper box an' see is that Sam Devine—last season's d'rector for Smoke's Minstrels."

The act was finished before she could be certain. Then she nodded; and Lionel nodded back so significantly that Vera was sure Sam Devine had the guns and was seeking Lionel's blood! And why—why should Sam Devine want it?

"Your bit's got to be cut, with him playin'," said Johnny, finding Goldie still on guard. The revolver was concealed under her white satin coat.

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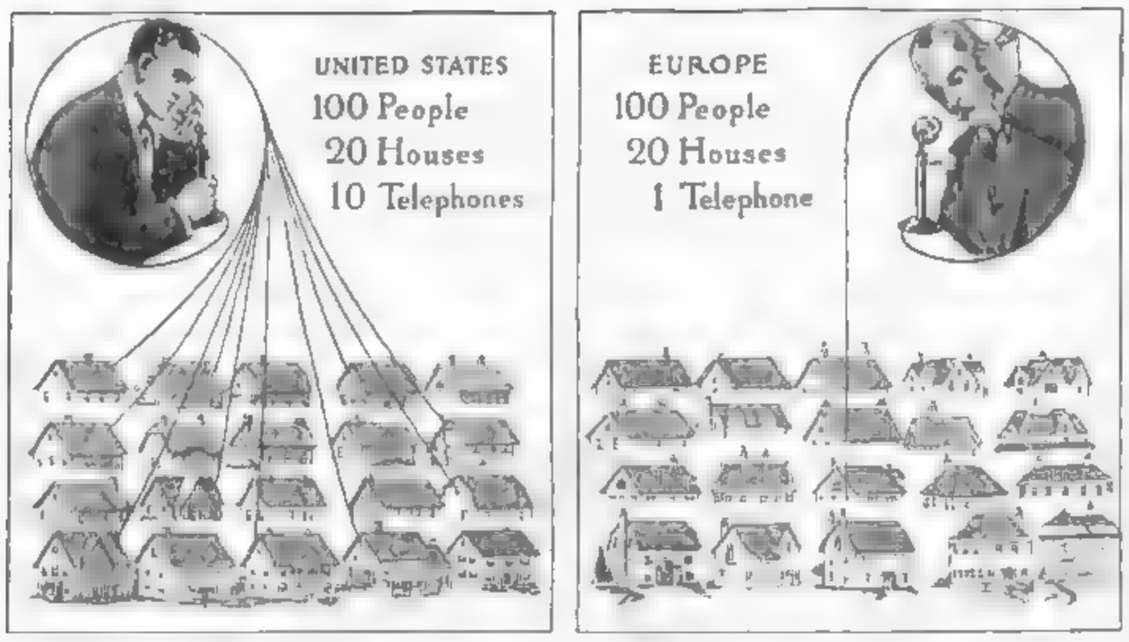

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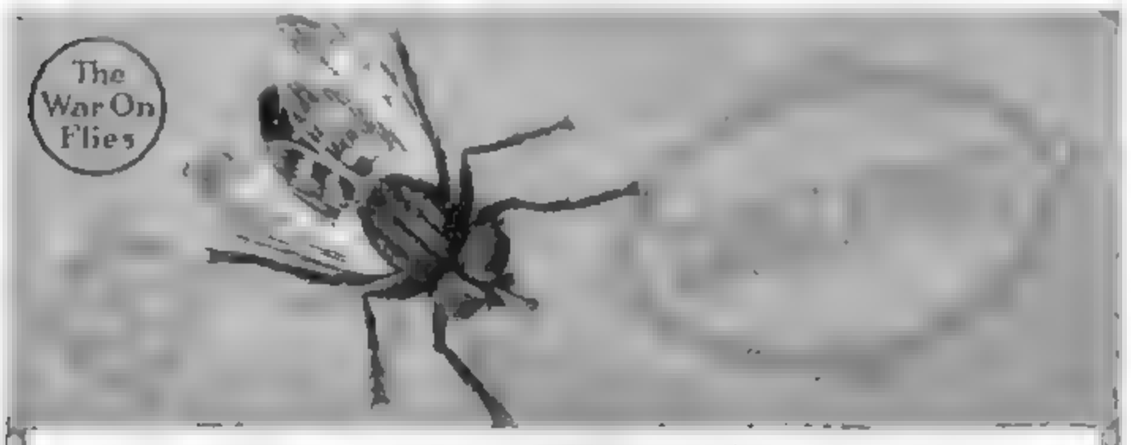

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"I'm glad it has," said Goldie through her little white teeth; and he was so gratified that he remarked:

"I'll give a feed after we're done—an' ast Lamotte. He's doin' swell!"

The Happy Harmonists had four minutes without music—sufficient rest to allow Lionel one cigarette. He signaled Daisy, who motioned assent. Bologna met him as he emerged from the slide.

"Say! I miss three balls to work up excitement, an' I got to be ketched with a crash for each of 'em. An' if I ain't—beware!" growled the juggler.

"So you knocked me with her, did you?" exclaimed Lionel desperately. "You're a fine ——"

"Fred—time!" came Daisy's shrill voice, and Bologna herded Lionel back to the slide.

The pianist had to lay half of his body on the keys to make a satisfactory crash when the Terpsichorean Juggler, in his fleshings and gilt boots, missed a few burnished cannonballs, then caught the rest on the back of a hairy neck, rolling them up and down powerful arms. Lionel's wrists ached from the unusual strain of continual playing; but when Goldie was on for the snowshoe dance he livened. She did a startling split on the big shoes, and while she faced him he pleaded, playing meanwhile:

"Goldie, what you accusin' me of?"

"Traitor!" hissed Goldie, smiling for the front rows as she rose expertly. "I'd rather be dead than dance that pantomime with you again! I was only connin' you along about the drama—never meant one word!"

Lionel, stricken, missed a cue. While Trippit and Dailey took their bows an usher—a non-union man discovered by Manager Josephs, who was operating the spotlight in the gallery—informed Lionel that a Miss Kelly had seen the gentleman in the box, and he had no guns.

"She got it mixed," said Lionel. "Tell her—no, tell him to take this front-row seat that's empty, behind me."

The revue was going on when a stout young fellow quietly occupied an end seat and, leaning over the rail toward the piano, said:

"Hello, Li! What's comin' off, any way?"

Lionel missed another cue, then played two beats ahead for Johnny's buck with the comedy policeman. Goldie felt for the weapon hidden in her gown and Daisy determined to support her friend to any extent.

"That fat man's playin' for Lionel!" said Inez Kelly at the table in Goldie's rear.

Lionel was gone!

Goldie sat at a table placed so that the whole house could see her. It was her inalienable privilege as a headliner to be there. And Daisy, as the show's added attraction, was nearly as prominent. Neither of them could leave the stage; and if they did not apprehend Lionel he could escape. And what would Johnny say to Goldie for keeping the secret that Lionel was that loathsome thing—a chooser, with a wife of the same acquisitive nature? They might get away to Australia with Trippit and Dailey's act before they could be caught!

Bologna was doing comedy with Johnny and Billy Graff, and the comedy was to be prolonged because the violin number was out; so he was helpless too. The substitute began the pantomime's music—he did not understand that it had been cut! Willetts, the stage manager, was wigwagging to him, and yet the man, with a little smile, calmly repeated the introduction.

"Get out on that stage an' dance or I'll crab this show so you'll cancel the rest of the territory," said Lionel in the entrance back of Goldie. "We'll dance now if we never do again!"

"Not with you—I'll shoot! See if I don't!" said Goldie, athrill. Even a manager would have feared to order a headliner. The music was insistent.

"Shoot nothin'! Get out there or I'll stop the piano an' put the whole works on the fritz!" said the ferocious Lionel in her pink ear.

Goldie plucked weakly at her dress, but she dared not attack a man who was so plainly ready to smirch the record of the first two-dollar vaudeville company in New England. She tried to call to Johnny and found him motioning her to hurry, apparently pleased that he did not have to improvise comedy for another fifteen minutes.

"I can't—I won't! My work'd just be rotten an' metallic!" she protested.

Lionel's big eyes glared and with a savage push he sent her from her chair. Then Goldie danced, revolted at herself, at him, at everything, but still conscious that when one owned a percentage of a show, and was a headliner, too, sacrifices must be made. When the audience recognized their zealous pianist in the dancing violinist who so energetically wooed the lovely blonde lady they gave him noisy applause.

"Lemme go! Lemme go!" panted Goldie as Lionel clutched her for their exit.

"Connin' me, were you?" he said hotly. "An' then ready to shoot me besides!"

"People like you'n your wife oughta be shot!" choked Goldie as they waltzed up and down later, to which Lionel said, astonished:

"Wife! What wife?"

The dance was too strenuous for further conversation. When they waltzed off locked in each other's arms Vera gave a moan. She understood that something was wrong between them, of course, but it looked to her as though a reconciliation had been effected. This was a mistake.

The clasped ones unclasped and rushed out to take their earned plaudits, Sam Devine gayly played the balance of the show, Lionel sat moodily at a table as one of the stage guests and the drop fell while they all danced Good-Night Rag.

"Goldie, you got to explain that crack about a wife!" said Lionel, facing the company as the curtain thudded down.

"Chooser!" screamed Goldie, queenly despite perspiration. "I depise you for one—also with a choosin' wife—an' for lyin' about your old play!"

"I ain't married an' never was, an' I never chose nothin'. An' I can write a play, but it won't be for you!" cried Lionel.

"Pro'bly you never lamped this here before!" interposed Bologna.

"I won't send her any more," said Lionel, spurning his mauve note.

"But what's this all about?" demanded Johnny. "Me an' Fred found the woman who was stealin' our stuff, Goldie. Lamotte ain't guilty."

"That there woman's this guy's wife—Bolton an' Bolton," said Bologna. "He's Bolton!"

The company drew away from Lionel. Daisy warned her dancers from him as from a pestilence. Inez Kelly declared that it did not surprise her a bit, but Vera stepped briskly forward.

"Him Harry Bolton?" she said contemptuously. "I saw Harry sittin' in the window of the Noble Hotel here tonight. He's no more like Lionel than I am. An' if Goldie Dailey's been after Lionel with guns, an' callin' him a chooser when he ain't, he ought to have the law on her; an' I say so, if she gets me canceled tomorrow—or tonight!"

"I—I truly beg his pardon," stammered Goldie. She looked appealingly at Johnny, who winked at her as he suggested:

"Let's all have that feed I was talkin' about—an' nix on the hard feelin's."

"Please! Please come, Lionel!" said Goldie. Her pansy eyes were very sweet, but Lionel would not see them.

"I got a date with Miss Kelly," said he. "We're goin' to talk over my play!"

Music en Route

NAT GOODWIN was sitting in the Lambs' Club one evening not long ago, when a friend who was in trade approached and offered him a cigar.

"Nat," he explained, "this is a new cigar we're just putting on the market. I wish, as a personal favor to me, you'd try it and give me your opinion of its merits. To introduce it generally we are making special premium offers. If you smoke five hundred of those cigars you get a silver-mounted safety razor. If you smoke a thousand you get a hand-sewed traveling kit. If you smoke ten thousand of them you get a baby grand piano."

Goodwin lit the gift cigar and puffed at it gingerly. Then he laid it aside.

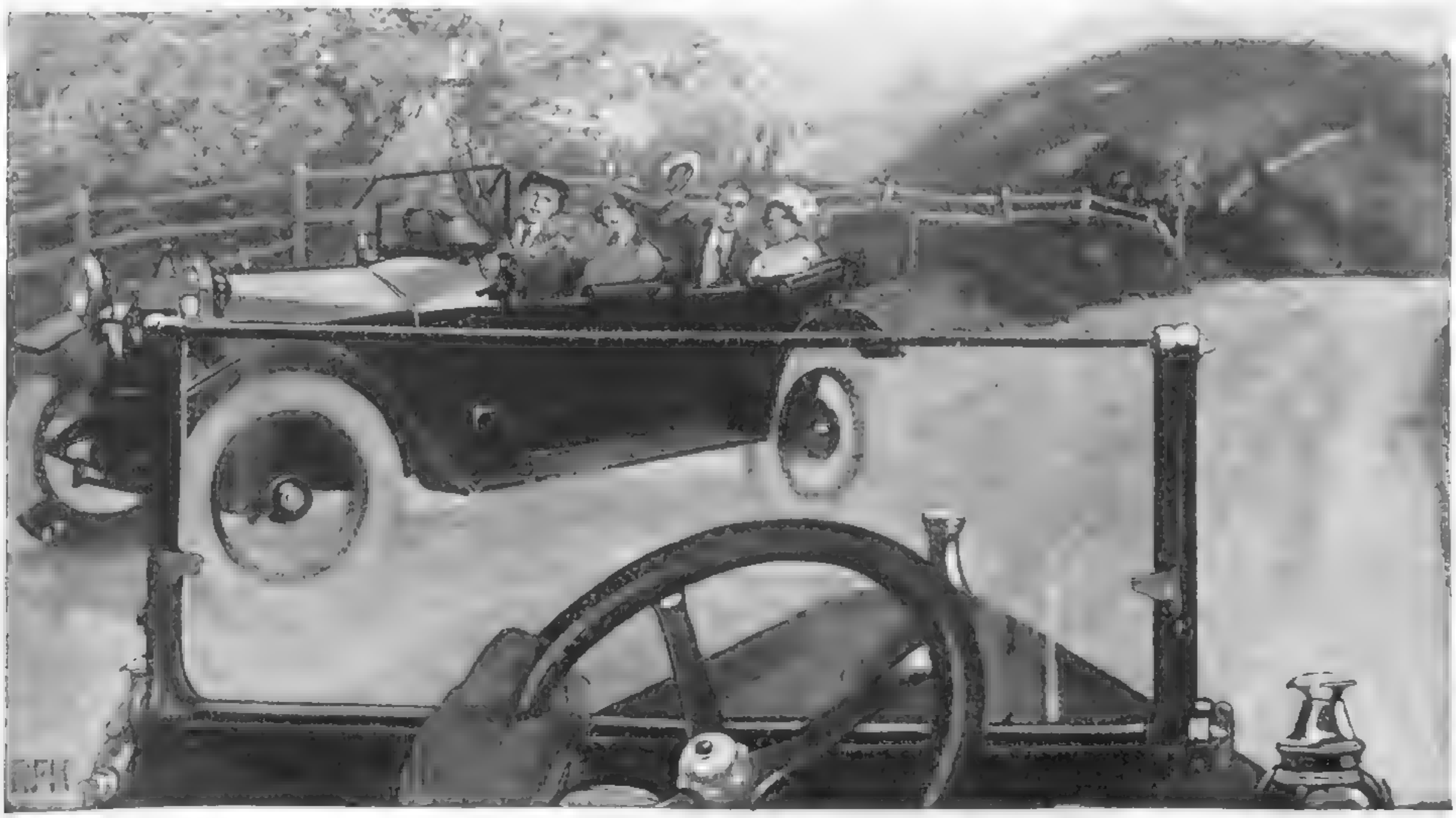
"If I smoked ten thousand of those things," he said, "I wouldn't need a piano; I'd need a harp."

The crowd laughed. Only one man, an English actor, sat silent and unmoved. Presently he got up and moved away to a quiet corner, where he remained alone for some time deep in thought. The next day he stopped Goodwin on the street.

"I say, Mr. Goodwin," he began with a chuckle, "that was a deuced clever thing you said last night—about those cigars I mean—frightfully clever! I've been mulling it over in my mind and I get your meaning. Of course, traveling about as you do, a piano would be terribly in your way, wouldn't it?"

Hupmobile

The car of The American Family



Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment, $1050

With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, $1200. Prices f. o. b. Detroit.

In Canada—Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment, $1200. With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carriers, $1380. Prices f. o. b. Windsor.

40,000 Owner-Salesmen

Wonderful stories have come to us from dealers everywhere of the number of sales made as the result of friendly interest shown by Hup owners.

Some weeks ago we instructed Hup salesmen visiting all parts of the country to make detailed reports on this point.

These reports, covering every State in the Union, are now in our hands; and they reveal an astonishing and gratifying condition.

Out of 1500 dealers more than 90 per cent testify that the Hup owner is by far the most important factor in making new sales.

"I will have to admit it," says one big distributor, "even if it deprives me of some of the credit for this season's splendid business."

It seems to us that nothing we might say to you about the Hup could possibly inspire you with greater confidence in the car than this attitude of Hup owners.

We do not mean to imply that other owners of other cars do not feel kindly toward those cars.

But we do believe that such wholesale and unanimous enthusiasm as this is unique.

We do believe that it is unusual for people of all sorts and conditions to go out of their way to help the Hup dealer make sales.

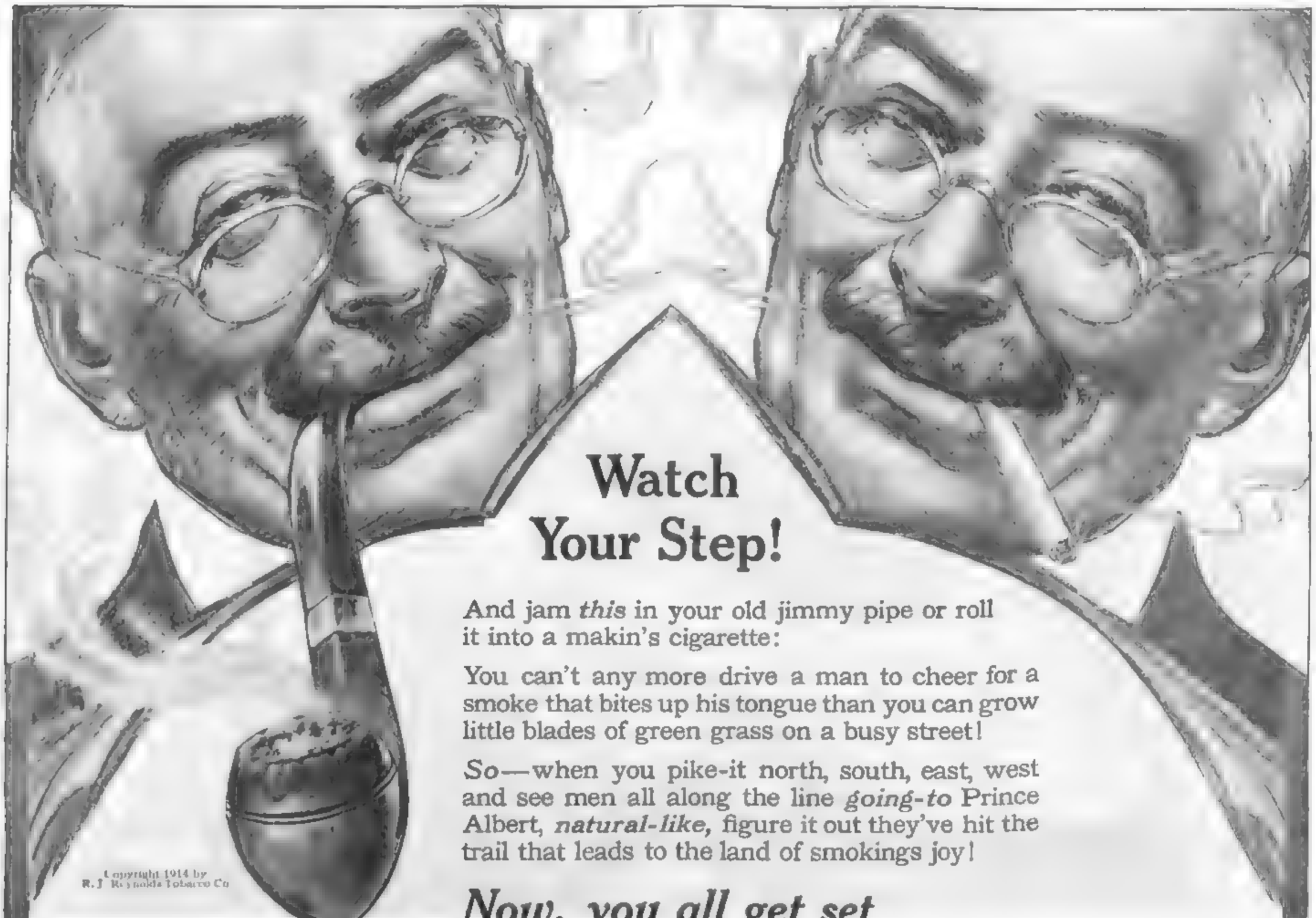
We are certain that they could not so commit themselves if they did not feel sure of what the Hup is and what the Hup will do.

We consider it proof positive of our repeated assertion that the root of Hup popularity is continuous service at a lesser cost.

It shows us that, almost to a man, Hup owners back us in our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world.

And we confidently refer you to the Hup owner and the Hup dealer in your home town.

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Copyright 1914 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co

Watch Your Step!

And jam *this* in your old jimmy pipe or roll it into a makin's cigarette:

You can't any more drive a man to cheer for a smoke that bites up his tongue than you can grow little blades of green grass on a busy street!

So—when you pike-it north, south, east, west and see men all along the line *going-to* Prince Albert, *natural-like,* figure it out they've hit the trail that leads to the land of smokings joy!

Now, you all get set

for here's bully sport—this hook-up of a jimmy pipe or smokin's papers, some Prince Albert and a match. You can play the game far as you like—and the more you smoke, the greater the joy! That's 100 per cent. talk, but it is a sure-thing bet!

Say, *you* get real fussy with P. A. Smoke it mean-like to prove it out. If your middle name's "Missouri," go to it *four ways at once!* And that will be all right, all right. *Because* Prince Albert never bit any other man's tongue—*and it won't bite yours!*

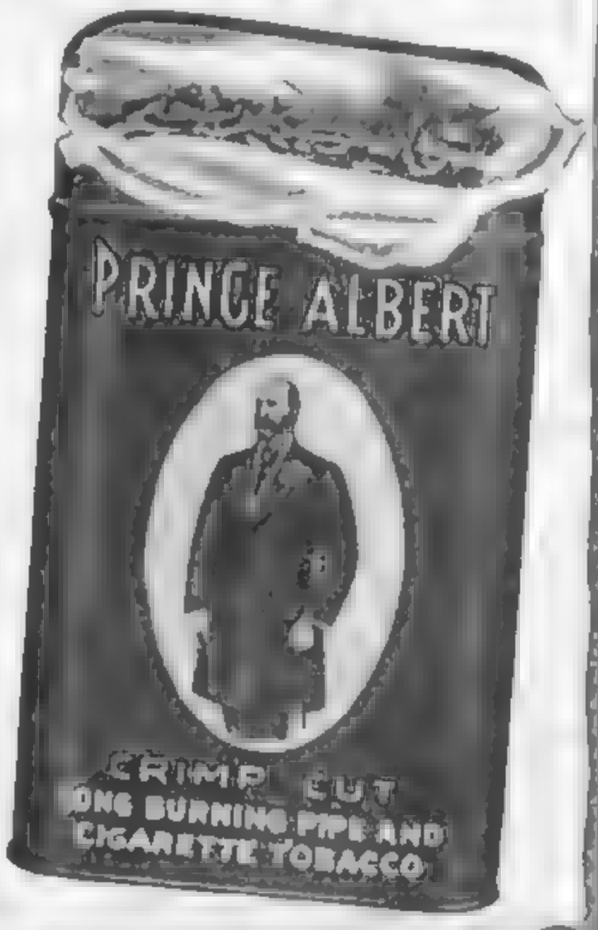
That's because P. A. is made by a patented process that *cuts out the bite!* No other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert. That'll be about all.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Men yearn for the national joy smoke whether it's jammed into a joy'us jimmy pipe or rolled into the bulliest makin's cigarette you ever put between your lips. Because it tickles their palate so. Prince Albert is so fragrant, and fresh, and go-to-it-like that you get the habit of smoking P. A. as you eat three meals a day—because it's good for what ails you. The pass word everywhere is just "P. A. for mine!" Toppy red bags, handy for cigarette smokers, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. Winston-Salem, N. C.



A genuine
"IRWIN"
Bit

is not only IRWIN pattern; it is also IRWIN quality.

IRWIN crucible tool steel and IRWIN master-workmanship go only into Bits that have IRWIN stamped into the shank.

Every genuine IRWIN bit is trip-hammer forged of one piece of IRWIN steel.

Manufactured only by

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Originators

The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Delivered TO YOU FREE
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SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1914 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a Ranger Bicycle on one month's free trial without a cent expense to you.

BOYS you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc., from our big Ranger catalog. It's free. It contains "combination offers" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

LOWEST PRICES direct to you. No one can offer better values and terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. Write Now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-58 CHICAGO, ILL.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

IDOLS OF THE KING

(Continued from Page 20)

Or *was* she sunk?
Oh, never mind!—
A sailor drunk
Is the useless kind;
For Science has found that a gunner bright
Who has quaffed three jigs of Missouri Light,
When he stands prepared, his eye to the gun,
Will see three foes when he should see one.
The consequence, Sire,
Is extremely dire;
Not only is the difficul-tee
Of taking aim increased by three,
But the man behind the gun, y'see,
By viewing a triplicate ene-mee,
Is three times as scared as he ought to be."

"Jo! Jo!"
Cried King Wood-row,
"Sure, there's meat in the things you say."
"More meat than drink," quoth Jo straightway,
"But we should grieve!
Just give me leave
To write an Order to the Navy
And quick as Goliath struck by Davy—
Ere Friday next, the Thirteenth day—
I'll make the ocean so dry that—say!
'Twill make the Ancient Mariner croak
In the bridal train that ancient joke:
'Time's on the blink.
And I don't think
That water looks wet when you want a drink!'"

Petition granted; So Sir Jo D.
At once got busy to dry the sea.
And the wireless flashed from fleet to fleet—
Gunboat, battleship, little mosqueet—
The waves aginst,
Abaft, forninst:
"On Friday next, the Thirteenth inst.,
Every cocktail, every beer,
Every wine with a label dear,
Every rum with a cider chaser,
Every patent-medicine bracer,
Every brandy of apricots,
Jersey lightning, vatted Scots,
By the hour of noon must immejut be
Poured, dumped, jettisoned into the sea."

III—FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

The Fleet, it lay a-rocking on the border of the ocean,
The Fleet, it lay a-rocking on the edge of Mexico,
When a wireless telegraphic came and interrupted traffic
With the message: "Chuck the licker—them's me orders. Do it!—Jo."

Now the officers at trencher were a-drinking vintage French or
Something equally expensive—seven dollars to the quart—
Which the Navy always furnished to the men in buttons burnished,
Or equivalent in money to the men who "Don't care for't."

And the officers of warrant were a-quaffing many a torrent
Of Château Yquem, or bumpers of heady gold Chablis;
And the sailors in their mess, sir, were quite jovial, I confess, sir,
From great swimming tubs of grog, sir, full of absinthe, rum and tea.

'Twas, in fact, the average scene, sir, in our gallant life marine, sir—
As investigators tell us; and, of course, they ought to know.
And all patrons of the stage, sir, know that sailors earn their wage, sir,
By absorbing local color and avoiding H_2O.

It was noon. Jo's message frantic fairly scorched the wide Atlantic.
There was dread among the Dreadnoughts, quaking knees in naval jeans;
There was fright among the jolliers on destroyers, cruisers, colliers,
And a sort of sinking feeling went among the submarines.

But the Admiral at his luncheon laid aside his husky truncheon,
Sighed, saluted: "Grim is duty—yet I'll do it if I die!
Set the signal flags aflutter on the smokestack turret gutter!
Fly the barometric signal—'Sudden change to extra dry'!"

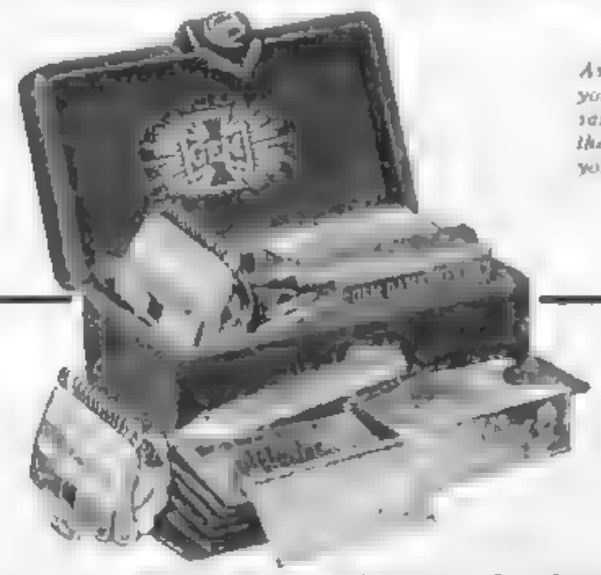
And no sooner were these pennants seen by Uncle Samuel's tenants
Than that rabid sense of duty which the sailor cannot lose

"Well That's Fine!!"

HE who shaves regularly with a GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR realizes a difficult problem solved—shaving stripped of its dread and made so easy.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with *7 Gem Damaskeene Blades*, in genuine morocco leather case, $1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.

Ask your dealer to show you different makes of safety razors—compare them with the Gem—you'll buy the Gem.



One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York

Walk ! On Air !

Air-cushion your walk.

At every step these "Wing-foot Rubber Heels force 6 air pillows under each foot

Prevent slipping. A six-fold factor of buoyancy—comfort—safety.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Wingfoot Rubber Heels

Do not confuse with just "rubber heels." As different from others as rubber from jarring leather

The rubber is the very best. The cups act as a vacuum when walking. Dirt can't find lodgment—the "play" of the rubber keeps it out.

You never experienced such "Wing-footed" pleasure. Walking was never such a delight.

All Sizes

For men, women, boys and girls. In red or black—for city and outing shoes. Your dealer can supply and apply Wingfoots. Price, put on, 50 cents a pair. If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and size of your heel and we will see that you are supplied. No other rubber heel can take the place of "Wingfoots."

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

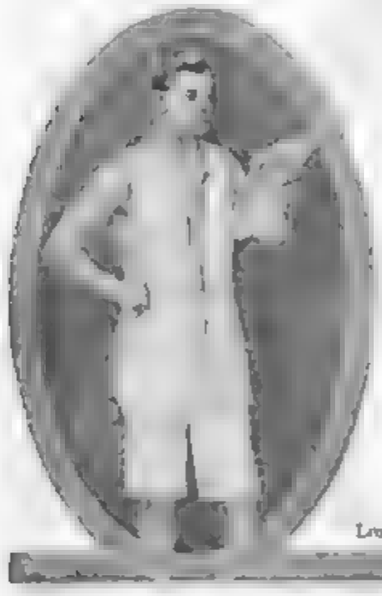
Also ask for Wingfoot Rubber Soles—light, durable soles that make for added ease and comfort at every step.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
Toronto, Canada London, England Mexico City, Mexico
Dealers Everywhere Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

"No Fun", Says *He*, "Unless You Wear B. V. D."

GET the full fun out of *your* vacation in B.V. D. If you're *cool*, work is play, and either side of the road is the shady side. In B.V.D. you belong to the "*I Won't Worry Club*". Join it right away, and you'll daily look at life through rose-colored glasses, with a quip on your lip and a song in your heart.

For your own welfare, fix the B. V. D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. garment is sewed



The Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company,
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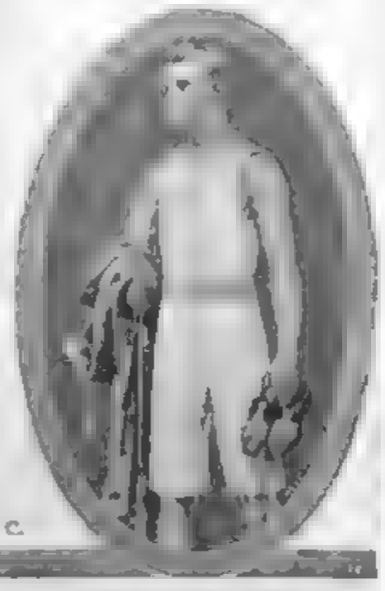

Hot Nose **Hot All Over**

American Self-heating Flat Iron — Sold on a positive guarantee

Never sticks on any kind of starching. Ordinary four hours Ironing can be done in two, and done better, with less labor and expense and many times the satisfaction as compared with any other method. Send for circulars. If your dealer does not sell this guaranteed iron, write us direct.

American Gas Machine Co. 416 Clarke St., Albert Lea, Minn.

"THEOSOPHY"

A monthly magazine presenting a Philosophy of Life that really explains. Thousands of old Theosophists will welcome this magazine which is reprinting monthly writings of H. P. Blavatsky and Wm. Q. Judge long since out of print. Send 50c for three sample numbers.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
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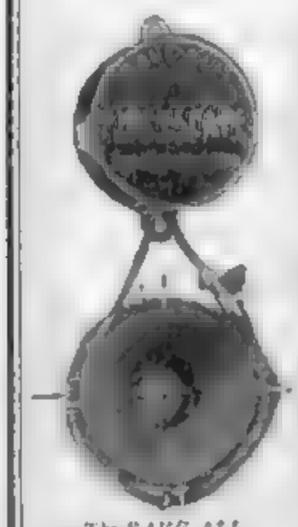
WANTED Managers, Organizers, Salesmen

Seeking A Chance To Do Big Things On A Small Capital



The SAVE-ALL Automatic Fire Escape

We are now awarding local selling rights for the **SAVE-ALL Automatic Fire Escape.** These rights will be given, not sold, to men who can prove that they will put them to good use. If you are the kind of a man who ought to be at the head of a big business, and would be if chances to do big things on a small capital were more plentiful, this is your golden opportunity. All you will need is enough capital to live on while you are getting started. And if you measure up to the opportunity, we won't care in how small a way you start. One thing sure is that, if you've only got the brains, the sand and the push, here beyond all doubt is your chance to establish yourself for life—to make your whole business future secure—to place yourself eventually among the leading business men in your city, county, or State.

The **SAVE-ALL Automatic Fire Escape** is most simply described as a panic-proof lowering machine. It will automatically lower people to the ground without their having to lift a finger. It will lower without manipulation lower even a dead weight. It is a practical, automatic portable fire escape. At the present exhibition it has won first prize in open competition. Fire escapes all over the world are set. No other fire escape has a living chance where it is introduced. All over the world big corporations and institutions are installing it. For private residences, apartments, factories, hotels, office buildings, hospitals, dormitories and buildings of all kinds, it's the fire escape that really saves all. It's the fire escape that saves the old and the young, the athletic and the infirm, the cool and the panic-stricken.

Retail price of machine, fully equipped with 50 feet of cable, is $10

We'll Demonstrate It In Your Town

The demonstration is as convincing as it is sensational. All we want is proof that you are the right man, and that you mean business. Then a representative of this company will go to your town to show you that we've got the goods. Write us at once for full information. Mention this advertisement, and our General Manager will give your letter his personal attention, and outline for you the proposition complete. And act NOW, if ever.

UNITED SAFETY APPLIANCE CO., Inc., General Offices, Syracuse, New York

Started every Jacky of 'em—Heaven help 'em! Heaven love 'em—
To the turrets and the portholes, bearing booze and booze and booze.

Fell a splash of liquid thicker than Niagara flowing liquor—
All along that line of battle such a gurgle, such a spray!
Spurted lofty founts of sperrits from the conning towers and turrets
Till Pa Neptune, rising upward, quaffed the sea and yelled: "Hooray!"

And they say, from so much calloused waste of stimulating ballast,
That the ships rose many feet, sir, up above the water-line;
While the ships' bands made endeavor to play up: "Farewell Forever!"
But the fishes warbled: "Welcome!" as they hiccuped through the brine.

Whales and dolphins, sharks and sculpins started in a greedy gulpin'
And they acted most peculiar for a week or even more;
And near Newport's naval station was a temperance delegation
Who went swimming, tasted something—and refused to come ashore!

But, in Washington, Josephus to the King smiled blandly: "Reef us!
Now's the time to start a war, Sire, and our tars'll do it right.
That's my rule, Sire: Irritate 'em and you'll quickly elevate 'em
To the maximum efficiency—they're mad enough to fight."

IV—LAST-CHANCE CHANTEY, CHANTED BEFORE THE KING BY SIR HAM LEWIS, SOMETIME LAUREATE

Thus said the Lord of the Battleships and Admirals,
Speaking to the officers, all quaking in their shoes:
"Lo! the rules have passed away
In the drought of Temperance Day.
That our Party may be strengthened, shall I gather up the booze?"

Then up spake the tars of the battleship Connecticut:
"Plague upon the hurricane that blows us nought but dry!
Now that war's begun between us,
Kill old Bacchus, murder Venus;
And there's nothing but a hymn book now to make us fight and die."

Then said the stokers on the good old collier Jupiter,
Balancing their scuttles, which were former full of beer:
"We who warmed the engine thuds
Dipped our beaks amid the suds—
And the proper place for water's in the bathtub once a year."

Then up sang the ghosts of the heroes of antiquity:
"We fought with Drake and Farragut; we followed Nelson's log;
Bullets broke our gallant bones
As we stood by John Paul Jones—
Was it up to these commanders to deprive us of our grog?"

Loud roared the souls of the Spanish-Yankee veterans:
"Have a heart, Josephus! Kindly harken to our views:
When we thrashed 'em at Manila
There was little sarsaparilla
Drunk that night in celebration as a substitute for booze."

Bright smiled the Lord of the Ships and Admiralty,
Sitting in the office of the fearless Raleigh News:
"Though the logic's rather faint,
I am filing your complaint—
And the next Administration may be kinder to the booze."

The Natural Inquiry

AS JOHN TENNANT, managing editor of the New York Evening World, tells the story, a battered and weary-looking prisoner faced a London magistrate.

"You are charged," said the magistrate, "with being in a beastly state of intoxication. What is your name?"

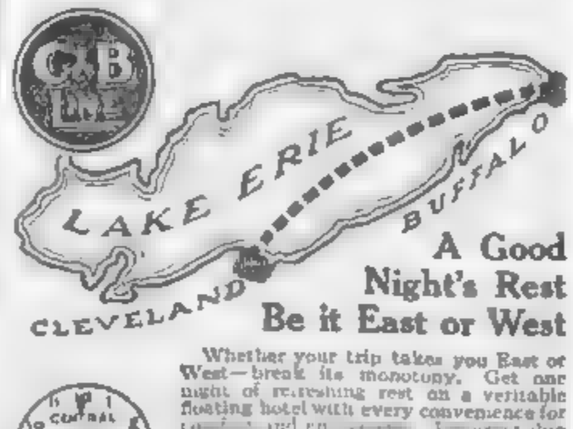
"My name is Angus Alan Fergus MacLean," answered the culprit with a thickened burr.

"Who bought you your liquor?" demanded the magistrate.

The refinements of modern dress demand silk hose for all occasions. People who appreciate good style find a double appeal in the luxurious quality and wonderful durability of

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

C & B LINE



A Good Night's Rest Be it East or West

Whether your trip takes you East or West—break its monotony. Get one night of refreshing rest on a veritable floating hotel with every convenience for [illegible] great ship "[illegible]" and "City of Buffalo."

Fare $3 Cleveland and Buffalo — Daily: May 1st to Dec. 1st

Leave Cleveland—8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
Arrive Buffalo—7:30 a. m. (East. Time)
Leave Buffalo—9:00 p. m. (East Time)
Arrive Cleveland—6:30 a. m. (Cen Time)

Connections at Buffalo for Niagara Falls and all Eastern and Canadian points. [illegible] Detroit and all points West and Southwest. [illegible] between Cleveland and Buffalo daily, [illegible] from points on [illegible] Ask [illegible] booking at for tickets via C & B Line.

Write for attractive booklet (free)

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Dept. D. — Cleveland, O.

Length, 500 ft.; breadth, 98 ft. 6 in. $10 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1500 persons. (In service June 20.)

Shampoo!

with

JAP ROSE

The "Instant Lather" Soap

See how quickly and abundantly it lathers in hard or soft water, how little time it takes to thoroughly cleanse the hair and scalp. It rinses so easily and quickly leaving not a trace of soap to attract dust. *Save time* by using Jap Rose for the shampoo as well as for the bath and toilet.

Special Jap Rose Week End Package—Contains a miniature of Jap Rose Soap, Jap Rose Talcum Powder and Jap Rose Toilet Water—for 15c in stamps or coin.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO., 346 East Austin Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.

Careful husbands select the Colt Automatic for home protection because of its absolute safety—in the hands of a woman there is no fear of accidents. Look at the circle and see the unique safety device in the Grip.

The Colt Automatic

Makes Itself Safe
Fires First Shot First

When you cock it, the Grip Safety protrudes and locks the action. When you purposely pull the trigger, you automatically (without thought) press in the Grip Safety and the Colt shoots. Another thing—a woman can always get in the first shot because in a sudden attack she doesn't lose time with the Colt Grip Safety. Simply grab the Colt and shoot—instantly.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 23)

Chittlings laughed. "I admire your principles," he said, "but don't think much of your judgment. Good day."

Hicks went unsteadily down to his office. He sat for an hour wondering why he had juggled the amounts with Rollins as he did, and could give himself no reasonable or rational explanation. It seemed to him that Chittlings had gone into the very inner recesses of his mind and dragged out the knowledge of some subconscious impulse he had. He couldn't understand it, and he was abashed and ashamed.

He saw Rollins several times during the next fortnight and talked politics. That fervid Democrat, immersed in his writings and his organization work, did not refer to the Barkiss claim, nor did Hicks. He devoted himself to discussion of the principles of Democracy and to inquiry into the chances of a new member of the party for getting a nomination. He didn't put it exactly that way, for he did not want Rollins to think he had an ulterior motive for his inquiries. He approached the subject from various angles, asking about former campaigns and the men who had been named for the offices. Nominations, he found, went begging. It was hard work to fill the ticket.

"I'll put you on for something next election, if you like," promised Rollins.

"Oh," protested Hicks, "that would be too presumptuous on my part. I couldn't think of it."

"It'll be all right," assured Rollins. "I can guarantee that. I had a run for every office in this part of the state, from dog catcher to state senator and member of Congress, just to make the ticket whole. I'll fix it all right. It won't be any trouble. We'll be glad to have new blood. Of course," he added, "you won't be elected to anything, so it won't interfere with your work."

Hicks didn't like that, but he remembered what Senator Paxton told him and decided to play the waiting game. It had become known he was a Democrat. The banker, Pendleton, spoke to him about it one day.

"I hear you're a Democrat," he said.

"I am, a Jeffersonian-Jacksonian Democrat," Hicks replied with much fervor.

"What's the object?" asked Pendleton.

"The object? I don't understand you."

"I mean what's the joker in it? How comes it that a young man lights in this Republican community and begins the practice of law and affiliates with the Democratic party, when there is no slimmer, more hopeless political outfit in this Union? Why not be a Republican?"

"Mr. Pendleton," Hicks replied with a pained note in his voice, "I have faith in Democratic principles. How could I bring myself to abandon those principles for a mere temporary advantage to myself? Principles are higher than men, Mr. Pendleton, higher than anything else, to my thinking. I am a Democrat because I believe in the tenets of Democracy, and for no other purpose and with no other motive."

"Excuse me," begged Pendleton gravely; "I didn't know but you might have political ambitions. Most young lawyers have, you know."

"My only ambition," spouted Hicks, "is to serve my country and my party, humbly fighting in the ranks to correct the great abuses the present maladministration of government affairs has fastened upon us."

"I think," said Hicks to himself as Pendleton left him, "that will hold him for a while."

Hicks sensed difficulties, nevertheless. He knew the big business interests of the city and county, the interests that provided the bulk of the law work, were solidly Republican. So too were the banks, with the exception of one, a state bank in which Rollins was interested. He had thought he detected antagonism to his Democracy once or twice when talking to business men, and he soon discovered that in communities like Rextown men take their politics seriously and are partisan even to the distribution of their business favors, although exceedingly nonpartisan when there is anything in it for themselves. He considered this end of it carefully and wrote to Senator Paxton about it, who sent word back to him to hang on and not be discouraged.

Hicks secured some minor cases of one kind and another, and established a considerable collection business. He had an insistent way of approaching delinquents

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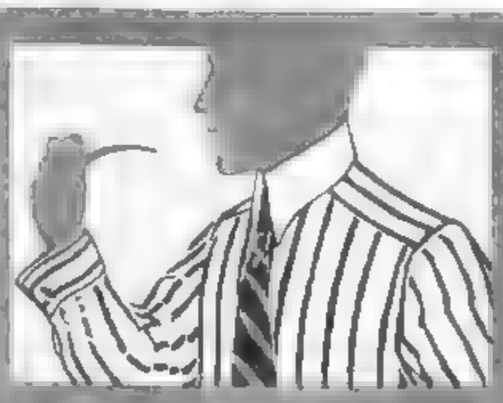

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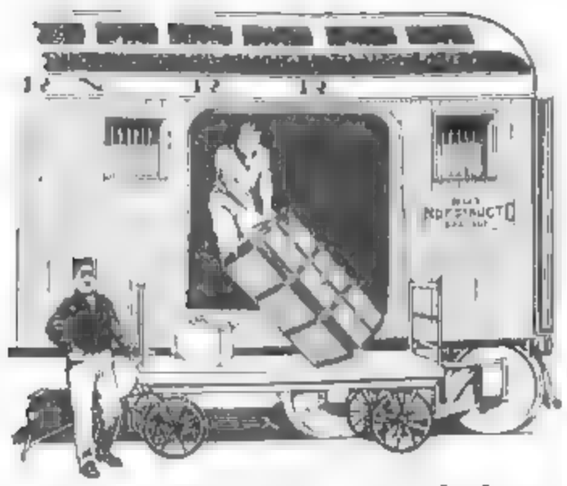

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and a still more insistent manner of letter-writing, and he had some success with the deadbeats of Rextown and the surrounding country. He bought a second-hand typewriter and wrote his letters on that, and invariably put at the bottom HML–H, to convey the impression he had dictated the letter to a stenographer whose initials were "H. M. L." Sometimes when he wanted to simulate a great press of business he wrote at the bottom of his letters: "Dictated but not read by T. Marmaduke Hicks," and signed the useful initials "H. M. L." to these announcements. He had seen that on a letter he received and it made a great impression on him. So he used it whenever he thought it would have effect coming from him.

He went to church regularly, and was impeccable in his conduct and unremitting in his efforts to make the acquaintance of men he thought might be of use to him.

He joined the good government association, the municipal league, the civic purity society, and one or two general literary and culture clubs. Twice he read papers at general meetings of the associated charities, papers he had carefully paraphrased from chapters in a book he had found containing a report of a national convention of these organizations, and these papers had been quoted, briefly, in the local papers. He had cribbed from his material skillfully and was hailed as a young man who had high ideals. He debated joining various fraternal organizations, but decided to hold that in abeyance until he saw what effect such affiliations might have on his political ambitions. He wasn't sure about this and gave the matter considerable study.

Meantime he had toned down his attire to some extent. He never by any chance allowed the barber to cut off much of his hair. He thought seriously of raising whiskers, but finally decided he wouldn't, as he was rather proud of his facial lines and considered himself to have a serious and studious look that whiskers possibly might destroy. However, he realized fully the decorative effects that might be attained with a carefully nurtured beard.

He saw Rollins frequently. That amiable patriot was deep in a controversy with Colonel Cicero Carstairs, a former representative in Congress who had nothing to do but try to make people remember he had once been a statesman in Washington. Material matters did not bother Rollins much, although there were periods when he regularly visited the bank in which he was interested and dipped into its affairs. Rollins and Hicks talked of the fundamental principles of Democracy. Hicks had acquired a vocabulary of Democratic expressions that helped him amazingly, and he kept Rollins in a perpetual state of exaltation by skillful flattery. He had become acquainted with and had cultivated half a dozen other Democrats who were of consequence in the city, and he was soon taken into the inner councils of that flimsy organization and consulted about contemplated action and policies. Most of the men with whom he talked, aside from these Democrats, couldn't understand why a young lawyer, interested in politics, should ally himself with the Democracy in a city like Rextown; but Hicks held his pose steadily. He asserted his adherence to the Democratic faith, putting forward on every suitable occasion his utter lack of personal political ambition and his intense desire to do something for the common people.

He read the reports of the debates in Congress after that body went into session, having asked the local representative to send him a copy of the Congressional Record. He had a quick and retentive mind and it wasn't long until he could make a fair Democratic speech. It was his custom to harangue his Democratic friends at their gatherings in the office of Rollins as long as they would listen. Rollins, who dearly loved that sort of thing, encouraged him, while the others heard him because Rollins urged them to. In this manner Hicks gained practice in political speaking. He took the Democratic contention in a debate at one of his literary societies one night, and by using the patter of the party and a variety of high-sounding phrases about the "rule of the people" and other desirable reforms talked his opponent down and befogged the judges to such an extent that he was given the verdict. Bignall printed something about this for him and gave him credit for "a masterly summing-up of the principles of the Democracy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE WAR REPORTER

(Continued from Page 16)

but that is about all he will receive in the way of reward. There are no excuses for not getting the wire, and not much thanks for getting it. It is expected. If there is a wire anywhere round it is the business of the man in the field to grab it. If there isn't a wire he should string one. If it takes a day's heartbreaking ride to get to a place where he can send in a story, that is fine. Good boy, but hurry right back and do it again. There is no business in the world that is conducted so much on the proposition: What you did to-day is very good, but the important thing is, What are you going to do to-morrow?

When they were fighting at Santiago very little copy came out of Cuba by wire. Most of the stories of the events in that campaign were cabled from various ports miles and miles away. The army and the navy needed what wires there were from Cuba, and kept them almost exclusively. Dispatch boats were used by the correspondents, and the game was heartbreaking. Imagine the situation in a possible advance on the city of Mexico. There are not many wires at best, and the struggle to get out stuff will put gray into the hair of many a man, as the failure to get it out will make grayer many an editor who is howling for news back home.

The Japanese and the Russians took along numbers of correspondents with their various divisions, and left numbers of them away behind. They treated the correspondents with the utmost consideration, but they saw to it that they remained at safe distances from the actual warfare and the actual news. As a field for the operations of the war correspondent the war between Japan and Russia was distinctly a frost. So, too, it was in the war in the Balkans. Not many Americans went to that war, but there were shoals of English, German, Russian and French correspondents, and most of these never were nearer than thirty miles to anything of importance. The defeat of Cervera's fleet at Santiago was accomplished with not one-tenth of one per cent of the correspondents in Cuba anywhere near it, and if any special commissioner sent out anything about the land battles that was worth more than passing notice I do not recall it.

Rules for Correspondents

So far as the war correspondent is concerned, his job is constantly getting more difficult. Our own War Department has provided a set of regulations that are in consonance with the present-day notions of military people regarding what reporters should and should not be allowed to do, largely the outcome of the rule-of-thumb methods that prevailed in the Spanish War, and in reality based on the modern military idea of warfare and its newspaper treatment.

"It is a fact," says the Secretary of War, "that the press occupies a dual and delicate position, being under the necessity of truthfully disclosing to the people the facts concerning the operations of the army, and at the same time refraining from disclosing those things which, though true, would be disastrous to us if known to the enemy. It is perfectly apparent that these important functions cannot be trusted to irresponsible people, and can be performed only under reasonable rules and regulations with respect thereto."

That is the official army view. Of course it isn't so hard in the Navy to hold an impetuous correspondent in check. He is on a ship, and he can't get off unless the commanding officer wants him to; nor can he get any dispatches off without permission from that official. A man with an army operating on land can roam about, if he wants to take the chance, and cannot be held in check unless he is put under guard, which might cause a howl about the liberty of the press. That is, a correspondent could so roam about in the old days, but not now. As it will stand if we get into a fight with Mexico, he will do little roaming and less romancing.

There are various stipulations about credentials in the new regulations, and each correspondent is compelled to deposit one thousand dollars in cash with the adjutant-general of the army, to be drawn against for equipment and maintenance in the field. In addition to this his employers must give bond for two thousand dollars more for good conduct in the field, which, in case his

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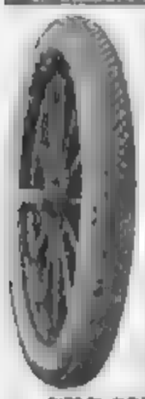

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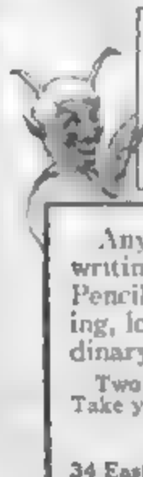

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conduct is not good will be forfeited and donated to some charity by the Secretary of War.

There will be an official photographer with each field army. His films and plates will be sent to Washington, developed there, and prints will be sold to all comers at nominal cost. No professional photographer or moving-picture man will be received, nor can any photographers go in the guise of correspondents. Small hand cameras will be allowed, but the films must be sent to the field censor, who will send them to the censor in Washington. These films will be developed in Washington and the uncensored pictures will be forwarded to any address.

There will be a chief censor in Washington and one censor with the headquarters of each field army. All news or private dispatches, mail letters for publication, private letters, drawings, plans or photographs must be submitted to this censor before being sent, and cannot be sent unless approved by him. No code words can be used in private or public correspondence, and any portion of a dispatch the censor thinks has a double meaning must be rewritten if the censor demands this. Information concerning names of regiments or commanders, disposition of troops, state of the army's transports, the numbers of the sick, the extent of losses in any engagement or any other similar matter cannot be sent if the censor forbids.

No news dispatches concerning any occupation or relinquishment of a position, any victory or defeat, and, in fact, any change in the army's disposition may be sent until after the official wire dispatches announcing the event have gone to Washington.

The Much-Censored Press

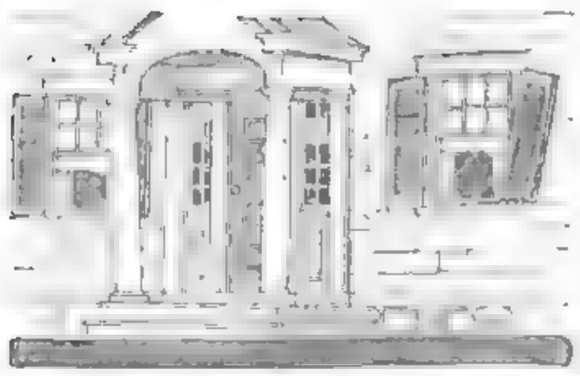
There it is, you see—"until after the official wire dispatches announcing the event have gone to Washington." That is why the bulk of the first news reporting of any war we may have with Mexico will be done in Washington, by men who are not at the front at all; and although these regulations were not in force at the time, that is why the bulk of the first news reporting in similar circumstances always has been done in Washington, for there official dispatches always take precedence over all others.

The censor controls the telegraph lines within the army, and these official wires are to be open to correspondents when not in use officially. The censor can limit the number of words that can be sent out by each correspondent and equitably adjust crowded conditions. A uniform is prescribed, and no correspondents can leave the army unless the War Department allows them to go. They must take the oath of loyalty, and must generally behave themselves and not try to put anything over on the censors, or in extreme cases they may be put under arrest.

Thus does the War Department put an additional crimp in the business of war correspondence as pursued by many eminent persons who are most interested in seeing that the "By William J. Boogin," or "By" whomsoever it happens to be "By," is at the top of the column than in any other feature of the business.

To be sure this will give the special commissioners ample time to compose polished pieces giving their opinions, and allow those opinions to be printed subsequently some time, if they pass the censor; but the news of this war will come from the reporters, and in these days of extras and extra-extras and double extra-extras there doesn't seem to be much hope for the development of another MacGahan or of another Archibald Forbes.

There will be plenty of them there, no doubt, but they will be ornamental rather than useful, and the reporters will do the work both in the field and in Washington. At that, owing to those Spanish War experiences and expenses, still painful to the recollections of the men who run the newspapers, it is quite probable that the number of distinguished literary artists who will be sent to be censored by some unfeeling army officer will be much smaller than in 1898, and for that reason the public may expect more news and less of that sort of thing so aptly illustrated by the opening line in a dispatch by one of our grandest little war correspondents, who started thus: "I always sing when I go into battle."



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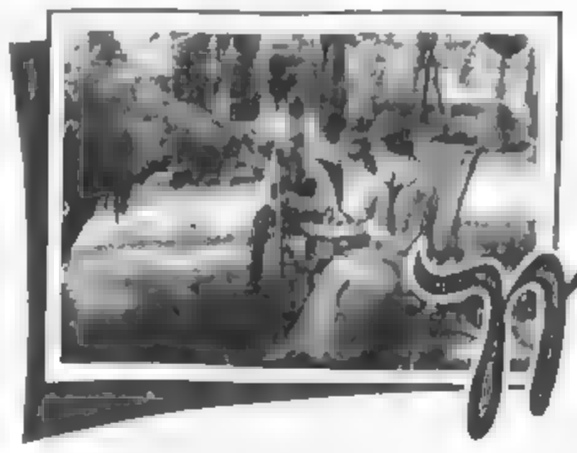


Take a Moore's on your vacation

WHY, certainly, you'll take a Moore's along.

At any rate, you'll take one if you want your letter-writing this summer to be easier—and if you want to make sure that you're not going to spot your summer clothes up with ink.

Moore's, you know, is the original "won't leak" pen. When the cap screws down, it seals the ink-chamber up bottle-tight. Not a drop of ink can escape, even if the pen is carried upside down.

Flows Smoothly and Evenly

And then a Moore makes writing so much easier, because you don't have to coax it to write. Nobody likes to fuss with a pen on a hot day to start it or keep it going. But temperature doesn't bother a Moore. Starts at the first stroke and flows smoothly and evenly until you finish your letter. For when a Moore is shipped up the pen is down IN the ink—moist and ready to write at a touch.

Moore's is just the kind of pen everybody likes—especially in summer. It's so handy—so dependable. Comes in all sizes from the Midget (just 4 inches) up to the big Banker's Pen. And among the 127 styles and sizes there's one that just fits your way of writing.

Look for it at your dealer's before you pack your things to go 'way.

This is Moore's Tourist—exact size—comes in 12 styles from $2.50 up.

127 Styles and Sizes

You can find a Moore dealer almost anywhere you go, and he'll be delighted to show you just why a Moore is the pen you ought to take [illegible] Write to

AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO., Mfrs.
ADAMS, CUSHING & FOSTER, Selling Agents
201 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
Canadian Agents, W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, Can.

DEALERS: Write for details of our proposition to live dealers.

Moore's won't leak

GARAGE REPAIR BILL

What a Leaky Radiator Did

Total $135.00

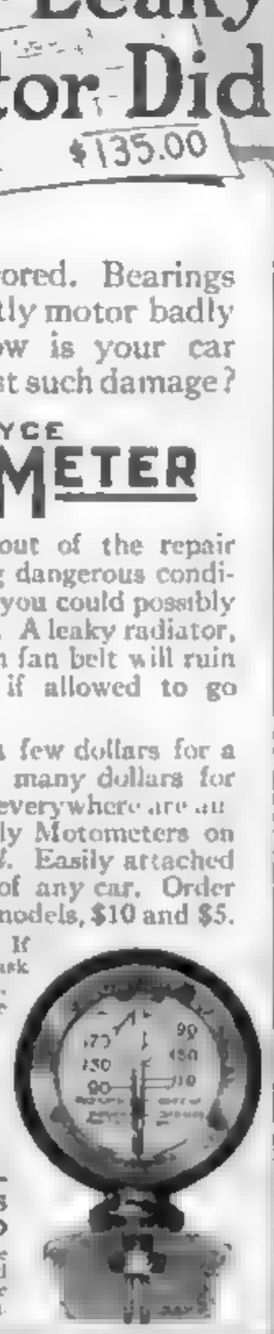
Cylinders scored. Bearings burned. A costly motor badly damaged. How is your car guarded against such damage?

BOYCE **MOTOMETER**

keeps your car out of the repair shop by revealing dangerous conditions long before you could possibly be aware of them. A leaky radiator, lack of oil, broken fan belt will ruin the best motor if allowed to go unnoticed.

Better spend a few dollars for a Motometer than many dollars for repairs. Dealers everywhere are authorized to supply Motometers on 30 days' *free trial*. Easily attached to radiator cap of any car. Order one today. Two models, $10 and $5.

Write for Booklet. If you are a Ford owner, ask for *special* booklet, "Safeguarding the Ford Motor."



THE MOTOMETER COMPANY
1790 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENTS WANTED

Motometer sales are growing by leaps and bounds. Write at once for territory proposition.

When in Need of a Wrench Look for This

Billings & Spencer Wrench Display Board at Your Hardware Dealers

Enables you to quickly and easily select the exact size and style wrench you need.

Look for it at your hardware dealer's.

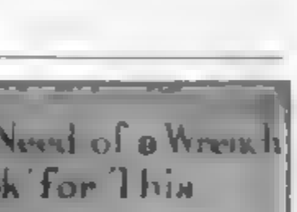
To be sure of absolute satisfaction—no matter what kind of tool you need—specify the B trade-marked brand.

Behind it stands a manufacturing experience of a half century.

Insist on your dealer showing you B trademark tools

The Billings & Spencer Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Garage $49.50



Ready to use. Fireproof. Rain-proof. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 341-391 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any style. Light Weight. Very popular. All head sizes. Brims from 2½ to 4 inches. Sent Prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. "Weaver to Wearer" Style Book Free.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

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Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

As Never Before

Men Are This Year Flocking to No-Rim-Cut Tires

Users Increase 55 Per Cent

There are more tire users—perhaps by 20 per cent—than one year ago. But Goodyear tire sales show an increase of 55 per cent. The difference shows that tens of thousands are discarding other tires for Goodyears.

It has been so for years. The better men knew Goodyears the faster our sales have grown. Now—after millions of mileage tests—Goodyears outsell any other tire in the world. Our one-day output often exceeds a whole month's production in 1909. And we are gaining new users faster than ever before.

The Court of Last Resort

This verdict comes from users—the court of last resort. It comes from men who have made their comparisons—hundreds of thousands of them. It comes from men who know tire mileage, for most cars have odometers.

Never will all men agree on one tire. Good and bad fortune, abuse and accidents have too much to do with tire service.

But Goodyear has won more, and is winning men faster, than any other tire. And no other evidence compares with that in denoting superlative worth.

The Four Winning Features

These four great features—found only in No-Rim-Cut tires—are the reasons for Goodyear supremacy.

We ended rim-cutting by a method we control. That method has never been approached. It wiped out for our users the chief source of tire ruin.

We saved blow-outs—the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We did this by our "On-Air" cure—an extra process which adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily.

We fought loose treads—reduced this danger by 60 per cent. We did this by creating, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets.

We made an anti-skid as smooth running as a plain tread. Made it double-thick and tough—equipped with hundreds of deep, sharp, resistless grips. It is called the All-Weather tread.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

These features have saved tire users millions. No rival offers anything like them. So men have bought No-Rim-Cut tires to get them.

Yet 16 Makes Cost More

These tires for years—because of these features—cost more than other standard makes. But multiplied output and new efficiency cut down our factory cost.

Now 16 makers ask a higher price—up to one-half more And for tires which embody none of our exclusive features.

It's a curious situation. Once you had to decide if No-Rim-Cut tires were worth our higher cost. Now the question is—Are some other tires worth $5 to $15 more?

The facts are these. We are giving you the utmost in a tire. We give you four important things no other tire can offer. But we build up to 10,000 motor tires daily. And we sold last year at an average profit of 6½ per cent. Those are the reasons for present Goodyear prices.

If you want these prices and these tires your dealer will get them for you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada **London, England** **Mexico City, Mexico**

Dealers Everywhere **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities** **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber**

(1563)

TRAVELING DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 27)

the car after the American fashion, and the top of the car above the backs of the seats is mainly open, giving a circulation of light and air, and an effect of spaciousness which no car that is divided into compartments can have. They even go to the length of separating first and second class passengers by nothing but a glass partition—perhaps a dangerous social innovation; and the newer third-class cars have center aisles and a more open arrangement overhead.

Undoubtedly a compartment to oneself, or to oneself and wife—when self and wife are on good terms—or to oneself and friend, is the most comfortable way to travel; but a compartment to oneself and three or four strangers is quite a different matter. And oneself and wife can have a compartment or a drawing room in the United States for less than the first-class European compartment costs.

There is nothing in particular about government ownership in this; for in France, where five-sixths of the railroad mileage is privately owned—under strict government regulation—and one-sixth is state-owned, conditions of travel are much the same on all lines. True, the best long-distance trains are not on the state road, but on the privately owned lines north and south of Paris. There is little significance in that, however, for the privately owned lines north and south have a much better passenger territory. To compare the North Express or the Riviera Express with service on the state road would be almost as unfair as to compare the best trains between Chicago and New York with local trains in the Southwest.

As soon as you cross into Germany you strike something that is decidedly significant with regard to government ownership. Practically all the railroads there are state-owned –not owned by the Imperial Government, but by the several German states. The state lines of Prussia and Hesse are managed as one system. They give decidedly the best service in Europe, and at the lowest fares when service is taken into account.

To begin with, the German states are the only railroad owners in Europe that have made any attempt to rescue travelers from the international sleeping-car monopoly. That fact in itself would count very heavily in favor of state ownership if it were not for the other fact that state-owned lines elsewhere in Europe rather sick the sleeping-car concern on than attempt to muzzle it.

Your Money's Worth in Germany

So, to begin over again, you must start with the fact that what sort of results you get from state operation of railroads depends on what sort of state is doing the operating. That Prussia does it with considerable success no open-minded observer will deny.

Though international trains running over Prussian lines carry the sleeping cars of the Belgian corporation, the Prussian road has its own sleeping cars for travel everywhere in Germany. They are good cars, too, better than those of the International concern, with compartments somewhat larger and more conveniently arranged. And the fares are decidedly lower.

For example, the journey from Berlin to Basel is only two hours shorter than that from Paris to Berlin. The price of a berth for the latter journey—International Company—is eight dollars and a half. The price of a berth for the former journey—Prussian sleeper—is three dollars and thirty cents.

That is not all the difference, however. The first-class sleeping-car fare of three dollars and thirty cents and a first-class railroad ticket—such as you are obliged to have when using a sleeping car in France or Italy—entitle you to the compartment to yourself. To get a compartment to yourself from Paris to Berlin you must pay one sleeping-car fare and a half, or twelve dollars and seventy-five cents. Thus, the Prussian sleeping-car fare is roughly one-third of that charged by the International Company for equal accommodations; though even then the accommodations are not equal, for the Prussian cars, on the whole, are more comfortable.

Of course there is only one long seat in each compartment, so that half the passengers ride backward, but that is inevitable in European trains. On the Continent trains have a great habit of changing ends every now and then. You go into a station with the engine at one end and go out with it at the other end. This may be for engineering reasons, but I assume it is primarily for the purpose of giving all passengers a chance to ride forward part of the time.

The Prussian sleeping cars are cheaper than our Pullman cars, accommodations considered, because the first-class ticket gives you the compartment to yourself. You can also have a sleeping car on a second-class ticket. It is exactly the same car and the same compartment that you would have with a first-class ticket—only with a second-class ticket you must share the compartment with another traveler if there is an applicant for the second berth.

Take the journey from Berlin to Basel as a typical illustration: First-class railroad fare is seventeen dollars and fifty-five cents; first-class sleeper, three dollars and thirty cents—making twenty dollars and eighty-five cents for a fifteen-hour journey, with the compartment to yourself. Second-class railroad fare is ten dollars and ninety cents; second-class sleeper, two dollars and eighty-five cents—making thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents for the same journey with another person in the compartment.

Of course you cannot get a compartment to yourself in the United States, for a journey of equal length, at the Prussian price; but you can get a berth for about their price.

Soap and Towels Absent

You will notice that the difference between the cost of a first-class sleeping-car ticket and a second-class is slight. The real difference is in the railroad fare. Their first-class railroad fare is rather higher than ours, but usually when they take your first-class money they give you a good equivalent for it.

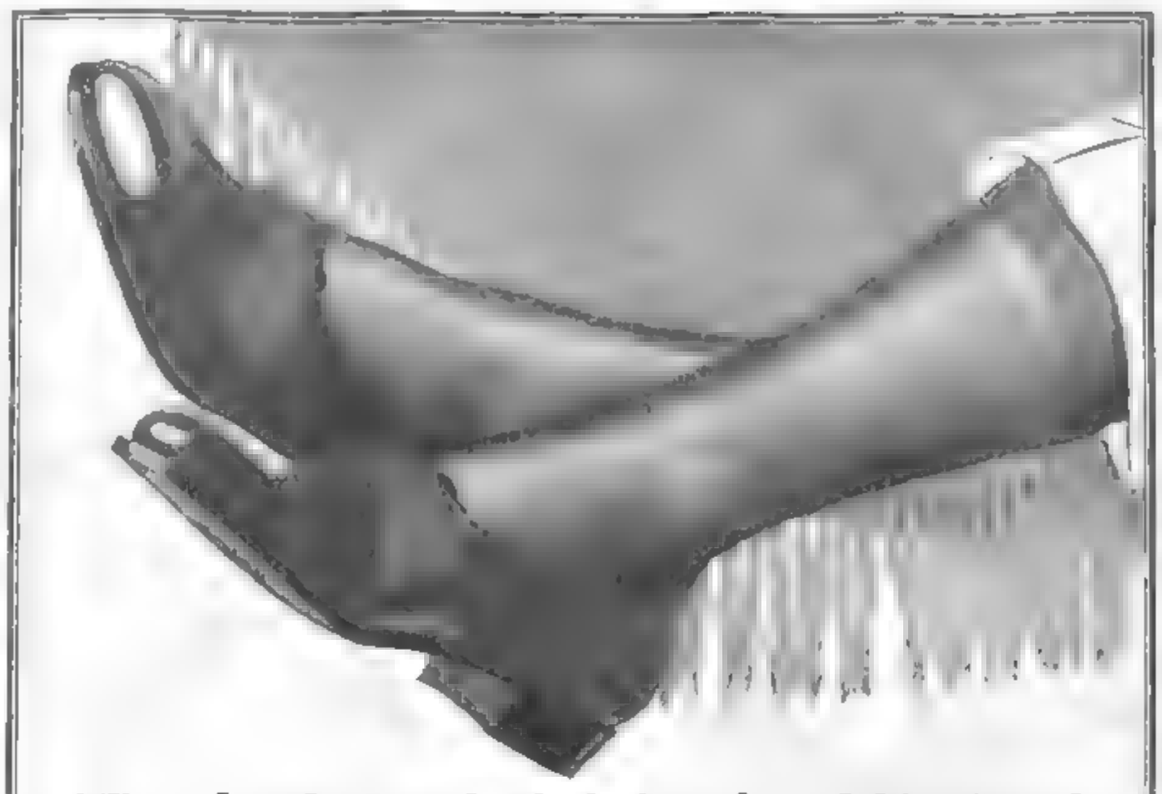
The German first and second class coaches are generally larger, roomier and heavier than equipment in the same category elsewhere in Europe. Their dimensions approximate those of American cars and almost invariably they have a modern look—as though they had been built within historic times.

The first-class compartments are quite as large as those in France and Italy, and carry only four passengers at most, instead of six. Thus, even though the compartment has its full quota, you are never crowded; and you can see a tangible reason for charging a premium to ride in one, though in most other European passenger cars the reason for charging a premium to go first class is not visible to American eyes.

There is, of course, the old question as to the comparative comfort of a compartment shared with strangers as against an open car. I said a while ago that in the compartment you can hear everything your fellow occupants say. I should have made an exception in case they whisper, as did a young couple that I took to be bride and groom, with whom I shared a German compartment for half a day. He whispered in her ear; then she whispered in his ear—with innumerable little demonstrations of tender regard, for Europeans generally are so much franker than we are in giving rein to their feelings before strangers. No doubt I should have regarded the little idyl with patriarchal approval; but, as they were not minding me in the least, and as I was over by the window and they kept the door into the corridor shut, and were, in a manner, between me and it, I was never more nervous in my life.

Another time, taking a train at half past seven in the morning, the only vacant place where smoking was permitted was in a compartment occupied by a family party of three—apparently husband, wife and a brother. The lady was stretched out on one seat fast asleep. When she got up to make room for me I rather expected the family party to extract a doormat with Welcome! on it from their extensive luggage and spread it out for me; but, after all, we got on very comfortably.

There are some small incidental things an American might criticize. Of course one never expects soap in Europe, but the expectation of a clean towel, which seems so reasonable to us, is often not realizable on trains. The folding lavatory in my first German sleeper was provided with one hand towel. I had occasion to use it soon after boarding the train; and, having used it, threw it on the floor, with an extravagant American idea that the porter would carry it away. What the porter did was to



They Look Good, Feel Good and Fit Good

Do not buy socks simply because strength is guaranteed, for socks that are sold on the basis of wearability only are often hard and uncomfortable. Every pair of Bachelors' Friend Socks is guaranteed as to wear, but our appeal to you is based on Quality—the high grade of the yarns from which these socks are made—their careful knit and special reinforcing.

Bachelors' Friend TRADE-MARK SOCKS

Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada

are dressy looking, feel soft to the skin; they are cool, fit snugly and are extremely comfortable. They cost no more than ordinary guaranteed hose, but the difference in quality is very noticeable.

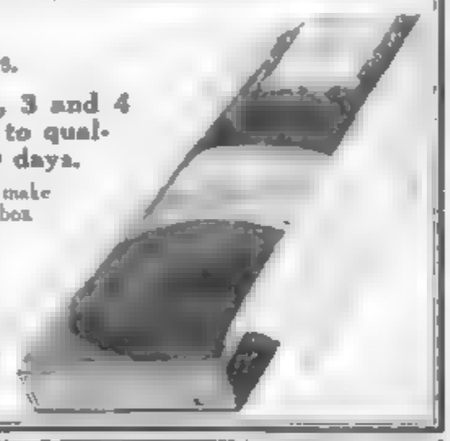
Sizes 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades.

Put up in boxes containing 2, 3 and 4 pairs at *$1 per box*, according to quality. Every pair guaranteed 30 days.

SPECIAL—In addition to the above line we make the lightest weight guaranteed gauze socks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, $1.00

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us the name and address of your dealer, so that we can arrange for your future wants.

Jos. Black & Sons Co.
York, Pa.



SICK or WELL

[illegible] should be properly cared for. Polk Miller's [illegible] Book, Dispensed How to [illegible]

POLK MILLER DRUG CO., Inc.
[illegible] E. Main St. Richmond, Va.

Vacuum Cleaners and Sweepers

Write for Description C.
SWEEPCLEANER CO. Box H Torrington, Conn.

Try Stag

See how you like a tobacco whose FRAGRANCE comes straight from the growing leaf.

See how you like a tobacco without a hint of "bite," yet entirely FREE FROM ARTIFICIAL PROCESS.

Convenient Packages: The Handy Half-Size 5-Cent Tin, the Full-Size 10-Cent Tin, the Pound and Half-Pound Tin Humidors, and the Pound Glass Humidor.

STAG

"EVER LASTING-LY GOOD"

"No Bite,
No Sting,
No Bun,
No String"

"Your Move" is the name of a book that tells why paint without

Zinc

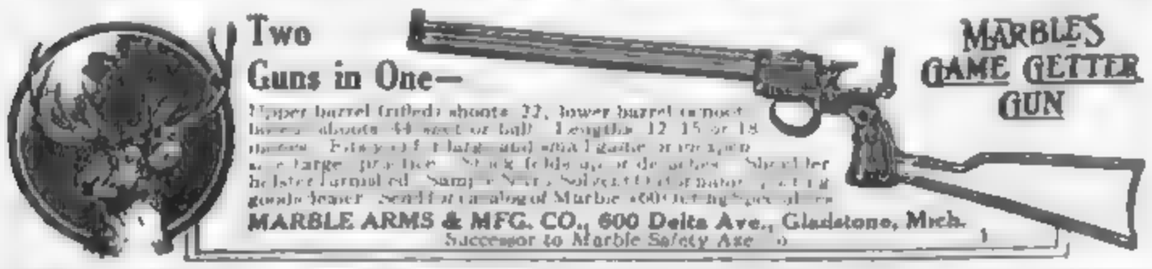
will not do all the things that paint could and should do, and which you pay to have done. You pay anyway, Zinc or no Zinc.

Zinc makes the paint to which it is added look better, last longer and guard more safely.

Zinc in paint is not a new thing except to you. All the best paint manufacturers use it in all their best paint. If you get and read the booklet, "Your Move," you will know why.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau.



Silk socks that wear!

Iron Clad, No. 699

The rich, luxurious beauty of pure silk hose is so appealing that many will sacrifice durability to wear them. But now you can get real silk socks that really *wear*. Notice this chart:

A is pure thread, finest-quality silk.
B is pure thread silk, reinforced with mercerized cotton
C is "extra twisted" mercerized yarn of unusual strength and durability.

Test this handsome, pure silk sock; you'll find that it lives up to the Iron Clad reputation for durability. If there is no Iron Clad dealer near you, we'll gladly supply you direct and prepay postage. Colors: Black, White, Light Gray, Navy Blue, Golden Tan and Dark Tan. Sizes 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½. Price 50c. Send an order today. Beautiful "Battleship" catalog, illustrating Iron Clads in colors, sent free. Write today.

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine St. St. Joseph, Mich.

Catalog in colors sent free!

A postal card will bring our beautiful book of Iron Clads, illustrated in full colors—write for it today!

Iron Clad

fold it neatly and restore it to its original place. No doubt he judged that it was not sufficiently soiled, and very likely his judgment was better than mine. Certainly it was different.

I found the toilet rooms in the first and second class German cars always provided with little boxes labeled Towels, but I was never lucky enough to find a towel in the box. What I did find was one of those venerable endless-chain affairs hung on a roller, which you pull round and round in the vain hope of discovering a clean spot. I will say for the International Sleeping-car Company that it sometimes recklessly puts three or four hand towels in the general lavatory at one time; but my experience was that when the dinner hour came round they had all seen service, and the porters have a mysterious way of disappearing that I never could account for. To be sure, wiping one's hands and face on a handkerchief is no great hardship, but we do not regard it as convenient.

Like everything else in Germany, the cars are well plastered with signs conveying instructions, warnings and prohibitions. Tacked up by the door of each sleeping-car compartment is a sort of constitution and by-laws for passengers. Beneath is a sign in large letters to the effect that passengers must take care of their own sleeper tickets, as the conductor is not permitted under any circumstances to take charge of them. Every window sill bears a conspicuous sign warning you not to lean out the window. There are printed directions about opening and shutting the doors and turning the lights on and off.

Sixty Cents' Worth of Fodder

Your dining-car menu begins with a page of instructive literature informing you what you may and may not expect, and in a general way setting forth your relations as a diner to the German state. It winds up with a caution not to spill your wine on the tablecloth, as wine soils table linen.

This sign business, however, is an inveterate German habit. Every taxicab in Berlin contains the sign: "Do not put your feet on the seat cushions. Do not spit on the floor." The sign is no mere idiosyncrasy of the taxicab company, either, but an official matter on the same plate that bears the cab number. In every elevator there is a long official placard describing the duties of the elevator operator and the proper conduct for those who ride in elevators. Sometimes the letter boxes bear an official warning not to forget to stamp and address your letters before mailing them.

As a matter of fact, this amazing indulgence in signs is merely a harmless literary passion. You cannot heave a brick at the Kaiser or trespass on anybody's else rights; but, broadly speaking, nowhere in the world are you more free to go where you like and do what you please than in Germany. And in relation to travel I consider the signs an appreciable contribution to the passenger's amusement.

The dining-car service I may add, while on this branch of the subject, is as good as that in the United States and rather cheaper, but that is not saying a great deal for it on the score of goodness. On about one train out of ten in our own country can you get a really good dinner. The others serve food. Just food is what the German and other European dining cars serve—plenty of it, to be sure, and no doubt nourishing, but with no demoralizing appeal to the palate. Except breakfast, the meals are served at a fixed hour and on the table-d'hôte rather than our à-la-carte plan. You take your seat in the diner at the prescribed hour and the prescribed courses are brought you in the prescribed order.

Here is a typical bill of fare for the midday meal on a German diner: Soup, boiled beef, boiled potatoes, boiled cauliflower, chicken, salad, apple sauce, butter, cheese. The price is sixty cents, which is less than the same quantity of fodder would cost on an American diner. That is all there is to be said for it.

The German passenger service is undoubtedly the best in Europe and the cheapest when accommodations are considered. Their first-class fare works out two and nine-tenths cents a mile, which is somewhat higher than the average rate in our country and nearly fifty per cent higher than the first-class rate that prevails in a considerable part of the United States; but their first-class accommodations, on the whole, are better than ours, with the Pullman left out of account.

It is true they are not perfect. Price Collier, a warm admirer of Germany, records: "Not once but many times in Germany my first-class ticket found me no accommodation, and often, in changing from the main line to a branch line, not even a first-class compartment." In the United States, however, I have had the pleasure of paying first-class fare and standing in the aisle. Normally, in the matter of space allotted to a ticket holder, German first-class service beats ours.

Their second-class fare averages a cent and a half a mile, which is under our first-class rate. Of course there is always a charge for a trunk if you are reckless enough to carry one. On the whole, they beat us in the matter of punctuality. Almost invariably the Prussian trains start on the minute and arrive on the minute; in fact, people who have traveled a great deal on them tell me a late Prussian train is so exceptional as to cause comment.

The Government operates the suburban system at Berlin and does it very well. A friend who lives six miles out pays a dollar and thirty-five cents for a monthly second-class ticket which permits him to ride as often as he pleases during the thirty days. Riding twice a day, that comes to about two and a half cents a ride. For eighty cents he can get a third-class ticket and ride as often and as fast; but he must ride on a wooden bench. They are electrifying the whole suburban system now and will make decidedly better time when the electrification is completed.

In fine, when you compare Prussian railroad management with that of other state-owned roads outside of Germany the success is dazzling. First and second class passenger service is decidedly better and cheaper. As to first and second class passenger service, indeed, the Prussian roads have nothing to fear from a comparison with those of the United States.

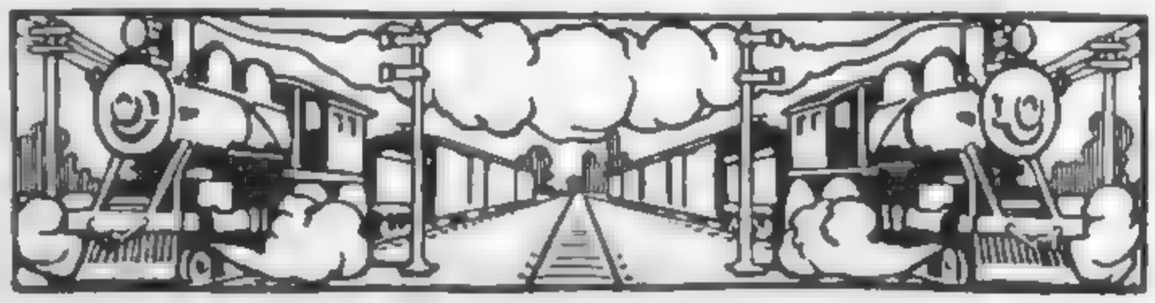
A good many students of the subject award them the palm and I shall by no means quarrel with that award; but first and second class passenger service is only a part of any railroad's business, and as to the Prussian roads it is a very insignificant part, as I expect to show in another article.

Fire in Water

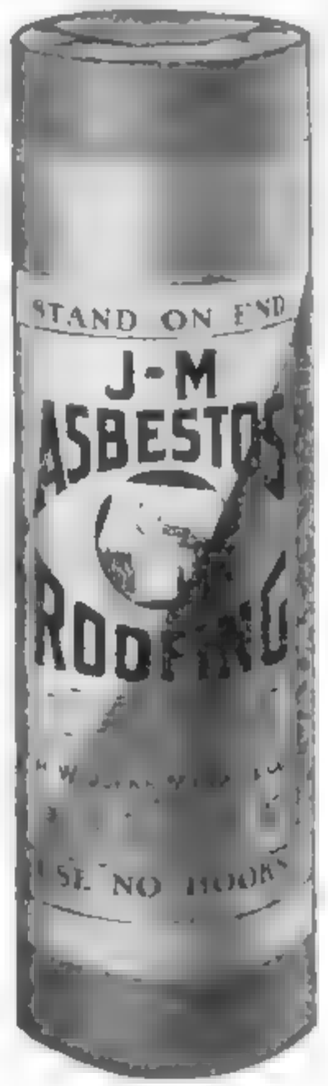
FIRE in the middle of a tank of water instead of under a boiler is a new scheme in making steam for an engine. The idea is to save heat ordinarily wasted; for, with the fire in the middle of the water, every bit of the heat must work to heat the water, as there are no side paths by which it can escape.

Keeping a fire blazing when practically surrounded by water is a problem that has been successfully solved. Gas or oil properly mixed with air feeds the fire. To start the flame, the tank is first emptied and the vapor fuel forced in through a pipe that ends in a nozzle pointed downward. The vapor is lighted, making a roaring torch flame shooting downward in the middle of the tank. Then the tank is partly filled with water until the surface of the water is well above the nozzle, entirely covering the flame.

The vapor fuel, of course, must be forced in at some pressure in order to prevent the water from putting the fire out. The water is soon boiling violently, making steam for running the engine. The steam, mixed with gas from the burning fuel, is led into a separate tank, which is a sort of storage bin for the steam.



Buy Roofing as You Buy Your Life Insurance



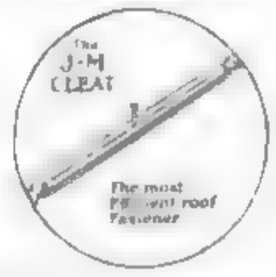
A HUNDRED and one roofing manufacturers ask for your patronage. Each backs his claims with arguments that seem convincing. It's confusing, to say the least. And the loss is yours if you select unwisely.

There is only one absolutely safe course to follow. Buy roofing as you buy your life insurance!

Just as you consider the insurance company first and the policy second—because you realize that the policy is simply a promise to perform and the standing of the company your actual security—so you should consider the roofing manufacturer first and the roofing itself second.

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING

"The Roll of Honor"



We tell you that this roofing is made from asbestos rock—that it is practically imperishable—that it is unaffected by heat or cold, rain or sleet—that it affords excellent fire protection—in short, that it will give you absolutely satisfactory and lasting service without any painting, coating or attention whatever.

But, more than this—we remind you that behind this "promise to perform" is the security that lies in buying your roofing from a company with a country-wide organization built up by a policy that does not willingly permit a single customer to be dissatisfied.

J-M Asbestos Roofing promises to give you the utmost in roofing satisfaction.

The Johns-Manville organization, with its branches everywhere, sees to it that that promise is invariably made good.

J-M Roofings—because of their variety—are adaptable to every type of building.

J-M SERVICE

When you buy J-M products your purchase includes not only reliable materials but a Service that is equally dependable.

At each of our Branches we maintain fully organized Service and Contract Departments whose engineers are competent to give practical advice on Roofing and other Building Problems.

Back of this organization is a $5,000,000 concern with a reputation for square dealing sustained through over half a century.

© H.W.J.M.CO.

Write our nearest Branch for Book No. 3949

J-M ASBESTOS BUILT-UP ROOFING

Made of exactly the same materials as J-M Asbestos Ready Roofing, but built up on the roof of alternate layers of pure Asbestos fabric cemented together with Trinidad Lake Asphalt, instead of being laid in single sheets. Particularly serviceable for flat roof.

J-M TRANSITE ASBESTOS SHINGLES

Provide artistic beauty with roofing permanency.
Give you a stone roof that cannot disintegrate
Afford you a variety of attractive and permanent colors.
Absolutely fireproof.

J-M REGAL ROOFING

Of Its Type The Best by Test

For those who prefer the rubber type of wool-felt roofing. Certain to give absolute satisfaction because of the "quality-policy" and Johns-Manville organization service back of every J-M product.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY

Manufacturers of Asbestos Stucco; Pipe Coverings; Cold Storage Insulation; Water-Proofing; Sanitary Specialties; Acoustical Correction; Cork Tiling; Etc.

Akron, Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Charlotte, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, Galveston, Houghton, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, N. J., New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Portland, Ore., Rochester, St. Louis, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse, Toledo, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Youngstown

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

The possession of a Cadillac means more than merely owning *an* Automobile

The purchaser of a Cadillac does not purchase merely *an* automobile.

Those who are within the world of Cadillac ownership are within that world because they demand and because they receive something more.

The Cadillac is not merely a means of locomotion.

Any automobile will furnish that.

Cadillac owners will tell you that merely *an* automobile does not provide the same peculiar pleasures, the same definite advantages and the same unique delights which the Cadillac affords.

They will tell that riding in *an* automobile is one thing.

But that motoring in a Cadillac is quite another.

It may be true that the man who drives *an* automobile is not conscious of the difference.

But the Cadillac owner knows the difference and anyone will discover that difference, and enthuse over it, immediately, when he rides in the Cadillac.

The purchaser of a Cadillac does not purchase merely *an* automobile.

What he does purchase is an abundant measure of the satisfying and enjoyable things which only the highest type of motor car can provide.

He purchases that care-free state of mind—without which, motoring loses much of its fascination.

He purchases the maximum in scientific development, which contributes to his ease, to his comfort, to his luxury, to his convenience, to his contentment, and to all of those things which can contribute to the charm of motor car ownership.

STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Touring Car, five passenger	$1975.00		
Seven passenger car	$2075.00	Landaulet Coupé, three passenger .	$2500.00
Phaeton, four passenger	1975.00	Inside drive Limousine, five passenger	2800.00
Roadster, two passenger	1975.00	Standard Limousine, seven passenger	3250.00

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

SCALLY

(Continued from Page 19)

extreme panic, owing to a terrifying noise behind it—the blast of the newest and most vulgar motor horn, to be precise—was bolting right across the clearing. After the manner of hares where objects directly in front of them are concerned, the fugitive entirely failed to perceive Excalibur and, indeed, ran right underneath him on its way to cover. Excalibur was so unstrung by this adventure that he ran back to where he had left Eileen and the curate.

They were sitting side by side on the grass and the curate was holding Eileen's hand.

Excalibur advanced on them thankfully and indicated by an ingratiating smile that a friendly remark or other recognition of his presence would be gratefully received; but neither took the slightest notice of him. They continued to gaze straight before them in a mournful and abstracted fashion. They looked not so much at Excalibur as through him. First the hare, then Eileen and the curate! Excalibur began to fear that he had become invisible, or at least transparent. Greatly agitated he drifted away into a neighboring plantation full of young pheasants. Here he encountered a keeper, who was able to dissipate his gloomy suspicions for him without any difficulty whatsoever. But Eileen and the curate sat on.

"A hundred pounds a year!" repeated the curate. "A pass degree and no influence! I can't preach and I have no money of my own. Dearest, I ought never to have told you."

"Told me what?" inquired Eileen softly. She knew quite well; but she was a woman, and a woman can never let well enough alone.

The curate, turning to Eileen, delivered himself of a statement of three words. Eileen's reply was a softly whispered *Tu quoque!*

"It had to happen, dear," she added cheerfully, for she did not share the curate's burden of responsibility in the matter. "If you had not told me we should have been miserable separately. Now that you have told me, we can be miserable together. And when two people who—who ——" She hesitated.

The curate supplied the relative sentence. Eileen nodded her head in acknowledgment.

"Yes; who are—like you and me—are miserable together, they are happy! See?"

"I see," said the curate gravely. "Yes, you are right there; but we can't go on living on a diet of joint misery. We shall have to face the future. What are we going to do about it?"

Then Eileen spoke up boldly for the first time.

"Gerald," she said, "we shall simply have to manage on a hundred a year."

But the curate shook his head.

"Dearest, I should be an utter cad if I allowed you to do such a thing," he said. "A hundred a year is less than two pounds a week!"

"A lot of people live on less than two pounds a week," Eileen pointed out longingly.

"Yes; I know. If we could rent a three-shilling cottage and I could go about with a spotted handkerchief round my neck, and you could scrub the doorsteps, *coram populo* we might be very comfortable; but the clergy belong to the black-coated class, and people in the lower ranks of the black-coated class are the poorest people in the whole wide world. They have to spend money on luxuries—collars and charwomen, and so on—which a workingman can spend entirely on necessities. It wouldn't merely mean no pretty dresses and a lot of hard work for you, Eileen. It would mean starvation! Believe me—I know! Some of my friends have tried it—and I know!"

"What happened to them?" asked Eileen fearfully.

"They all had to come down in the end—some soon, some late, but all in time—to taking parish relief."

"Parish relief?"

"Yes; not official, regulation, rate-aided charity, but the infinitely more humiliating charity of their well-to-do neighbors—quiet checks, second-hand dresses, and things like that. No, little girl; you and I are too proud—too proud of the cloth—for that. We will never give a handle to the people who are always waiting to have a fling at the improvident clergy—not if it breaks our hearts, we won't!"

"You are quite right, dear," said Eileen quietly. "We must wait."

Then the curate said the most difficult thing he had said yet:

"I shall have to go away from here."

Eileen's hand turned cold in his.

"Why?" she whispered; but she knew.

"Because if we wait here we shall wait forever. The last curate in Much Moreham—what happened to him?"

"He died."

"Yes—at fifty-five; and he had been here for thirty years. Preferment does not come in sleepy villages. I must go back to London."

"The East End?"

"East or south or north—it doesn't signify. Anywhere but west. In the east and south and north there is always work to be done—hard work. And if a parson has no money and no brains and no influence, and can only work—run clothing clubs and soup kitchens, and reclaim drunkards—London is the place for him. So off I go to London, my beloved, to lay the foundations of Paradise for you and me—for you and me!"

There was a long silence. Then the pair rose to their feet and smiled on each other extremely cheerfully, because each suspected the other—rightly—of low spirits.

"Shall we tell people?" asked the curate.

Eileen thought, and shook her head.

"No," she said; "nicer not. It will make a splendid secret."

"Just between us two, eh?" said the curate, kindling at the thought.

"Just between us two," agreed Eileen. And the curate kissed her very solemnly. A secret is a comfortable thing to lovers, especially when they are young and about to be lonely.

At this moment a leonine head, supported on a lumbering and ill-balanced body, was thrust in between them. It was Excalibur, taking sanctuary with the Church from the vengeance of the Law.

"We might tell Scally, I think," said Eileen.

"Rather!" assented the curate. "He introduced us."

So Eileen communicated the great news to Excalibur.

"You do approve, dear—don't you?" she said.

Excalibur, instinctively realizing that this was an occasion when liberties might be taken, stood up on his hind legs and placed his forepaws on his mistress' shoulders. The curate supported them both.

"And you will use your influence to get us a living wage from somewhere—won't you, old man?" added the curate.

Excalibur tried to lick both their faces at once—and succeeded.

VI

SO THE curate went away, but not to London. He was sent instead to a great manufacturing town in the north, where the work was equally hard, and where Anglican and Roman and Salvationist fought grimly side by side against the powers of drink and disease and crime. During these days, which ultimately rolled into years, the curate lost his boyish freshness and his unfortunate tendency to put on flesh. He grew thin and lathy; and, though his smile was as ready and as magnetic as ever, he seldom laughed.

He never failed, however, to write a cheerful letter to Eileen every Monday morning. He was getting a hundred and twenty pounds a year now; so his chances of becoming a millionaire had increased by twenty per cent.

Meantime his two confederates, Excalibur and Eileen, continued to reside at Much Moreham. Eileen was still the recognized beauty of the district, but she spread her net less promiscuously than of yore. Girl friends she always had in plenty, but it was noticed that she avoided intimacy with all eligible males of over twenty and under forty-five years of age. No one knew the reason for this except Excalibur. Eileen used to read Gerald's letters aloud to him every Tuesday morning; sometimes the letter contained a friendly message to Excalibur himself.

In acknowledgment of this courtesy Excalibur always sent his love to the curate—Eileen wrote every Friday—and he and Eileen walked together, rain or shine,

May We Send You Both of These?

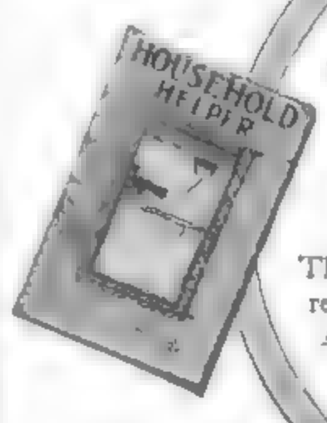
A FREE Book
"The Household Helper"

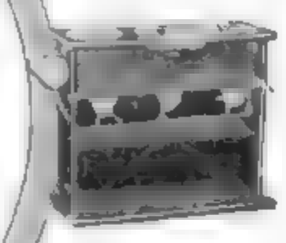
We have for *you*—FREE—an unusual and handsome recipe book of household helps. It is a first aid to economy in these "high cost" days. It is FREE.

A Toy Stove, 16c *(stamps)*

This we also have ready to send you: A toy representation of a Florence Oil Stove. Any child will enjoy this unique plaything. Harmless not to be lighted.

Again, may we send you *both* of these? Write today, giving dealer's name.





The Turning Point in Oil Stove History

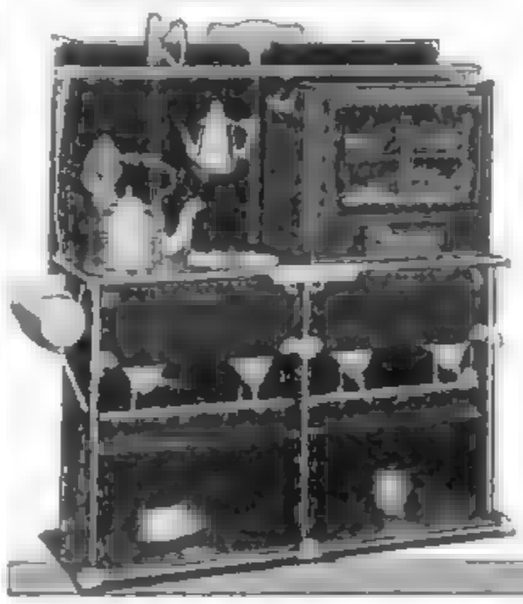
FLORENCE
Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

Time *had* to come when you could get a safe, reliable oil stove. It has. In Florence Oil Stoves you now have *safety*, reliability—and more! You have *simplicity* and *economy*

Florence Oil Stoves have no wicks, no valves. The oil supply is automatic. The heat is regulated by turning the simple little (but patented) lever device. You can have a slow, simmering fire on one burner and at the same time a quick, hot fire on another. Just set the levers as you want them—and the same heat will be given as long as you wish.

4 Burner High Frame Florence Automatic



More than that, Florence Oil Stoves give *more heat* for the oil consumed—with a steady Blue Flame. And it only costs about two-thirds of a cent an hour per burner. Cheaper than coal or gas.

Clean, convenient and cool, Florence Oil Stoves are a boon to any kitchen. Investigate. Ask your dealer now or write us for catalog.

Florence Glass Door Ovens

Visible baking means better baking at a fuel saving. Cold air kept out until baking is done. Oven grates run front to back. No slopping nor spilling. Asbestos lined. Rust proof. Has arched roof, bakers' oven top which ensures an even heat distribution. Florence stoves and ovens are fully guaranteed.

Write today for either "The Household Helper," FREE—or for the toy stove, 16c (stamps)—or both. Please mention dealer's name.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
Dept. 27 Gardner, Mass., and Boston, Mass.

$5.00

Genuine
Walrus Bag

Guaranteed or Money Back. Leather Lined Three Pockets, Brass Rod and Ring Frame, Solid Corners, Brassed Key Lock and Catch, Outside Pocket for Card. Sold by many Retailers at $7.50 $10.00 By mail post, prepaid, $5.00. Choice of 16 or 18 inch. Send today.

PREPAID

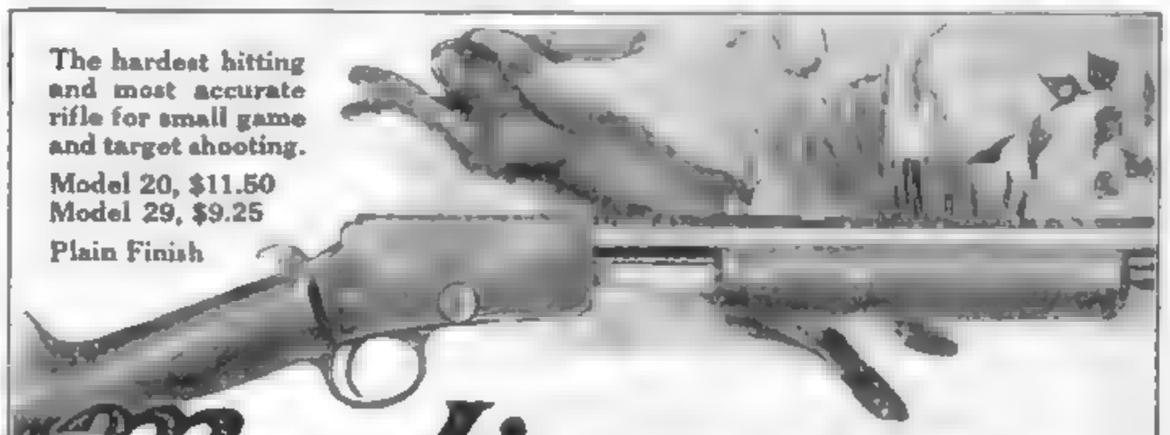
AUSTIN'S SHOPS, 24 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y.

15 Cts. Saves Work All Summer
WATER THE LAWN WITH A
DUO NOZZLE
Patented

Combination Hose Nozzle and Lawn Sprinkler. Cuts your labor in two, throws twice the water in given time. Big fan spray or straight stream. No shut-off to cause hose to burst. Furnished with attachment to use a sprinkler. Buy a Duo from your hardware dealer. If he can't furnish, send us 15 cts. and get one postpaid.

H. B. Sherman Mfg. Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The hardest hitting and most accurate rifle for small game and target shooting.
Model 20, $11.50
Model 29, $9.25
Plain Finish



Marlin
Pump Action .22 Repeating Rifle

The deep Ballard target rifling is the reason—it develops maximum power and adds years to the rifle's life. *Ask us about Ballard rifling.*

Other equally important advantages, too, make the *Marlin* the most desirable of all repeating rifles.

Has fewer and stronger parts than any other repeater. Takes down easily; simple to clean; you can look through the barrel—it cleans from both ends.

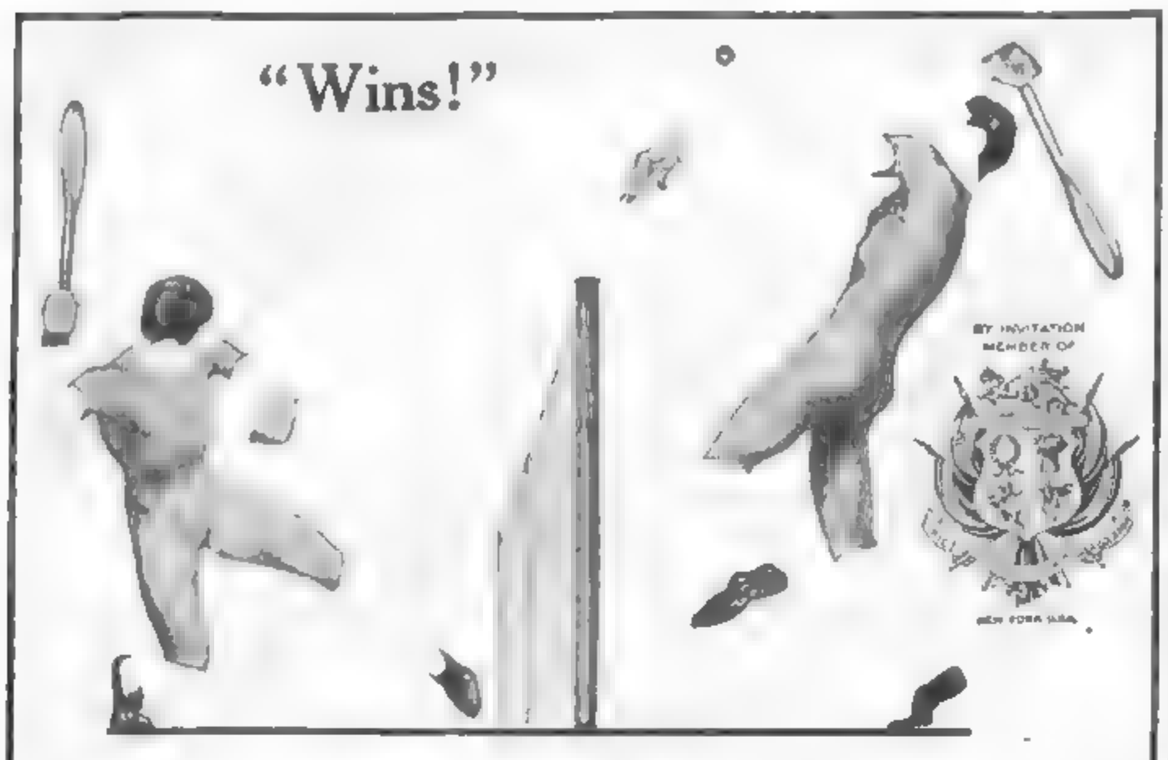
Handles all .22 long, .22 short and .22 long rifle cartridges without adjustment. 15 shots at one loading. Model 20 with Full Magazine, 25 shots.

Solid Steel Top protects your face and eyes against injury from defective cartridges, from shells, powder and gases.

Side Ejection throws shells away to the side, never up across your line of sight.

Send 3c postage for gun catalog, showing all the *Marlin* Repeaters, Rifles and Shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
19 WILLOW ST. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Real Coolness in Real "Porosknit"

But be *sure* it's Chalmers "Porosknit" Guaranteed. Judge by the *label*—not by mere "holes."

Many men and boys merely ask for "Porosknit"—and get *imitations*. That's because they fail to look carefully for the genuine *Chalmers* "Porosknit" *label* (sewn in the garment) and the Guarantee Bond.

There is so much *extra* quality—extra care in making—in Chalmers "Porosknit" that none may match its special comfort, durability, lightness, elasticity, *coolness!*

It is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. The Union Suits are particularly comfortable. Many like the ¾ length.

No-Limit Guarantee

Because it's so well made, Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. GUARANTEED FABRIC PAT. DEC 12 1905 DESIGN PAT. DEC 19 1905

This Label on Every Garment—Ask Your Dealer

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN 50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	FOR BOYS 25c
FOR MEN $1.00	Union Suits Any Style	FOR BOYS 50c

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90
FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EX OR PARCEL POST

Made of Imported Havana Cubadura from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high priced cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them Diamonds in the Rough. All 4½ inches long, some even longer. Only [illegible] at this "Get Acquainted" price. [illegible] at this price. Mention strength when ordering. Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back at any Bank

INCHES 1 2 3 4 ½

EDWIN CIGAR CO. INC.—Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World
DEPT. No. 2338 2342 THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK

How Many Hides Has a Cow?

This may seem a foolish question.

Yet the area of automobile upholstery made from one cow's hide is about three times that of the whole hide.

How?

By splitting the hide into three sheets, and coating and embossing the "splits" in imitation of grain leather.

Coated split leather is therefore artificial leather much inferior to

DU PONT FABRIKOID

MOTOR QUALITY

which is scientifically made artificial leather based on a woven fabric much stronger and more uniform than the fleshy split hide, but coated and embossed in the same way

The difference is all in favor of Fabrikoid, which is guaranteed superior to any coated split. Not affected by water, heat or cold. Several leading makers have adopted it. Any maker can furnish on your car if you order it so.

Send 5Uc for sample 18 x 25 inches. Enough to cover a chair seat. Mention this weekly and specify Black Motor Quality Fabrikoid

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DEL. TORONTO, ONT.

on Friday afternoons to post the letter in the next village. Much Moreham's post office was too small to remain oblivious to such a regular correspondence.

The curate was seen no more in his old parish. Railroad journeys are costly things and curates' holidays rare. Besides, he had no overt excuse for coming. And so life went on for five years. The curate and Eileen may have met during that period, for Eileen sometimes went away visiting. As Excalibur was not privileged to accompany her on these occasions he had no means of checking her movements; but the chances are that she never saw the curate, or I think she would have told Excalibur about it. We simply have to tell some one.

Then, quite suddenly, came a tremendous change in Excalibur's life. Eileen's brother-in-law—he was Excalibur's master no longer, for Excalibur had been transferred to Eileen by deed of gift, at her own request, on her first birthday after the curate's departure—fell ill. There was an operation and a crisis, and a deal of unhappiness at Much Moreham; then came convalescence, followed by directions for a sea voyage of six months. It was arranged that the house should be shut up and the children sent to their grandmother at Bath.

"That settles everything and everybody," said the gaunt man on the sofa, "except you, Eileen. What about you?"

"What about Scally?" inquired Eileen.

Her brother-in-law apologetically admitted that he had forgotten Scally.

"Not quite myself at present," he mentioned in extenuation.

"I am going to Aunt Phœbe," announced Eileen.

"You are never going to introduce Scally into Aunt Phœbe's establishment!" cried Eileen's sister.

"No," said Eileen; "I am not." She rubbed Excalibur's matted head affectionately. "But I have arranged for the dear man's future. He is going to visit friends in the north. Aren't you, darling?"

Excalibur, to whom this arrangement had been privately communicated some days before, wagged his tail and endeavored to look as intelligent and knowing as possible. He was not going to put his beloved mistress to shame by admitting to her relatives that he had not the faintest idea what she was talking about.

However, he was soon to understand. The next day Eileen took him up to London by train. This in itself was a tremendous adventure, though alarming at first. He traveled in the guard's van, it having been found quite impossible to get him into an ordinary compartment—or, rather, to get any one else into the compartment after he lay down on the floor. So he traveled with the guard, chained to the vacuum brake, and shared that kindly official's dinner.

When they reached the terminus there was much bustle and confusion. The door of the van was thrown open and porters dragged out the luggage and submitted samples thereof to overheated passengers, who invariably failed to recognize their own property and claimed some one else's.

Finally, when the luggage was all cleared out, the guard took off Excalibur's chain and facetiously invited him to alight for London Town. Excalibur, lumbering delicately across the ribbed floor of the van, arrived at the open doorway. Outside on the platform he espied Eileen. Beside her stood a tall figure in black.

With one tremendous roar of rapturous recognition, Excalibur leaped straight out of the van and launched himself fairly and squarely at the curate's chest. Luckily the curate saw him coming.

"He knows you, all right," said Eileen with satisfaction.

"He appears to," replied the curate. "Afraid I don't dance the tango, Scally, old man; but thanks for the invitation, all the same!"

Excalibur spent the rest of the day in London, where it must be admitted he caused a genuine sensation—no mean feat in such a blasé place.

In Bond Street the traffic had to be held up both ways by benevolent policemen, because Excalibur, feeling pleasantly tired, lay down to rest.

When evening came they all dined together in a cheap little restaurant in Soho and were very gay, with the gayety of people who are whistling to keep their courage up. After dinner Eileen said good-by, first to Excalibur and then to the curate. She was much more demonstrative toward the former than toward the latter, which is the way of women.

Then the curate put Eileen into a taxi and, having with the aid of the commissionaire extracted Excalibur from underneath he had gone there under some confused impression that it was the guard's van again—said good-by for the last time; and Eileen, smiling bravely, was whirled away out of sight.

As the taxi turned a distant corner and disappeared from view, it suddenly occurred to Excalibur that he had been left behind. Accordingly he set off in pursuit.

The curate finally ran him to earth in Buckingham Palace Road, which is a long chase from Soho, where he was sitting on the pavement, to the grave inconvenience of the inhabitants of Pimlico, and refusing to be comforted. It took his new master the best part of an hour to get him to Euston Road, where it was discovered they had missed the night mail to the north. Accordingly they walked to a rival station and took another train.

In all this Excalibur was the instrument of Destiny, as you shall hear.

VII

THE coroner's jury was inclined at the time to blame the signalman, but the Board of Trade inquiry established the fact that the accident was due to the engine-driver's neglect to keep a proper lookout. However, as the driver was dead and his fireman with him, the law very leniently took no further action in the matter.

About three o'clock in the morning, as the train was crossing a bleak Yorkshire moor seven miles from Tetley Junction, the curate suddenly left the seat on which he lay stretched dreaming of Eileen and flew across the compartment on to the recumbent form of a stout commercial traveler. Then he rebounded to the floor and woke up—unhurt.

"'Tis an accident, lad!" gasped the commercial traveler as he got his wind.

"So it seems," said the curate. "Hold tight! She's rocking!"

The commercial traveler, who was mechanically groping under the seat for his boots—commercial travelers always remove their boots in third-class railroad compartments when on night journeys—followed the curate's advice and braced himself with his feet against the opposite seat for the coming *bouleversement*.

After the first shock the train had gathered way again—the light engine into which it had charged had been thrown clear off the track—but only for a moment. Suddenly the reeling engine of the express left the rails and staggered drunkenly along the ballast. A moment later it turned over, taking the guard's van and the first four coaches with it, and the whole train came to a standstill.

It was a corridor train, and unfortunately for Gerald Gilmore and the commercial traveler their coach fell over corridor side downward. There was no door on the other side of the compartment—only three windows, crossed by a stout brass bar. These windows had suddenly become skylights.

They fought their way out at last. Once he got the window open, the curate experienced little difficulty in getting through; but the commercial traveler was corpulent and tenacious of his boots, which he held persistently in one hand while Gerald tugged at the other. Still, he was hauled up at last, and the two slid down the perpendicular roof of the coach to the permanent way.

"That's done, anyway!" panted the drummer; and sitting down he began to put on his boots.

"There's plenty more to do," said the curate grimly, pulling off his coat. "The front of the train is on fire. Come!"

He turned and ran. Almost at his first step he cannoned into a heavy body in rapid motion. It was Excalibur.

"That you, old friend?" observed the curate. "I was on my way to see about you. Now that you are out, you may as well come and bear a hand."

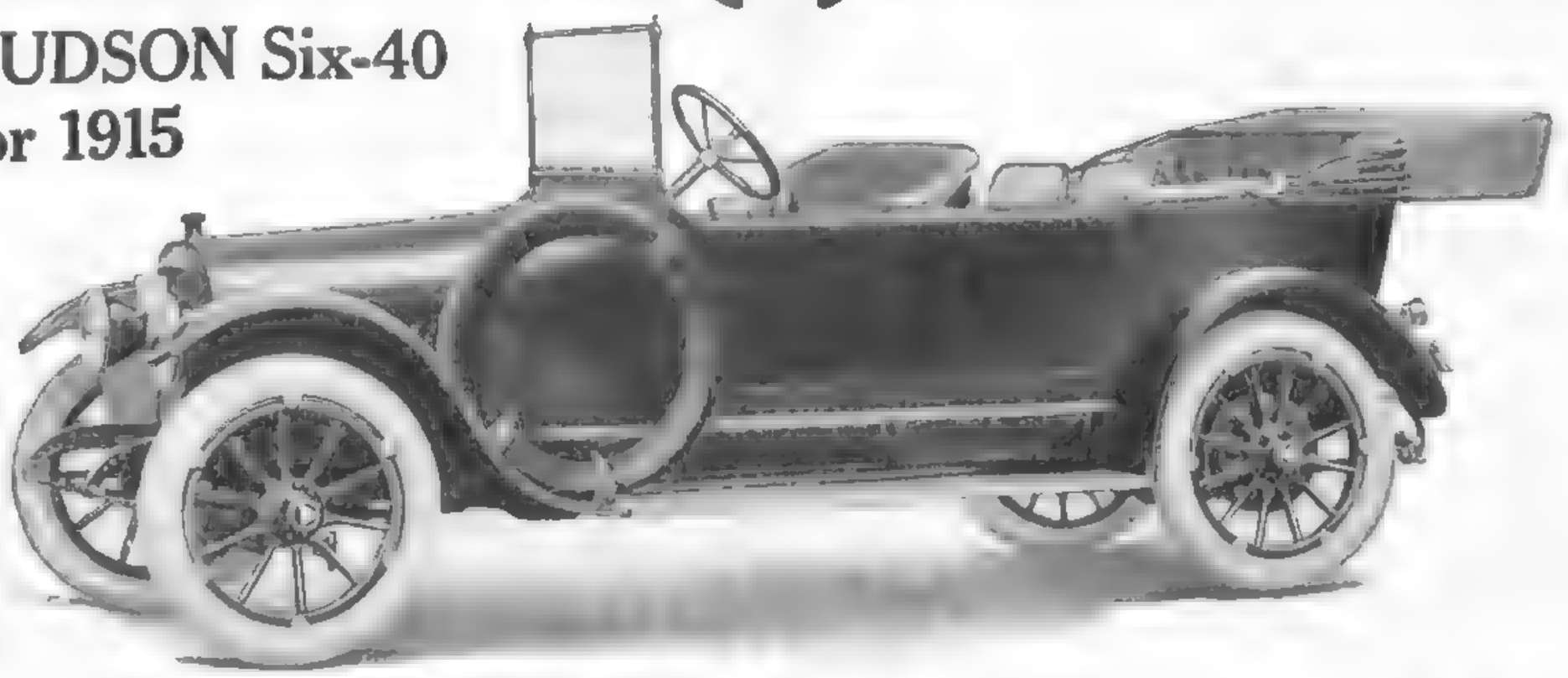
The pair sprinted along the line toward the blazing coaches.

It was dawn—gray, weeping and cheerless—on Tetley Moor. Another engine had come up from behind to take what was left of the train back to the Junction. Seven coaches, including the lordly sleeping saloon, stood intact; four, with the engine and tender, lay where they had fallen, a mass of charred wood and twisted metal.

A motor car belonging to a doctor stood in the roadway a hundred yards off, and its

(Continued on Page 73)

HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



The New Price is $1,550

This HUDSON Six-40 met a welcome last season which broke all Hudson records. It so met men's ideals that the end of our output left 3,000 orders unfilled. The demand compels us—for 1915—to treble our production. And that trebled output—which lowers our cost—permits a reduction of $200 under last year's price.

A Tribute to Great Engineering

Mr. Howard E. Coffin—our great chief engineer—gave his best to this HUDSON Six-40. For years he has planned that this model should be the crowning effort of his career.

He devoted three years to it—he and the 47 engineers who work with him. And their effort was to embody here the final conception of an ideal car.

It had to be a Six—this ideal car. Most quality-car buyers today insist on a Six. All the upper-class cars are Sixes.

It had to be light. Men rebel at unneeded weight. And they know that lightness combined with strength is a symbol of good engineering. So they brought the weight under 3,000 pounds—and with two extra tonneau seats.

It had to be economical. So they adopted from Europe a new-type motor—small bore and long stroke. It lowered all previous records on operative cost—size of car and power considered.

It had to be a handsome, impressive car. So they made this HUDSON, with its streamline body, one of the handsomest cars in the world.

And it had to be priced where tens of thousands could buy it. So they went below any price ever quoted on any type of car of comparable quality. And this year, with multiplied output, they reduce that price $200.

The Year's Record

The HUDSON Six-40 has now run for a season—in thousands of hands, on all sorts of roads, in Europe and America. And not a single shortcoming developed.

All the questions men had have been answered. Every innovation has proved itself practical. As the car revealed itself, men flocked by the thousands to it. And the end of the season left 3,000 disappointed.

There was no rival in sight of the HUDSON Six-40. And this year—with a trebled output, with thirty-one new features and a much lower price—effective rivalry is out of the question.

The HUDSON Six-40 is the leader in a new, immensely popular class. It marks the sane medium in size and power. It marks the top limit in quality, beauty, finish and equipment. It marks the low limit—for such a car—in price, in weight, in operative cost. The more you know of motor cars the more this car will appeal to you.

HUDSON dealers everywhere now have on show this 1915 model, at our 1915 price. Our new catalog is ready.

31 New Features

Our whole engineering corps—48 engineers—devoted all last year to refinements. They added thirty-one new features in comfort and convenience. These are some of the attractions in the model just out:

A distinguished streamline body.
All hinges concealed.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires ahead of front door.
Seats for up to 7 passengers.
Extra tonneau seats, disappearing.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
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Wider seats—higher backs.
More room for the driver.
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All instruments and gauges within reach of the driver.
Trunk rack on back.
Still less weight—2,900 pounds.

New price, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit. Standard Roadster, same price.

Our Larger Six-54

The HUDSON Six-54—built on the same lines, with 135-inch wheel base and greater power—sells for $2,350. It is for men who want a big, impressive car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7903 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

(137)

AARON LEVINSTONE

Up From the Steerage

TEN years ago an emigrant boy came from Russia, in the steerage, to New York. "My fatherland," he writes, "was barbarous, full of darkness and ignorance." He had no education, yet within him was the yearning for light and freedom.

For months the boy suffered many hardships, doing odd jobs wherever he could find them. Later he learned of the Curtis Plan for boys, and cast his lot with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He canvassed for orders and soon had a big list of customers. Each week he ordered from Philadelphia copies which he delivered early Thursday morning. For the first time THE POST was put on sale with the "bulldog" editions of the newspapers in the great city.

This boy's business grew year by year until The Curtis Publishing Company took notice of his energy and sent a representative from Philadelphia to see him. Together they planned a campaign for a circulation of one hundred thousand copies in New York City. The young man's part was to train the route men, to see that the copies were distributed and to supervise the delivery system. It was a pretty big job for a young fellow with his handicap, but he had unlimited grit and determination, and he made good.

But that is not all. Every spare moment at his disposal the boy devoted to preparing himself for college. Finally he entered the New York University Law School, from which he was graduated last June. This is the story of Aaron Levinstone, a foreign boy who, without money and in a strange country, rose from the steerage to the position of a practicing attorney.

To every boy reader Aaron Levinstone sends this message: "Success and the Curtis Plan for boys go hand in hand. Enlist in the Curtis army of boys if you want to succeed."

Mr. Levinstone attributes his advancement to the training he obtained in his Curtis work and to the money it enabled him to earn and save for his education. His story is particularly significant. It tells what our Plan has helped one boy to do, even in the face of apparently overwhelming obstacles. It should be an inspiration to every American boy, a lesson to every parent who has not yet realized that a boy becomes industrious by being industrious.

If you wish your boy to acquire the habit of persistency in doing something worth while, write for our illustrated booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" Upon request a copy will be sent you free of charge.

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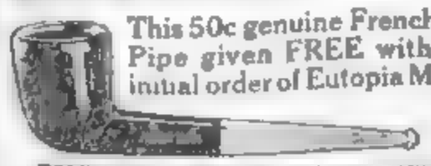
We sell Eutopia Mixture for $1.50 per 1 lb. and by mail only—a trial of tobaccos that often cost you double that price.



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(Continued from Page 70

owner, with a brother of the craft who had been a passenger on the train, was attending to the injured. There were fourteen of these altogether, mostly suffering from burns. These were made as comfortable as possible in sleeping berths their owners had vacated.

"Take your seats, please!" said the surviving guard in a subdued voice. He spoke at the direction of a big man in a heavy overcoat, who appeared to have taken charge of the salvage operations. The passengers clambered up into the train.

Only one hesitated. He was a long, lean young man, black from head to foot with soot and oil. His left arm was badly burned; and seeing a doctor disengaged at last he came forward to have it dressed.

The big man in the heavy overcoat approached him.

"My name is Caversham," he said. "I happen to be a director of the company. If you will give me your name and address I will see to it that your services to-night are suitably recognized. The way you got those two children out of the first coach was splendid, if I may be allowed to say so. We did not even know they were there."

The young man's teeth suddenly flashed out into a white smile against the blackness of his face.

"Neither did I, sir," he said. "Let me introduce you to the responsible party."

He whistled. Out of the gray dawn loomed an eerie monster, badly singed, wagging its tail.

"Scally, old man," said the curate, "this gentleman wants to present you with an illuminated address. Thank him prettily!" Then, to the doctor: "I'm ever so much obliged to you; it's quite comfortable now."

He began stiffly to pull on his coat and waistcoat. Lord Caversham, lending a hand, noted the waistcoat and said quickly: "Will you travel in my compartment? I should like to have a word with you if I may."

"I think I had better go and have a look at those poor folks in the sleeper first," replied the curate. "They may require my services professionally."

"At the Junction, then, perhaps?" suggested Lord Caversham.

At the Junction, however, the curate found a special waiting to proceed north by a loop line; and, being in no mind to receive compliments or waste his substance on a hotel, he departed forthwith, taking his charred confederate, Excalibur, with him.

VIII

FORTUNE, once she takes a fancy to you, is not readily shaken off, however, as most successful men are always trying to forget. A fortnight later Lord Caversham, leaving his hotel in a great northern town, encountered an acquaintance he had no difficulty whatever in recognizing.

It was Excalibur, jammed fast between two stationary tramcars—he had not yet shaken down to town life—submitting to a painful but effective process of extraction at the hands of a posse of policemen and tram conductors, shrilly directed by a small but commanding girl of the lodging-house drudge variety.

When this enterprise had been brought to a successful conclusion and the congested traffic moved on by the overheated policemen, Lord Caversham crossed the street and tapped the damsel on the shoulder.

"Can you kindly inform me where the owner of that dog may be found?" he inquired politely.

"Yas. Se'nty-one, Pilgrim Street. But 'e won't sell him."

"Should I be likely to find him at home if I called now?"

"Yas. Bin in bed since the accident. Got a nasty arm."

"Perhaps you would not mind accompanying me back to Pilgrim Street in my car?"

After that Mary Ellen's mind became an incoherent blur. A stately limousine glided up; Mary Ellen was handed in by a footman and Excalibur was stuffed in after her in installments. The grand gentleman entered by the opposite door and sat down beside her, but Mary Ellen was much too dazed to converse with him.

The arrival of the equipage in Pilgrim Street was the greatest moment of Mary Ellen's life.

Meantime upstairs in the first-floor front the curate, lying in his uncomfortable flock bed, was saying:

"If you really mean it, sir ——"

"I do mean it. If those two children had been burned to death unnoticed I should

Splash all you like

—if the floor and woodwork are varnished with Valspar

It's *real economy* to have varnish on the bathroom floor and walls—and it's *practicable* when Valspar is the varnish used.

Water cannot harm Valspar—it's *absolutely waterproof* and *the* varnish that can't turn white.

The Valsparred bathroom, kitchen and hall floor, the woodwork all over the house, are always shining—kept immaculate with soap and water, as no ordinary varnish can be kept.

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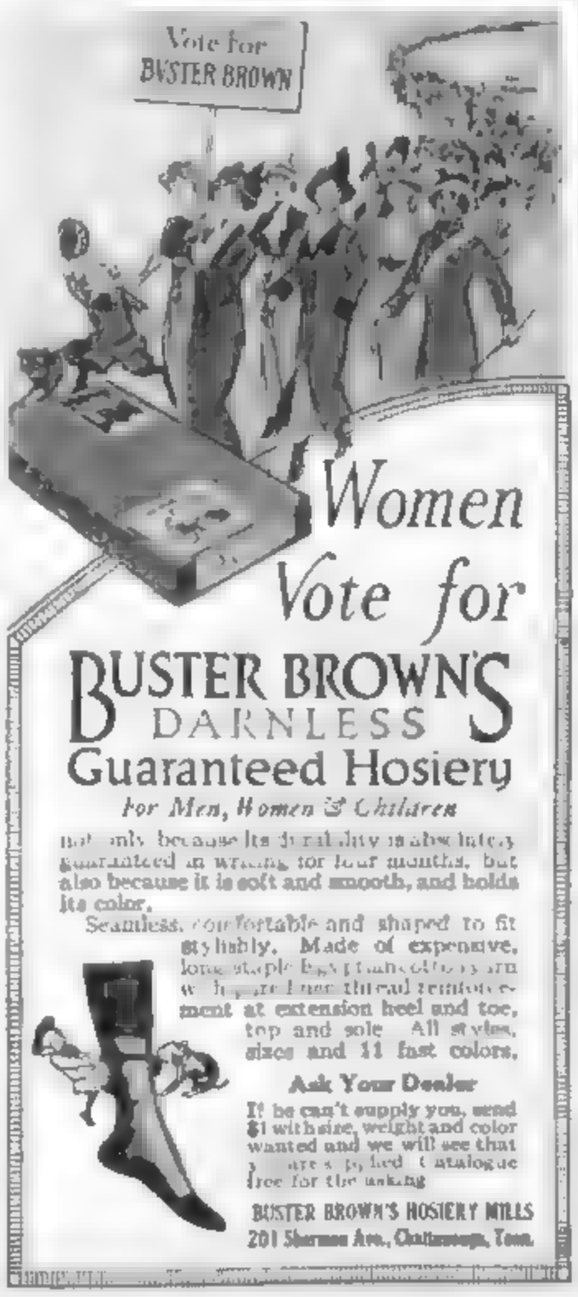

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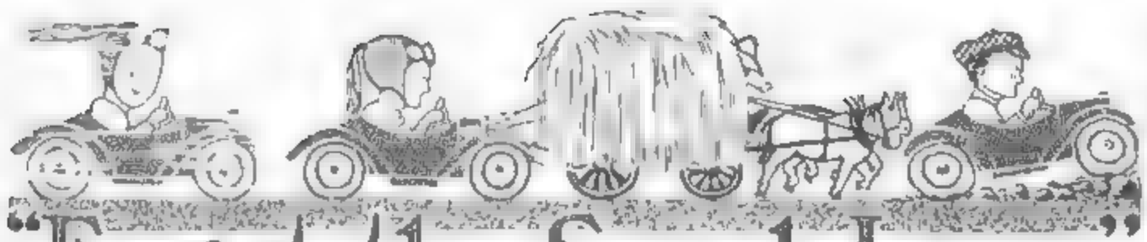

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Did you ever drive a car which advanced and retarded its spark ***automatically,*** both starting and running? Can you imagine what a relief it is not to have to think about the spark lever?

Do you know that over 50,000 cars are being equipped with that kind of an ignition system this year? Wouldn't you like to have one of them?

Down hill or up,—on the boulevard or hub-deep in mud,—creeping behind a hay-wagon or speeding to the limit of your engine,—your spark time will be regulated with mechanical accuracy if you drive a car equipped with the

Used by *Chalmers Paige Saxon Westcott Meteor*

Atwater Kent Ignition System

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The spark is *right* at all speeds, too! No missing at low speeds—no burnt plugs at high speeds. Best of all, the Atwater Kent System will outlast the car and give the least ignition trouble you have ever known. Nine years of service have proven its wonderful durability.

If you have never driven, you will find the task of learning wonderfully simplified by using any of the cars here named. If you are an expert, you will rejoice in the luxury of being able at all times to simply "*forget the spark lever.*"

Write to us or to the nearest agent of any of these cars for full information.

[illegible] with a soc- [illegible] Co.

[illegible] power at low speeds [illegible]."
The Metror Motor Car Co.

Automatically advances and retards the spark much better [illegible] be done manually by an inexperienced driver
Regal Motor Car Co.

"Gives fully as much power at high speeds and more at low speeds than other devices. Almost ideal for starting. Cannot [illegible] with switch left on [illegible]
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"Stays fixed. No need of continual adjustment, as with a good many other systems." Corbitt Automobile Co.

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never have forgiven myself, and the public would never have forgiven the company."

"Well, sir, since you say that, you well, you could do me a service. Could you possibly use your influence to get me a billet—I'm not asking for an incumbency; any old curacy would do—a billet I could marry on?" He flushed scarlet. "I—we have been waiting a long time now."

There was a long silence, and the curate wondered whether he had been too mercenary in his request. Then Lord Caversham asked:

"What are you getting at present?"

"A hundred and twenty a year."

This was about two-thirds of the salary Lord Caversham paid his chauffeur. He asked another question in his curious, abrupt staccato manner:

"How much do you want?"

"We could make both ends meet on two hundred; but another fifty would enable me to make her a lot more comfortable," said the curate wistfully.

The great man surveyed him silently—wonderingly, too, if the curate had known. Presently he asked:

"Afraid of hard work?"

"No work is hard to a man with a wife and a home of his own," replied the curate with simple fervor.

Lord Caversham smiled grimly. He had more homes of his own than he could conveniently live in, and he had been married three times; but even he found work hard now and then.

"I wonder!" he said. "Well, good afternoon. I should like to be introduced to your fiancée some day."

IX

A TRAMP opened the rectory gate and shambled up the neat gravel walk toward the house. Taking a short cut through the shrubbery he emerged suddenly on a little lawn.

On the lawn a lady was sitting in a basket chair beside a perambulator, the occupant of which was slumbering peacefully. A small but intensely capable nursemaid, prone on the grass in a curvilineal attitude, was acting as tunnel to a young gentleman of three who was impersonating a locomotive.

The tramp approached the group and asked huskily for alms. He was a burly and unpleasant specimen of his class—a class all too numerous on the outskirts of the great industrial parish of Smeltingborough. The lady in the basket chair looked up.

"The rector is out," she said. "If you go into the town you will find him at the Church Hall and he will investigate your case."

"Oh, the rector is out, is he?" repeated the tramp in tones of distinct satisfaction.

"Yes," said Eileen.

The tramp advanced another pace.

"Give us half a crown!" he said. "I haven't had a bite of food since yesterday, lady—nor a drink neither," he added humorously.

"Please go away!" said the lady. "You know where to find the rector."

The tramp smiled unpleasantly, but made no attempt to move.

"You refuse to go away?" the lady said.

"I'll go for half a crown," replied the tramp with the gracious air of one anxious to oblige a lady.

"Watch baby for a moment, Mary Ellen," said Eileen.

She rose and disappeared into the house, followed by the gratified smile of the tramp. He was a reasonable man and knew that ladies did not wear pockets.

"Thirsty weather," he remarked affably.

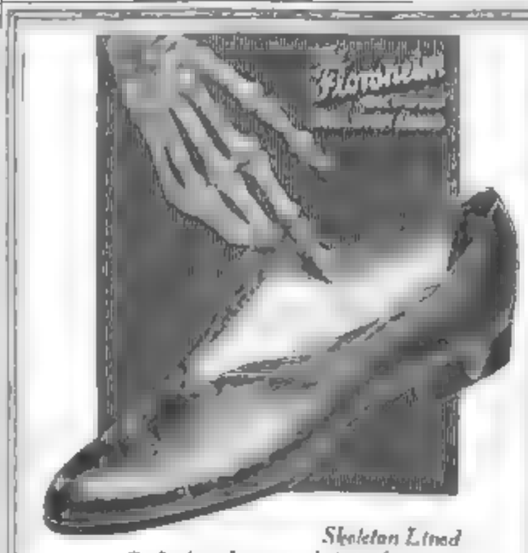
Mary Ellen, keeping one hand on the shoulder of Master Gerald Caversham Gilmore and the other on the edge of the baby's perambulator, merely chuckled sardonically.

The next moment there were footsteps round the corner of the house and Eileen reappeared. She was clinging with both hands to the collar of an enormous dog. Its tongue lolled from its great jaws; its tail waved menacingly from side to side; its great limbs were bent as though for a spring. Its eyes were half closed as though to focus the exact distance.

"Run!" cried Eileen to the tramp. "I can't hold him in much longer!"

This was true enough, except that when Eileen said "in" she meant "up." But the tramp did not linger to discuss grammar. There was a scurry of feet, the gate banged and he was gone.

With a sigh of relief Eileen let go of Excalibur's collar. Excalibur promptly collapsed on the grass and went to sleep again.



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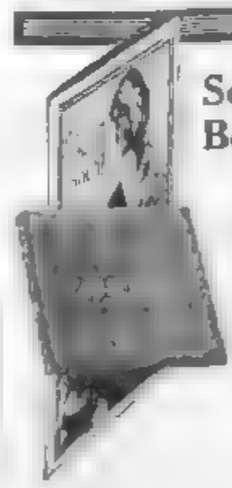

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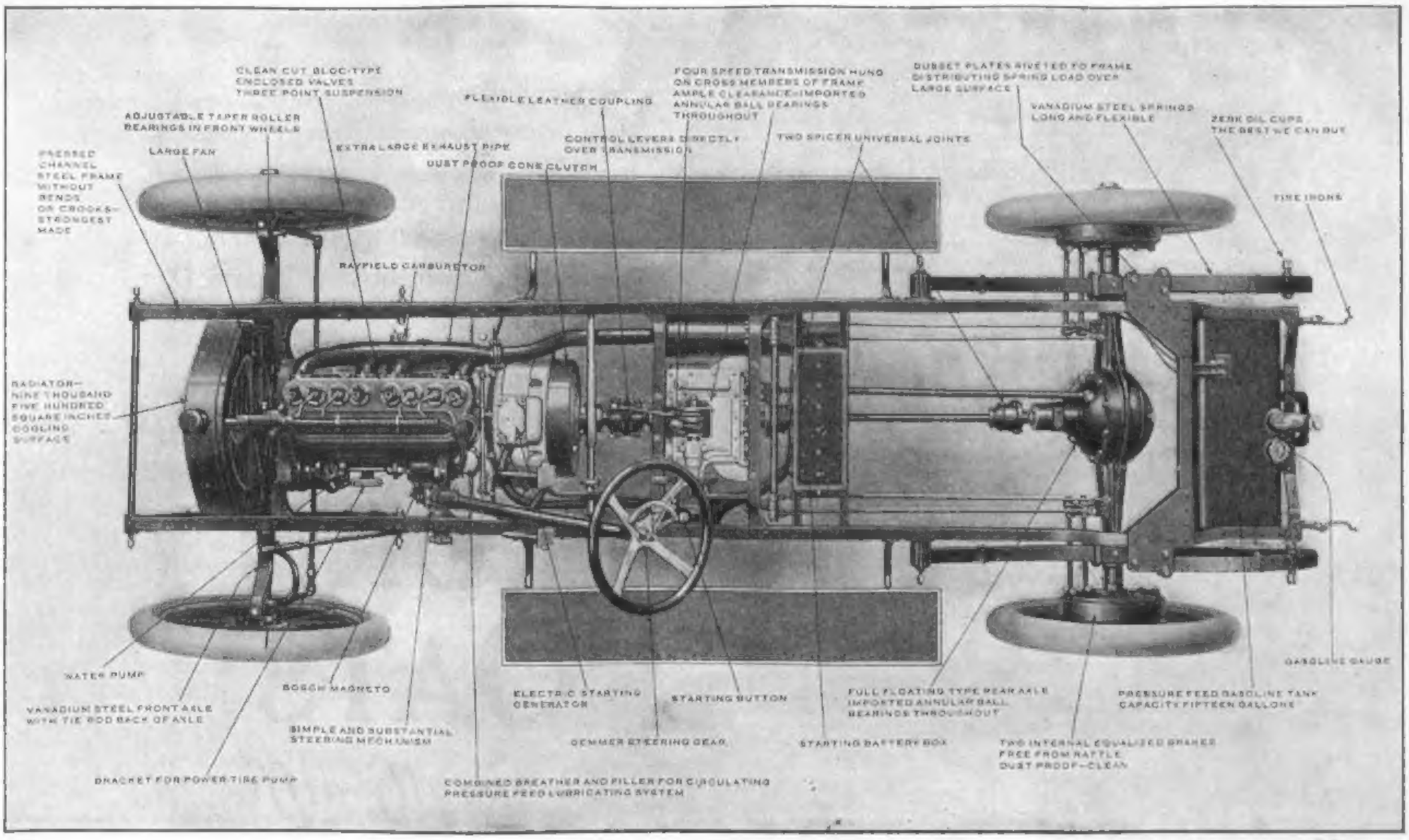
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Jeffery paid $1,000,000

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Had Jeffery been guided by prospects of volumes of quick sales alone when he selected the units of the chassis illustrated above, he could have saved a million on this year's output. And none but the engineer and the expert mechanic would have known the difference until the test of super-quality came—hard and continuous service.

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This accounts for Jeffery success. This explains Jeffery leadership. The trade journals are literally full of comments by well-known engineers endorsing the light, high speed motor. The best dealers in the country caught the situation at a glance and bought 7000 Jeffery cars. The early purchasers are enthusiastic and their appreciation grows as their speedometers pile up thousands of miles. That's what Jeffery paid a million for.

Jeffery put this quality into the Jeffery car to guarantee to you years of satisfaction, but not one cent of the added cost is charged to you. Jeffery can sell this car of super-quality at $1550 because he has no stockholders to demand dividends. Because he can buy the best materials at the lowest prices. Because no bill has ever been allowed to pass discount in the history of the Jeffery business. Because the car is built in one of the largest and most complete motor car plants in the world—$5,500,000 in assets, $3,000,000 in up-to-the-minute labor saving machinery.

Study the chassis illustrated above and you will know what there is in the Jeffery. Then go to the Jeffery dealer and ask him to show you what the car will do.

Jeffery

$1550

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We are saying things to you which will prove why you should insist upon getting PURITY OATS.

We are saying them because PURITY OATS stand alone. They have won on *quality* and *purity* and *on nothing else*.

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PURITY OATS

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The moment you open the package and see PURITY OATS you are delighted. You will find perfect, unbroken flakes, so clean, so sweet, so appetizing and tempting. It is the Purity Process which makes all this possible.

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PURITY OATS will dissolve dry and uncooked in the mouth perfectly, and are easily digested in the most tender stomach. The youngest and the oldest can eat them with nothing but agreeable effects, because every particle of waste matter and the indigestible portion of the grain is removed in our process of manufacture.

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If, for any reason, you cannot buy PURITY OATS from your grocer, send us 60c, and we will send you a container, holding six ten-cent packages of PURITY OATS, by mail, postage prepaid.

"It is always safe to buy PURITY OATS in large quantities."

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Purchase a package of PURITY OATS.
You will find PURITY OATS perfectly sterilized.
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Since PURITY OATS were first made, we have said to dealers everywhere, *"Write your own guarantee and we will cheerfully sign it."*
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Davenport, Iowa **Purity Oats Company** Keokuk, Iowa

PAT. JAN. 5TH 1909 — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

OLUS SHIRTS

Turn your Shirt-tails into Drawers

What good is a Shirt-tail anyway?

OLUS

IN OLUS THE OUTSIDE SHIRT AND UNDERDRAWERS ARE *ONE GARMENT*

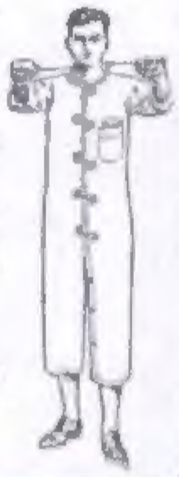
THIS means that the shirt can't work out of the trousers, that there are **no shirt-tails** to **bunch in seat,** that the drawers **"stay put,"** to say nothing of the comfort and economy of saving a garment.

OLUS is **coat cut**—opens *all the way down*—**closed crotch—closed back.** See illustration.

Remember,—if it isn't *Coat Cut*, it isn't OLUS.

For golf, tennis and field wear, we recommend the **special attached collar OLUS** with regular or short sleeves. **Extra sizes for very tall or stout men.**

All shirt fabrics, in smart designs, including silks—**$1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00, $7.50, $8.50, $10.00.**



OLUS one-piece PAJAMAS for lounging, resting and comfortable sleep. Made on the same principle as OLUS shirts: Coat cut—closed crotch—closed back. **No strings to tighten or come loose. $1.50 to $8.50.**

Ask your dealer for OLUS. If he cannot supply you we'll send prepaid. Booklet on request.

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, Makers

Dept. O, 1199 Broadway, New York

To dealer: If our representative does not call on you, write for Agency for PHILLIPS-JONES products—Emperor, Princely, Jack-Rabbit and OLUS SHIRTS.

Cuts BURNT-IN Grease FROM Oven Pans

Old Dutch Cleanser

Scours Scrubs Cleans Polishes